

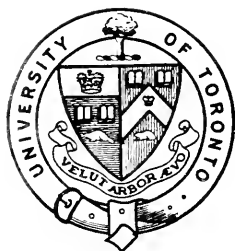
THE INSURGENT CHIEF

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J. G. Walrath
to
Billy
his beloved
grandson

6 in Ireland



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of
PÁDRAIG Ó BROIN



or
THE

INSURGENT CHIEF;

OR,

THE PIKEMEN OF '98.

A ROMANCE OF

THE IRISH REBELLION.

Author McHenry.

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THE INSURGENT CHIEF

CHAPTER I.

PERHAPS nowhere in the British Islands will the admirer of the grand and sublime, in the works of nature, find more gratification than along the northern shores of the county of Antrim. The Giant's Causeway, which forms a part of this wonderful coast, has long been an object of astonishment, both to the philosopher and the peasant. It is annually visited by travellers from all countries where science excites curiosity, and the wonders of nature inspire admiration.

Edward Barrymore was in his twenty-second year, and had just finished his education at Trinity College, when he resolved to visit this interesting coast. It was in the afternoon of a very fine day, in the month of May, 1797, when he arrived at the promontory of Ballygally. He alighted and sent forward his servant with the horses to the next town, which was about three miles distant, intending, after he had explored the cliffs, to follow along the beach on foot.

He descended the crags and got to the beach, when, turning round a huge rock, he perceived an elderly gentleman, with a young lady, advancing along a sandy portion of the shore towards him. Not wishing to be seen, and, at the same time, struck with the appearance of the lady, he concealed himself in such a manner that he had a fair view of them, without being himself noticed. They advanced slowly until they came to the bottom of the rock where he was stationed when all at once they disappeared; but not until they were so near that he heard the lady utter the following exclamation—"Oh, father, what miseries are in store for thousands!" and immediately he was startled with a sound, as if part of the cliff on which he reclined had broken off. Full of astonishment, he got down to the bottom of the rock, but could perceive no traces of the persons who had just the moment before excited so much of his attention. Their sudden disappearance was to him quite unaccountable, unless he should suppose, that they had found admission into some cavity within the rock. He viewed it at every accessible point, and minutely examined every fracture and crevice, in the hope of discovering some concealed entrance, but in vain. He imagined, however, that he heard as from a distance, the sounds of footsteps, and voices; but they soon died away, and left nothing audible but the screaming of the seafowl and the dashing of the waves upon the shore.

Edward, however, determined to remain near the spot until night, in hopes that something might take place that would lead to an explana-

tion of the mystery. For this purpose, he chose a recess on a level with the beach, under an over-arching ledge of the precipice, by which he conceived the fair vision and her companion, if they were really mortal, must return, as he knew that there was no passing by the way he came, unless by clambering up the rocks, a task which would be almost impracticable for the lady.

Having a small volume of Virgil in his pocket, the time unheedingly stole away, until the shades of twilight aroused him from his situation. The tide, which had been advancing all the time, now rolled at his feet, and rendered it impossible for him to retreat from his recess without the greatest danger. He was a good swimmer, but the shore was unknown to him, so that he could not tell how far he might be from any spot, where it would be possible to land. To stay where he was, was evident destruction. The tide encroached rapidly upon him, and he had no alternative but to encounter the waves. He, accordingly, plunged in, and endeavoured to gain the mysterious rock, for the purpose of escaping by the way he came. A current of water, however, that issued, now that the tide was so far advanced, between that and another rock farther out in the sea, rendered his efforts unavailing, and becoming exhausted, he expected nothing but immediate dissolution. In this situation, he heard a scream, and immediately a loud voice, calling, "Swim a little more to the right, and out to sea—I shall help you!" He obeyed, and got out of the influence of the current that had baffled him, but was on the point of sinking with fatigue, when a powerful arm seized him, and dragged him to the shore in a state of insensibility.

When Edward recovered, he found himself in bed, in a small apartment belonging to a respectable farm house. The mysterious gentleman was employed rubbing his breast with warm spirits, while his fair companion sprinkled hartshorn drops over his brows and temples, and occasionally applied them to his nostrils. An elderly peasant woman was also busy rubbing his feet and legs with warm flannels.

"Oh, father! thank Heaven! he breathes," were the first sounds heard by Edward, on his recovery. "God be praised! then all is well," was the reply. He lifted up his head to look at his preservers, and to thank them, but his voice faltered, and he could only press the hand of the young lady, in token of gratitude. A lovely blush suffused her countenance, but she spoke not; while her father exhorted Edward to remain silent, as perhaps exertion, in his present exhausted state, might be attended with bad consequences. Edward obeyed, for his mind was so distracted with the hurry and variety of his reflections, and the strangeness and intensity of his emotions, that he knew not what remarks to make, or if he knew them, he could not find suitable expressions to convey them. He was glad, therefore, to conceal his confusion in silence.

He was not long in this confused state of agitation, approaching almost to delirium, until a doctor, for whom the old gentleman had sent immediately on getting him ashore, arrived from Larne, the adjoining town. After administering a composing draught, giving a few necessary directions, and assuring the bystanders that all danger was over, he took his leave, promising to return the next morning. The old gentleman and his daughter then wished Edward a good night, and retired.

Left to himself, he gave a range to his imagination, on the strange

occurrences of the day. His exhaustion, however, and the influence of the medicine he had taken, soon interfered with these waking dreams, and he fell into a refreshing sleep, which continued till midnight. When he awoke, he found that he had been attended by two decent-looking, elderly people, a man and woman, who appeared to have been reading a newspaper. Not perceiving when he awoke, they continued the conversation which had been excited by the newspaper.

"An' they are raising a subscription for the benefit of Orr's family, an' I this day put my name down for half a guinea; for you know, my dear, that what is gien to the persecuted, in a guid cause, is never lost; besides, I would not let it be said, that William Caldwell refused to help a man who was suffering for his country."

"Ah, my dear, you did well to gie the money, but I wish these things may come to a good end. I'm feared the poor United Irishmen will never do ony guid; and though I love Mr O'Halloran, I wish he could not have persuaded you to join the United Irishmen, for I fear this work will bring trouble on us all."

Here, Edward, not wishing longer to act the mean character of a listener, made a noise, as if he had just awoke from sleep. The woman having inquired how he felt, requested permission to bring him some wine and toast, which she said the doctor had allowed him to take as soon as he wished for refreshment. "The wine," she remarked, "must be very good, for it was sent from the castle by Mr O'Halloran, God bless him, just of the kind he keeps for his own use. Oh, sir! how fortunate it was that he and Miss Ellen were at the Point, otherwise you would have been drowned altogether, for he jumped into the sea, and saved you, just when you were sinking the third and last time. And then, Miss Ellen, how she attended to you till you recovered! God bless her every day she rises, for she is as good as an angel, and as beautiful too."

Edward begged to know whether Mr O'Halloran lived far off, and whether he might not have an opportunity of thanking him for the important service he had rendered him.

"Oh, that you will," she replied, "for he lives only about a mile off, and I'm sure he will be here in the mornin', for he will not be easy till he sees himsel' that you are gaun to live an' be weel."

"And the young lady," said Edward, "does she live with him? Is she his daughter?"

"She is his granddaughter, but he still calls her his own child, for since that jewel o' a woman, his mother, died, she is now all that he has."

"Janet!" cried the husband, "you disturb the gentleman owre much wi' your cracks. You had better let him sleep. Come awa', we'll send Peggy to tend him."

"Ay, ay," said the wife, "Peggy is a tidy lass, an' winna' mak sich a clatter as I hae done. Guid nicht! or, rather, guid mornin', sir; sleep sound, an' whatever you want just ask it frae Peggy, an' you'll get it at yince."

They both left the room, and Edward had just begun a train of reflections on the strange incidents of the preceding day, when the door gently opened, and a pretty, modest-looking peasant girl, apparently about seventeen years of age, entered the apartment without noise. As Edward lay quiet, she slowly, treading on tiptoe, approached the bed in

order to ascertain if he was asleep. Presuming that he was, for he purposely feigned to be so, she was about to retire in the same slow and noiseless manner, when wishing to detain her, that he might get some more information concerning O'Halloran and his lovely granddaughter, he asked in a tone as if he had just awoke, if any one was there ?

" Yes, sir," was the reply, " my mother sent me to see if you wanted anything."

" My pretty girl, I want nothing but to inquire in whose house I am, and by what strange accident I have been brought here."

" The house is my father's, William Caldwell's, and you were brought here, carried by Mr. O'Halloran, our landlord at the castle, quite dead, for he found you drowning in the sea, at the Point Rock."

" And are you acquainted, Miss Caldwell, with the young lady, his granddaughter ?"

" With Miss Ellen ? Yes, I am, sir, right well, for she has no pride at all. She sends for me often to walk with her from one house to another, when she visits the poor sick people of the neighbourhood, and carried things for their use ; and we often go together to the top of the hill, when it is a clear day, where we can see Scotland, and the ships passing back and forwards."

" And, my dear girl, does she ever speak of her parents ? Do you know anything of them ?"

" I remember her mother. She died about seven or eight years ago, when I was a very little girl. Her father, it is said, fled the country for fear of being punished for killing some lieutenant in the army, in a duel, when she was but an infant."

" Have they never heard of him since ?"

" Not that we poor country folks know of."

" Did you ever hear his name ?"

" Yes ; his name was Hamilton, and she should be called Miss Hamilton, but her grandfather will let her be called nothing but Miss O'Halloran."

" Has she any brothers or sisters ?"

" No ; her father and mother did not live long together. They never had any children but herself. But, sir, the doctor told us not to fatigue you by talking to you too much. If you want anything, tell me, for I ought not to stay longer with you, unless to attend you."

Edward bade her good-bye, thanked her for the information given him, and the attention she had manifested to his comforts.

The various agitations of his mind, together with the still fatigued state of his body, soon again found relief in sleep, from which he did not awake until the arrival of the doctor, accompanied by O'Halloran and his granddaughter. The doctor found him rather exhausted, with a slight degree of fever, readily enough accounted for by the preceding day's accident. O'Halloran was desirous that he should be conveyed to the castle until his recovery, which was at last effected. The doctor then, having given some directions for his management, took his leave, carrying a letter to Tom Mullins, Edward's servant, whom it was expected he should find at the Antrim Arms, in the town of Larne. In this letter he informed Tom of the accident he had met with, and instructed him to continue at the inn until further orders, without communicating to any one his master's real name or quality, as he had important

reasons for wishing to remain unknown in this part of the country for some time.

Edward Barrymore was of a very conspicuous family, distinguished alike for its rank, wealth, and devoted attachment to those political principles which had set the family of Brunswick upon the British throne. With respect to England, their politics were exactly those professed and acted upon by the whigs of the country. Hence they were in favour of extending every kind of indulgence to the dissenters, and had opposed the American war, and Lord North's administration. In Ireland, however, where their principal property and influence lay, they supported every high-handed measure of the government, and were rigid sticklers for the Protestant ascendancy.

At the period at which our history commences, Edward's paternal uncle, the Earl of Barrymore, was a member of the Irish Privy Council; and his father, who was a member of the House of Commons, had distinguished himself by his strenuous opposition to some measures, which had recently been introduced into parliament for the relief of the Catholics.

In consequence of these circumstances, Edward supposed that if he made himself known, he should be no welcome guest in the house of O'Halloran, whose political principles, he had reason to believe, were in direct opposition to those of his family, and, as he could not venture to incur the dislike of the lovely Ellen, or her venerable grandfather, who had saved his life, he determined on concealment.

CHAPTER II.

ON the fourth evening after his arrival at O'Halloran Castle, Edward Barrymore being considerably recovered, took a walk, in company with his host and Ellen, along the beach, in order once more to view the spot that had likely to have been so fatal to him. Returning homewards, they took a path along the edge of a rivulet, that led to a small glen, not more than the fourth part of a mile from the Castle.

Struck with the beauty and romance of the scene, Edward paused. "This, indeed, Mr. O'Halloran," exclaimed he, "is a delightful place."

"Yes, Mr Middleton, (which was the name Edward had assumed) our country is indeed a pleasant one. Her soil is fertile, her sons are brave, her daughters fair, but she is an oppressed country. Thousands of her sons have sold themselves to strangers, whose delight is to rule her, not with a sceptre of justice, but with a rod of cruelty."

"My friend," replied Edward, "I cannot altogether differ with you in those sentiments, for I believe that the authorities of the country have not done as much as they could to promote its prosperity."

Edward had scarcely finished this remark, when the attention of the party was drawn to a man of peculiar appearance, who advanced slowly towards them. On coming forward, he took off a grey cap, made of rabbits' skins, which had covered a head the hair of which was as white as snow, and making a respectful bow, asked God to bless them, and was passing on, when Edward, who wished to avoid renewing the political conversation, and whose curiosity was really excited by the appear-

ance of the stranger, thanked him for his civility, adding, "My good sir, perhaps you are like myself, a stranger in this part of the country, and, not having the good fortune to meet such friends as I have met with, may require some assistance from those who may be willing to afford it." So saying, he held out a handful of silver to the stranger, which, to his astonishment, he refused, but without any air of offended pride.

"Although I am a forsaken old man," said he, "I cannot take your money. In this glen it would do me no good. Mr O'Halloran and my other neighbours supply me with food, I get water from that brook, and very little more clothing than I have on me will be sufficient to cover my carcass until the grave covers it.

Edward was in the act of putting up his money, when a coarse, unhesitating voice called out briskly, "Giff auld Saunders dinna tak' yere money, my bonny young gentleman, ye needna' be at the pains to pit it up! Peg Dornan winna refuse't."

Edward turned round, and beheld a stout, weather-beaten woman, in the habit of a beggar, apparently between forty and fifty years of age. She made a low, unceremonious courtesy, and held out her hand for the money. Edward hesitated; but amused with her manner, he handed her the money, enjoining her not to make a bad use of it. She made another courtsey, and told him she would buy herself a new bonnet, and wear it on Sundays, for his sake, though he might never see her again. "But gin ye shouldna'," she continued, "bonnie Ellen will, an' surely that will gie you pleasure." She then stalked away, with such a solidity of step, and length of stride, as to give Edward the idea of a female Hercules.

"This Peg Dornan," said O'Halloran, "is one of the most forward beggars in this part of the country, whereas our friend Saunders, here, is one of the most modest pensioners that ever lived on the public bounty."

The old man's face seemed to redden a little at this remark; and again wishing God to bless them, he bade them good evening, and ascending the glen a little farther, disappeared among the bushes.

When he left the party, to an inquiry of Edward, O'Halloran replied, that the old man's habitation was in the side of a hill, at the upper extremity of the glen, and only a short distance off. "It is about five years," he continued, "since he came to this part of the country. As I found him to be a sensible man, and even somewhat of a literary disposition, I, at one time prevailed on him to open a regular school; but being rather of a melancholy temper, and fond of solitude, he, in a few months, gave up that employment and retired to this glen, where he now leads altogether the life of a hermit. He has become much esteemed in the neighbourhood, having rendered himself very useful to the people by teaching their children, and advising them in their perplexities. So that a number of them are as punctual in sending to his habitation their weekly donations as if he had a legal claim upon them. I have myself wished to enjoy more of his society than he appears inclined to permit; and when curiosity has, at any time, prompted me to make any inquiries into the history of his life, I have been always checked by the reserve he has ever shown on that subject, although he is communicative on every other. After sunset he never admits any one into his dwelling, otherwise we might visit him, and you would be sure of a kindly reception."

Moving in the direction of the castle, they had nearly reached the outer gate, when a horseman overtook them at full speed, and delivering a packet to O'Halloran, rode off again without saying a word. As soon as they entered, O'Halloran hastily broke the seal, and evidently, with some emotion glanced over the contents. Then informing Ellen that he must be absent for a few hours, and desiring that a light and some refreshments should be left in his library to await his return, he bade Edward good night, and hastily withdrew.

On finding himself alone with Ellen, Edward felt much embarrassed. Silence for a few moments ensued. At length he made an effort, and approaching Ellen, remarked—

"It is a remarkable circumstance, Miss O'Halloran, that when the emotions of the heart are most acute, the capability of expressing them is the most difficult."

"Sir," said Ellen, hesitatingly, "your observation, I believe, is just. Moderate emotions may be expressed without effort, but strong and extraordinary feelings require language correspondingly strong to do them justice."

"And, therefore," resumed Edward, "not at all times to be commanded. How well, Miss O'Halloran, have you accounted for the difficulty of speech, under which I now labour? My sensations, since I first saw you, have been of that extraordinary character, of which common language can convey but a feeble idea."

"Mr Middleton," she replied, "the extraordinary and almost fatal circumstances, under which your acquaintance with my grandfather, commenced, being still recent, may very well account for the extraordinary feelings you mention. You are still feeble from your late accident. Neither your strength of body, nor tone of mind, is yet recovered; and, consequently, occurrences seem strange, and make an impression on you that, in other circumstances, you would have scarcely noticed."

"I cannot, Miss O'Halloran, attribute my present agitation, in the slightest degree, to this cause. I scarcely feel the worse for the accident, and am persuaded that I should in a short time forget it altogether, were it not for the feelings of gratitude and admiration for your grandfather and yourself, that it has excited, and which, believe me, it shall be the study of my life never to forget. Oh! how happy I should be, if I only enjoyed the confidence, the favourable opinion of persons, to whom I am so much indebted and who shall be for ever so dear to me!"

"That favourable opinion," she observed, "we are never in the habit of withholding from those we think deserving of it. Hitherto our impressions concerning you, are, I believe, as much in your favour as you could wish; and until you do something to forfeit our esteem, of which I am not afraid, I can almost assure you that you shall enjoy it."

Edward was about thanking her for her kind sentiments, and vowing never to forfeit them, by any voluntary thought, word, or action of his life, when he was prevented by a servant entering with the tea equipage. During the time they sat at table, although not an expression was uttered by either of them in the presence of the servant, that might not have been dictated by mere politeness, their thoughts ran more upon each other, than upon the whole world besides. Many a stolen glance they mutually detected, and many a tender thought was only half-expressed

lest it should be expressed with all the tenderness with which it was conceived.

After tea, Ellen, afraid of a renewal of the love conversation, proposed to call up Arthur O'Neil, the harper, who had, for several months past, generally attended two evenings in the week, for the purpose of instructing her on that instrument. Although at that moment, perhaps, Edward would have preferred an arrangement which would have given him her company alone, he acceded to the proposal. He was rejoiced at the opportunity of seeing the only individual then living of that venerable race, whose profession had once been so respectable in Ireland; and he seized the occasion to enlarge on a subject dear to the heart of Ellen, and gratifying to his own, the praise of the bards of their native country.

He was observing that no country had ever possessed a race of men who so much excelled in all the tenderness and pathos of music, or who had produced strains of sentiment so much calculated to affect the heart, when the old, blind musician appeared, led by a boy whom he kept to attend him. He was struck with his appearance. He looked upon him as a remnant of antiquity, and was ready not only to pay him respectful attention, but to yield him all that veneration and homage which was once yielded to the bards of Tara.

After an introduction to Edward, in which the usual Irish salutation of "God bless you," was not forgotten by the venerable minstrel, he adjusted himself to his harp, and began the beautifully sweet air of the "Black-bird." When he had done, he asked Ellen if she had committed to memory the verses to that air, which he left with her on his last visit. On her replying that she had fulfilled his desire in this instance, he expressed a wish that she should sing them, while he accompanied her voice on the harp.

She had scarcely seated herself to the harp when a servant entered with the following note, which he delivered to Edward:—

"The old man whom Mr Middleton met in the glen this evening, and to whom his benevolence prompted him to offer charity, solicits the favour of an interview. He shall wait for him at the place where the late rencontre happened until ten o'clock."

Edward immediately obeyed the summons, telling Ellen that he had occasion to go but a short distance, and did not expect to be long absent.

On arriving at the place mentioned he found the Recluse, true to his appointment. "Follow me," said he to Edward; and he led the way up the glen until they came to a cavern, which the latter said was the entrance of his abode.

When they entered a few yards, they were stopped by what Edward supposed to be the solid rock at the farthest extent of the cavern; but the Recluse, taking a key from his pocket, soon opened a door which the darkness had prevented Edward from seeing.

They now entered a large clean apartment with a well baked earthen floor, at one side of which blazed a large turf fire. It also contained several chairs, a table, a large lumber-chest, a few working utensils, a large old-fashioned bureau, and several mats of straw heaped on each other for a bed, and covered with bed-clothes looking extremely clean and comfortable.

"You are welcome to my habitation," said the old man.

"Why, really," replied Edward, "you have a more comfortable

dwelling beneath the surface of the earth than many I have seen above it."

"As to that, you have as yet only seen one portion of my abode. I shall now introduce you to another, and you will be aware of the confidence I repose in you when I tell you that you are the second individual living to whom I have ever opened its door."

He then approached what Edward supposed to be the large bureau, and touching a concealed spring in one side of it, it flew open and displayed to view a handsome parlour, lighted with two wax candles, having a boarded floor, and plastered and ceiled in the neatest manner. Edward's astonishment was still more increased, when advancing, he perceived at the farther end a large and elegant assortment of books, arranged along shelves which seemed to have been erected in a temporary manner for the purpose of containing them.

"The surprise I perceive in your countenance," said the old man, "is natural. But sit down, and I shall in part account for what you see by stating that I am not the person which to the world I appear to be. I have met with misfortunes, Mr. Barrymore. Do not startle. I know your name, and about five years ago received some civilities from you at Trinity College. You were then, to be sure, less firmly made than at present, but I think I cannot be mistaken as to your identity with the individual to whom I allude."

Edward acknowledged the identity, and confided to the old man his motives for concealing his real name from O'Halloran's family. The old man approved of them.

"You have entrusted me with a secret which I shall keep," said he. "I shall now entrust you with one of more importance. Indeed, it was for this purpose I requested this interview. Yours is one only of a temporary nature; mine involves very serious interests. It is calculated to affect no less than the life of a man whom we both highly esteem. But it is from a regard to that life that I entrust you with it. By enlisting your family influence in favour of this person, I foresee that it will be one day in your power to contribute to his safety. To him you owe the preservation of your life; to him you are, therefore, bound by gratitude; but there is, as you have just now confessed, another tie which binds you to his interests; for the filial affection of his granddaughter, I am convinced, is so strong that she would never survive his public execution. Ah! sir, I tremble for that young lady when I think of the danger into which the ardent but mistaken patriotism of O'Halloran is likely to bring him. I thank that Providence which threw you in my way before the cloud had burst; and I look upon it as a favourable omen, which bids me hope that Ellen Hamilton and Henry O'Halloran, the two dearest objects I have on the earth, shall survive the fury of that storm under which thousands are doomed to fall."

Edward was affected with the Recluse's fervency. He assured him that he would at any time be ready to undertake anything that should contribute to the safety of O'Halloran and the happiness of Ellen.

"I am satisfied on that head," said the Recluse: "yet I cannot but think that your conscience will scruple at enlisting your services in behalf of a man whom you will be inclined to look upon as a traitor to his country."

"I indeed acknowledge my admiration of the excellences of the British

constitution," replied Edward. "But, whatever may be my opinions on this subject, depend upon it, they can never alter my affection for the interesting family to whom I owe so much. Still, I hope that Mr O'Halloran has not acted so as to deserve the severe epithet of traitor, which you have applied to him."

"Would to God!" said the Recluse, "that I were unjust in applying that epithet to him. That it does not amount to treason to be a United Irishman, I am aware; and if my friend were only such, I should neither feel the uneasiness, nor give you trouble concerning him, which I now do."

"I am ignorant," said Edward, "of the designs of the United Irishmen. But I am aware that their association has occasioned a great deal of disturbance in the country; but of this you may be satisfied, that nothing you can tell me, of a merely political nature, shall lessen my esteem for our friend, or alter my resolution to serve him, if ever Providence shall so order it that I may have the power."

"This," said the Recluse, "is the point I wished to gain. I shall not, therefore, hesitate to communicate all I know concerning O'Halloran's connections with this association. Among the United Irishmen there are numbers of virtuous characters, and, at the commencement of the society, it was joined by men of the purest patriotic and constitutional principles. The avowed object of its founders was only to unite all classes of Irishmen, without regard to religious distinction, in exertions to obtain those rights, and the redress of those grievances which the volunteers had failed to obtain.

"Some of the leaders of the volunteers, and other men of restless and active dispositions, and many, no doubt, from the purest motives, determined to persist in urging their claims; and, since they were forbidden to arm as a public body, they resolved to arm as a secret society. Mr O'Halloran, who had been a leader among the volunteers, became active in recruiting for the new establishment, which, at its origin, was hardly considered in any other light than as a substitute for that which had been so arbitrarily and unwisely suppressed.

"Unfortunately the French revolutionists began at this time successfully to propagate their doctrines throughout Europe. Numbers of their emissaries were scattered over Ireland, and in consequence of their exertions, a spirit of innovation upon every kind of ancient establishment spread itself rapidly among the people. This was, however, somewhat checked by the seeming spirit of conciliation which the ministry of Britain manifested in sending the Earl Fitzwilliam, a man who was known to be friendly to the popular wishes, as viceroy to the country.

"Happy it would have been for the people, and happy also for the government, had he been permitted to remain at the head of our affairs; but, unfortunately, his successor, Lord Camden, has adopted a different system of government. To Camden's ill-fated and ill-managed administration, the whole of the evils that now overspread the land are to be attributed.

"The captivity and sufferings of William Orr, a respectable man of this county, who has been since September last immured in prison, among many other instances of mis-government, have contributed much to excite the present incalculable and fearful degree of irritation which has seized the minds of the people of this province.

"Among the most zealous for revenge upon the oppressors of the country, we may consider our friend, Mr O'Halloran. Excited by the integrity of his nature to a hatred of every species of injustice, and being fearless and persevering in whatever cause he embarks in, he has taken a lead in the existing conspiracy, not, like many others, from selfish views, but from the purest motives—from his ideas of duty, and from his feelings of benevolence and patriotism."

"Is there any system of insurrection yet organised?" inquired Edward.

"There is no time, I believe, yet fixed upon for taking the field, but they have given up all idea of again applying to government for a redress of grievances, and appear resolved to trust to arms alone for the success of their cause."

The Recluse now gave Edward an account of numerous instances of misrule and oppression committed by the government, and of the violent measures frequently resorted to by the United Irishmen in retaliation, throughout the northern parts of the country. At length, Edward took leave of the old man, with a promise not to depart from the neighbourhood until he should have another interview with him on the subject.

On his way to the castle, his heart, distracted with sorrow and with love, became overpowered with his emotions, and before he knocked for admittance at the gate, which, at that hour of the night, was always closed, he retired into a little arbour behind the porter's lodge, to give vent to his feelings. He had scarcely entered, when a coarse voice called out, "Wha comes there?" which he immediately conjectured to be the voice of Peg Dornan.

"Is this you, Peg?" was the reply.

She started to her feet, muttering, "In the name o' Gude! what brings you here at this hoor of the night? Surely you ha' na' been out exercising wi' the crappies. Poor lads! they maun aye tak' the dark covering o' the night to be drilled, for fear o' the blackguard informers, or the king's red-coats, that would shoot them or hang them without mercy. The de'il tak' them!"

"Is this where you make your bed at nights, Peg?" said Edward.

"Sometimes, sir; any place does Peg Dornan."

At this moment they heard the sound of voices approaching.

"It's his honour," said Peg, looking out at the entrance of the arbour, "an' anither I dinna ken, gaun to the castle. Na doubt they're talking politics. I ne'er fash my head wi' sic things, except to sing a crappy song noo an' then, an' to wish Gude to bless the cause, be it right or wrang."

The speakers were now so near, that Edward could distinctly hear O'Halloran saying to his companion, "We have now upwards of a hundred thousand men sworn to us in this province, and, I think, we might have things prepared for a general rising as soon as your government can effect the landing of ten thousand troops on any part of the coast. My last letters from the Dublin Directory inform me, that in the various parts of the kingdom there are upwards of three hundred thousand United Irishmen and Defenders ready to take the field at the first signal!" To this, the other answered—"Our government has the interest of your country much at heart, and if our transports can only escape the fleets of Britain, you may rely on receiving the number of troops promised at the stipulated time."

The sounds now died away, and the increasing distance of the speakers prevented Edward from hearing more. The fact that French aid, in order to assist in separating Ireland from England, was negotiated for by the leaders of the United Association, was now to him no longer questionable; and that the only parent of his Ellen, the preserver of his life, was deeply implicated in this traitorous and dangerous measure sunk heavily to his heart, and impressed him with such a degree of vexation and sorrow, as he had never before experienced.

"I will disturb you no longer, Peg," said he; "when I stumbled in here, I did not expect that the place was previously occupied."

"Guid nicht!" she cried, "and Gude be wi' you; an' thank ye for the money—I had na' sae muckle this twalmonth afore."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Edward had retired to bed, and begun to ruminate on the distracted and dangerous state of the country, he found sleep to be utterly out of the question.

The day was dawning, and as it was in vain for him to seek again for repose, he wandered to the garden, which was situated at a small distance from the castle. It was a lovely May morning. A thousand warblers saluted the rising sun from the trees and hedges around him. Absorbed in contemplation, he moved slowly along the garden walks, amidst a profusion of cowslips, daisies, hyacinths, and numerous other flowers that scented the air all around, and from the leaves and petals of which were suspended myriads of pearly globules, glittering in the early beams of the eastern sun. This soothing walk calmed the perturbation of his spirits, and he was enabled to meet O'Halloran in a more unembarrassed manner than he expected.

After breakfast he signified his intention of going to town, in order to give some directions to his servant, observing at the same time, that as he wished to remain a few weeks in the neighbourhood, he should take lodgings at the inn where his horses were kept. O'Halloran invited him to make the castle his home so long as he remained in that part of the country. He declined the invitation, but promised that he should frequently obtrude upon them as a visitor. O'Halloran then expressed his intention of going to town with him, on condition that he would accompany him back to the castle in the evening, a stipulation with which he complied.

On the road O'Halloran introduced the subject of politics. "You are a young man," said he, "I believe of generous sentiments and a liberal mind, and such I have ever found to be possessed of that first of virtues, patriotism. You cannot, therefore, but feel the injustice, cruelty, and despotism with which the government of Britain has always treated this country. We are, however, Mr. Middleton, resolved no longer to be her dupes. We feel oppression, and are resolved to endure it no longer. We know the natural rights of men, and shall assert them in the face of our enemies; and it is the duty of every true Irishman to assist in such a cause—a cause which cannot but obtain the approbation of heaven and be successful."

"My friend," replied Edward, "of all accusations, I should wish to avoid that of being indifferent to the welfare of my country. I feel that Ireland has not a son who more fervently desires her prosperity than I do. I have seen her distresses, and I have grieved for them. I grant that our government has often been wrong; but everything human is liable to error, and our government is human. We should have been content with applying, in a legal manner, for redress. Ah! my heart is sore to think of the state to which matters have been carried. The administration has been unwise, and the people imprudent. The one is obstinate, and the other rash; and, in all probability, it will require a deluge of blood to extinguish their mutual animosity."

They had now arrived at Larne. It happened to be the monthly yarn market day, and the market for May in that town is always the largest in the year. After making their way, with some difficulty, through the crowd, they at length reached the inn where Edward's servant had put up. They entered a small room where two decent-looking countrymen were adjusting the payment of some linen cloth. After an interchange of civilities with Edward and O'Halloran, he that received the money insisted on calling for something to treat his companion, and immediately rapping aloud on the table with a small wooden mallet called a *bruiser*, an instrument used in mixing punch throughout the north of Ireland, a young girl quickly appeared.

"Bring us half a pint of Innishown, with some sugar and water," said the linen seller. Edward wondered at the quantity ordered at once for only two individuals. But as soon as the materials arrived, he found that although O'Halloran and he had not been formally asked to accept a share, they had been provided for in the countryman's calculation. The linen dealers immediately applied themselves to their glasses, and O'Halloran without hesitation followed their example; but Edward declined, until he saw that it was necessary for the sake of civility to comply, which he did, however, sparingly.

The conversation now turned upon politics; and Edward soon perceived that his two new companions were United Irishmen; for seeing him in the company of O'Halloran, they took no pains to conceal their sentiments in his presence.

Edward, as soon as he could, withdrew. He was followed by O'Halloran, who invited him to take a ramble through the streets, in order to witness the humours of a northern Irish yarn market.

They had not gone far until Edward perceived the scene diversified by the tents of hawkers, erected on the sides of the streets, in which were vended a great variety of haberdashery, cutlery, etc.

Turning a corner near the market house, he perceived, to the left, a man elevated on a table, selling waistcoat patterns and shawls by auction, and bawling lustily in order to attract customers. On the other side of the street, an old female ballad-singer exerted her lungs, at a most powerful rate, in successful opposition to the auctioneer.

The coarse jests of the one, and the ludicrous gestures of the other, were in complete rivalry. The ballad-singer, however, seemed to attract the greater attention, perhaps owing to her subject, which was of a political nature, giving an account of the trial, death, and heroism of four militiamen who had been lately shot for treasonable practices, at Blartis-Moor, near Belfast

It has been asserted that the prevalence of those songs did more to increase the number of conspirators than all the efforts of the French emissaries, or the writings and harangues of all the political philosophers, and age of reason men of the times.

When Edward had listened to a few stanzas of this song, he perceived Dr Farrel, his physician, approaching, who saluted him with great cordiality. Edward, who really esteemed this gentlemen for his good sense and urbanity of manners, returned the salutation with unfeigned pleasure. The three gentlemen had not walked far together, until O'Halloran was taken aside by a square built, stout-looking man in the habit of a traveller, who desired to converse with him in private. Edward, and the doctor therefore walked on, while O'Halloran and the stranger went off in a different direction.

A recruiting party of soldiers now passed them, for whom the crowd made way without seeming to pay them the slightest attention in any other respect. Far different was their deportment to a party of rope-dancers and equestrian performers, who next advanced mounted on their well-taught steeds, with trumpets sounding, and preceded by a *Pickle Herring*, whose antic grimaces and low jests excited frequent peals of laughter among the assembled multitude. It was with some difficulty that Edward and his companion kept their ground until this splendid and noisy procession had gone past; when, proceeding onwards, they came to the tent of an itinerant dealer of haberdashery, at the one end of which sat a group of well-dressed country girls. Edward immediately knew one of them to be his acquaintance, Peggy Caldwell; and while the doctor's attention was drawn to a fine noble-looking horse which a jockey was putting through his paces at some distance, he approached her.

"Miss Caldwell," said he "I am glad to meet with you here. Is there anything within this tent I can have the pleasure of bestowing upon you, in token of my gratitude for your attention to me during my confinement in your father's house?"

"I believe, sir," she replied, somewhat abashed, "it would be wrong in me to take any present from you."

"You will gratify me," said Edward, in a persevering manner, "by receiving some gift as a testimony of my regard for you."

"Hold!" cried a loud determined voice behind him, "gentle or simple, you shan't affront Miss Caldwell in my presence."

"Who are you?" demanded Edward, as he turned round and beheld an active-looking young fellow, whose countenance indicated that he felt an offence, and was determined to resent it. "Who are you who dare address me so rudely in the public street?"

"As to that," said the other, "I will let you feel what I am, gin ye' dare to affront that young woman again in my hearing. She's no o' the kind you tak' her to be."

"I am as incapable of insulting that young woman as you, or any other of her friends can be," returned Edward, "but I am capable and determined to punish any unprovoked rudeness that may be offered to myself."

Peggy here interfered, and explained to the young man that the gentleman had not offended her; that he was the person whom Mr O'Halloran had saved from drowning, and on whom she had attended when he was confined in her father's house. The doctor now advanced, for he had overheard part of the altercation.

"What is the matter, Jemmy?" said he to the young man.

"Naething," replied Jemmy, "I see I mistook the thing; and I beg the gentleman's pardon. I was owre hasty. But I hope his honour an' you will oblige me, by coming wi' Peggy and the ither lasses, to tak' share o' half a pint, an' mak up the matter."

"Since your acknowledgment is as candid as your attack was unprovoked," said Edward, "I shall drink to our reconciliation; but it shall only be on condition that Peggy previously receives from me some donation as I before proposed, and you, yourself, may choose it for her."

A silk shawl, alternately striped with green, white, and red, an arrangement of colours then much affected by the United Irishmen, was accordingly purchased for Peggy, and the party immediately retired into the next public house, every room of which was so completely filled with people that they could scarcely find seats.

By-and-by, as the company in the various parts of the room began to grow noisy, which, as the country people had now commenced setting themselves thoroughly to their cups, was soon the case, Edward and the doctor thought proper to withdraw.

The doctor being called away on professional business, Edward returned to the inn where his servant staid. Here he found O'Halloran and the stranger who had some hours before taken him aside on the street. They were sitting, one at each end of a table, in an angle of a tolerably large room, which, like every other in the house at that juncture, was quite full of people enjoying the convivial cup with great mirth and good humour. Edward observed that his friend and the stranger were the most silent people in the room, and he was surprised to find that O'Halloran, although he was evidently on an intimate footing with the stranger, never named him. The latter was wrapped in a great-coat, booted and spurred, and held in his hand a huge horseman's whip, heavily loaded with lead. He appeared to be about forty years of age, slightly pock-pitted, very muscular and broad-shouldered, full five feet ten inches high, with small grey eyes and heavy eyebrows. There was something very daring, and at the same time very gloomy in his countenance. He sat with his back to the wall seemingly abstracted in deep meditation, with his hat drawn forward over his face so as partly to conceal it. O'Halloran appeared also to be rather in a thoughtful mood, although there was something of satisfaction visible in his countenance.

He was proposing to Edward to return home, when the attention of the company was attracted by the arrival of two dragoons at the door of the inn, with intelligence of an alarming nature from Belfast.

They gave an account of the assassination of one M'Bride, an informer, which had taken place in that town the preceding evening, by means, it was conjectured, of an air-gun, no report having been heard, although the deceased was shot dead on the spot. They produced some printed hand-bills describing the persons of the supposed perpetrators, and offering a reward of five hundred pounds for the apprehension of each. They said that parties of the military had been despatched in all directions in search of them, and that they had come on the northern route for that purpose.

The whole inn now became a scene of confusion, occasioned by the multitude rushing in to obtain particular information of the affair. This confusion continued until the arrival of George McClaverty, Esq., the

principal acting magistrate of the neighbourhood. He stationed some soldiers to guard the doors, until he should examine every suspicious person in the house, and compare him with the descriptions in the handbills.

The stranger had disappeared on the first arrival of the horsemen. Edward, therefore, was almost the only person in the house totally unknown to the magistrate. He was accordingly very particular in scrutinizing him. The first description was read:—Five feet ten inches—that was nearly Edward's height—Firm made, and very muscular—he was the former, but not the latter. Still so far it might do—Slightly pock-pitted—Edward had only one or two traces of the small-pox. Full-chested—he was portly enough in his appearance. All this might answer. Forty years of age—here the description was totally out. Edward did not appear to be much above twenty. Reddish straight hair—here the application altogether failed. Edward's hair was black, and somewhat curled.

"Well!" said the magistrate, "let us see the other description:—Five feet high—That won't do. Stoop shouldered—That won't do either. Young man, what is your name?"

"Middleton, sir."

"Where do you come from?"

"From the neighbourhood of Dublin."

"A rather seditious neighbourhood! What is your business in the north?"

"Curiosity, sir."

"An extremely suspicious employment! Is there any one here who knows you?"

"Mr. O'Halloran, sir."

"A rather suspicious—I was going to say seditious acquaintance. Mr. O'Halloran, I beg your pardon! Although as yet we have no information against you sufficient to warrant your committal, we have heard enough to render you suspected. I am sorry for it, as I know you are in other respects a worthy enough character."

"I thank you," said O'Halloran, "for your favourable opinion. As to this gentleman, if my report in his behalf will not be taken perhaps that of Dr. Farrell will."

"If Dr. Farrell says that he is a true man," replied the magistrate, "I will immediately crack a bottle of wine with him to his Majesty's health, and you will join us, I hope, Mr. O'Halloran. The king has not a better subject in his dominions than the doctor."

The doctor soon made his appearance, and having declared his opinion in favour of Edward's loyalty, the wine was introduced by the magistrate's order. Edward immediately filled a glass to the king's health, and drinking it, started to his feet.

"Mr McClaverty," said he, "you are an entire stranger to me, and I now find you on an important official duty, inquiring after the perpetrators of a shocking murder. These circumstances amply excuse, if they do not quite justify the manner in which you have accosted me. If you have done with your interrogatories, however, I shall now, if Mr O'Halloran accompanies me, withdraw. Should you want me at any time within the space of eight days, you shall find me either at this inn or at my friend's castle."

He then retired with O'Halloran, and immediately ordered out their

horses. While they were getting ready, Tom Mullins took Edward aside, with a face of great importance.

"Master," said he, "I want to ask your honour, would it be right to be made a croppy? Here is a very good friend of mine, they call Tom Darragh, who says it will make a man of me; and that every true Irishman ought to be united."

"Tom!" said Edward. "I desire you not to converse with any of the people you suspect to be united, especially if they attempt to seduce you into their confederacy. It would be the next thing to becoming a rebel to join them."

"And haven't you been *put up*, master?"

"Mullins!" demanded Edward rather angrily, "has any one had the audacity to tell you so?"

"Why, sure sir, didn't Darragh himself, who says he knows all about these matters, tell me so not two hours ago. He said he could swear that the old gentleman you came here with had done it. 'Well,' said I, 'if you can swear that, I'll be *put up* too.' So we got a pint of whisky, and when we had drunk a couple of rounds to ould Ireland and St. Patrick, he went away to get a Bible, and was bidding me stand on my feet to take the oath, when the horsemen came, and we both ran to the door to see what the crowd meant."

"So you have not yet taken the oath?" said Edward.

"No, sir; and it just came into my head when I saw you here that I would ask your honour about it, for I thought that if you were *up* yourself, you would know whether there was any good in it."

"I am not *up*, as you call it," said Edward. "I am no United Irishman; and hear me, Tom, the moment I know you to be one, I shall dismiss you from my service."

"Arrah, master, don't be angry; for if it displeases you, I won't take the oath for one of them."

After a few more cautions on the subject, and also with regard to secrecy concerning himself, Edward left Tom, and set off with O'Halloran for the castle. They rode on in silence, until they were nearly a mile from town, when Edward observed, that the market scenes were very amusing; but that in this instance, any satisfaction he had experienced was more than counterbalanced by the unpleasant intelligence of the horrible murder that had been committed in Belfast.

"Sir," said O'Halloran, "killing for self-preservation is surely no murder; and it was certainly meritorious to destroy a traitor whose longer existence would have been the destruction of hundreds."

At this moment the stranger who had engrossed so much of O'Halloran's company during the day, galloped down a lane from a farmhouse, and joined them on the road. Edward had observed this man leaving the inn very hastily the instant the dragoons were announced. This circumstance had excited a vague suspicion that he might be one of the assassins; this suspicion almost rose to certainty, when he read the first description, that the magistrate had attempted to apply to himself. On his approach now, Edward was more particular in observing him, and was forcibly struck with the exact correspondence of his person with the description in all its traits. He made a bow to Edward, which he returned coolly, for his soul shuddered at the idea of being in company with a murderer.

"M'Cauley," said O'Halloran, "the minions of government are now on the alert to discover those brave fellows who have avenged their country, and saved upwards of two hundred of her patriots from the gallows, by the destruction of the perjured M'Bride. Their suspicion falls upon every stranger, and they were likely, before we left town, to give some trouble to this gentleman."

"I suppose," said M'Cauley, "your magistrate, M'Claverty, is very zealous on this occasion. But it may yet be so much the worse for him."

No reply was made, and silence continued until they were within a mile of the castle. M'Cauley then stopped suddenly.

"Mr O'Halloran," said he, looking at the same time earnestly in Edward's face, for the whole three had stopped, "if I may judge from appearance, your friend here possesses too much honour to betray a man who reposes so much confidence in him as to entrust him with his life."

O'Halloran replied, that he had every reliance on Edward's honour but—

"No *buts*, said the other; if he is a man of honour, he shall know who I am, let his views of my conduct be what they may. Young man," continued he, addressing Edward, "you see before you one whose whole heart and soul is devoted to his country; and who, to avenge her cause upon a traitor, has not scrupled to offend human laws past forgiveness; and perhaps, in the opinion of many good men, has also violated the laws of heaven. Of this, however, he can assure you, his own conscience applauds the deed. In short, I have destroyed M'Bride, the informer, before he got his traitorous designs accomplished; and should the gallows be my reward, I shall there glory in the deed."

The magnanimity of M'Cauley made a strong impression on Edward. He deplored his infatuation, he condemned his crime, but he admired his devoted fidelity to the cause he had espoused. He assured him, that although he would rather not have been entrusted with his secret, he should have no cause to repent the confidence he had placed in him.

O'Halloran's countenance brightened at this assurance, and with more than usual spirits, he led the way to the castle.

On entering, Edward was introduced to an inmate of the castle whom he had not before seen. This was the only sister of O'Halloran, who had been some weeks absent, and had just returned a few hours before, accompanied by a Miss Agnew, at whose father's house she had been visiting. The old lady was remarkably intelligent, active and cheerful, for her time of life. She was older than her brother; and might now be about her sixty-fifth year. At the early period of her life she enjoyed the sweets of matrimony for about five years; but her husband, who was an extensive merchant in Belfast, was drowned on a voyage to Liverpool. His name was Brown, and, although they never had children, they were tenderly attached to each other.

Miss Agnew was a pretty, lively, rosy-cheeked girl of nineteen, who had lately finished a boarding-school education, and possessed an easy, gay sort of familiarity in her manner, which was far from displeasing. She was occasionally fond of indulging in a sportive kind of wit, approaching to what is vulgarly termed *quizzing*. This, however, if we except a little coquetry, which was natural to her, was her only foible,

for she was in reality a well-informed and well-bred handsome girl, with a fortune of five thousand pounds at her own disposal, bequeathed to her several years before by a deceased uncle.

This accession to the castle party was highly pleasing to Edward, as it promised not only to be the means of preventing politics from engrossing the conversation, but of affording him more of Ellen's society, who would not be so shy of her company when it would be only sought for in the presence of her female friends.

Shortly after dinner, O'Halloran rose from table, and, requesting M'Cauley to accompany him, withdrew.

"Poor man!" said Mrs Brown, when her brother had retired, "Ireland had never a warmer friend; and if his power were equal to his wishes, there would not be an unhappy individual within the limits of her four provinces. Mr Middleton, I do not know your political sentiments, but I shall have no hesitation in telling you mine. I wish earnestly for the peace and prosperity of my country, without respect to her form of government, and have no objection to live under the protection of the British constitution, except when that protection degenerates into oppression, which to our fatal experience, we find that it frequently does."

"Madam," replied Edward, "if you can only answer me one question in the affirmative, I shall be happy to find my opinion on these matters corroborated and sanctioned by yours. Do you not think that conspiracy, treason, and civil war, not to speak of midnight burnings, and assassinations, are injudicious and unjustifiable methods of correcting the misgovernments, which we all acknowledge to have but too much prevailed of late years in this country?"

"I do," was the reply.

"Then, we agree," said Edward.

"Since that is the case," said Miss Agnew, "we have no occasion to talk more on this horrible subject. I never hear it discussed, but it throws me into the vapours. Suppose Ellen gives us a song; perhaps it may do me good. Let us have one of Mr M'Nelvin's, and I'll try to touch the tune on the piano."

As her aunt and Edward joined in this request, Ellen complied, remarking that, as she was not in good enough spirits to give then an air sufficiently lively to counteract the disorder of which Miss Agnew complained, she would sing them some verses which were lately put into her hands by a friend of hers, who had once been an exile from his native country, and who, to relieve the pain of absence from all he loved, had frequently recourse to the consolations of the muse.

"I am still melancholy," said Miss Agnew, drawing a long sigh when Ellen had done singing. "I am still melancholy, but it is now a melancholy of a sweeter nature than I felt before. Oh! how pleasant it would have been to have wandered on the banks of the Ohio with your poet, when he produced those verses? But pray, dear, won't you tell us who is the author?"

"He is a man," replied Ellen, "whose present station in the world almost approaches that of a mendicant."

"A very poetical station, truly!" said Miss Agnew.

"But enough," continued Ellen, "he has the garb, he never exhibits the meanness of a beggar."

"That is still more poetical," said Mrs. Brown.

"And although," Ellen again continued, "he has now the gravity and wisdom of sixty, he possesses all the warm-heartedness and enthusiastic benevolence of twenty.

"That is most poetical of all," said Edward.

"This person," resumed Ellen, "whom you have all pronounced to be so poetical, is no other than our Recluse, old Saunders."

"I shall visit him to-morrow," said Miss Agnew, "for I won't be easy till I pay my respects to his bardship."

"But hush!" cried Mrs. Brown, "who is yon? Hah! it is Peg Dornan's coarse voice."

"Is the bonny young Dublin gentleman within?" was vociferated from the brazen lungs of Peg, to a servant in the hall.

"He is. What do you want with him?" was demanded.

"I want to see himsel'. I'll tell my errand to naeboddy else. An' I maun to see him soon, where'er he be."

Edward went immediately to the hall. "What is the matter, Peg?" said he.

"Come awa', sir, wi' me, and ye'll ken a' about it, belyve."

He followed her without hesitation till they came near the mysterious rock, from which he first saw Ellen and her grandfather.

"They're gaen in noo," said Peg, "but when they come oot they'll maybe talk o't again. Ye maun wait here, gin ye want to hear them; an' it concerns you nearly. I'll awa', but lie ye doon amang thir bushes, and watch them; they'll come close this way."

He had not lain long, until M'Cauley and a stranger appeared advancing from the rock. When they approached within a few yards of him, at a place where two paths crossed each other, they stopped.

"Tell me before we part," said the stranger to M'Cauley, "what is your intention with respect to this young man to whom you so foolishly entrusted your secret. If he refuses to take the oath, I advise you to dispatch him; for dead men tell no tales."

"I shall be guided by O'Halloran respecting him," answered M'Cauley.

"O'Halloran is too womanish-hearted, to give good advice in this case."

"His advice I shall, nevertheless, abide by. The disclosure was voluntary on my part, and unsolicited by the young man; and I am much deceived, if I cannot confide in his honour, which is already pledged to me, almost as firmly as in his oath."

"Trust no man's honour in these times," said the other. "Happy would it be for our United confederacy, if we had trusted even fewer oaths than we have done. Government would not then have been so well prepared to give us a warm reception, whenever we shall attack it. But here comes O'Halloran himself."

The matter being referred to O'Halloran, he exclaimed, with energy—"Sooner than a hair of his head shall fall, whether he join us or not, you shall pierce me to the heart. He is my guest, and my friend; and I shall protect him as such. Darragh, let us hear no more of this detestable proposal. It makes me shudder to think of it. Such atrocities only tend to weaken the best of causes."

"You are right," said M'Cauley, "and the first man that raises a hand against Mr Middleton makes me his enemy."

"You may act as you please," said Darragh, "but I foretell that

this fellow will yet make you repent your forbearance. He must be an Orangeman in his heart. I could have made his servant a United Irishman to-day, but for him; and now the fellow knows that I am one, and no doubt will be ready to inform on me; but, before to-morrow night, I'll make the rascal unfit to tell stories."

"I beseech you," said O'Halloran, "not to be so rash. The poor fellow can be easily persuaded that you intended nothing but sport with him."

"Avast," said Darragh, "that won't do. If he swears to the facts as they took place, an Orange jury and a pensioned judge will never consider whether I was in sport or in earnest."

He broke short the conversation by bidding them good night, in a rather surly tone, and walked off towards the town. O'Halloran and M'Cauley moved towards the rock, and Edward, on whose mind, it will be supposed, the conversation had made a deep impression, returned to the castle. Before he reached it, however, Peg Dornan overtook him.

"Weel, sir, did you hear aucht you didna like?"

"Too much, Peg; but how came you to know anything about it?"

"Why, sir, gin you'll no be in a hurry, I'll tell you" (for Edward's perturbation of mind made him walk very fast). Peg then told him that, lying concealed in the bushes, she had overheard Darragh urging M'Cauley to make away with him, but thinking Edward would not believe her, had brought him to hear for himself.

Edward thanked her for her information, and, enjoining secrecy, gave her half a guinea, and hastened to the castle. As he entered the avenue, he met old Saunders coming out of the gate; and not knowing how to act, he thought it would be proper to consult the old man. Telling him what he had heard, he expressed fears, not for himself, but his servant.

The Recluse, after a few moments' reflection, replied—"Fear nothing for your servant; I shall undertake for his safety."

He then desired Edward to accompany him to William Caldwell's, where they found young Hunter, with Peggy and one of her brothers, just returned from the market. The old man requested Jemmy to go with him and Edward to the glen. On arriving there he communicated to him the danger in which Tom Mullins then stood, and asked him if he would be willing to render Edward a service by rescuing him from it.

"That I will," said he, seizing Edward by the hand. "I'll stand by him; for though I ha' been made a United Irishman, I wasna' made yin to stan' by an' see my friens murdered."

"But you must go quietly about this business," said old Saunders; "we do not wish it to be made public. First, you must make haste and saddle your best riding horse, and return here with him as soon as possible."

In about half an hour Hunter returned, gallantly mounted on a prancing steed, as boldly determined to sally forth in defence of innocence as ever any knight of chivalry was in the days of romance.

Edward gave him a letter for Tom Mullins, and the Recluse a packet of sealed instructions, which he was desired not to open until he should convey Mullins as far as Antrim, about eighteen miles from Larne,

Having received these instructions, he clapped spurs to his horse, and with a light heart and a determined spirit, set swiftly forward on his benevolent errand. He rode so fast that he overtook Darragh, who was on foot, near the entrance of the town.

"What's the matter, Hunter," said Darragh, "that you ride so fast to town at such a late hour?"

"Naething, Tam," replied the other, "but I had to tak' some lasses hame frae the market, and I thought I would come back an' see some mair o' the fun. an' gin you ha' naething better to do, we'll ha' a naggin together."

In pursuance of this resolution, they rapped at the door of the first public house they came to, which they found locked, although there was light enough to be seen, and noise enough to be heard from within, to assure them that the inmates had still sufficient employment to keep them out of bed for some time. After some little parley, they were admitted by a back entrance, and were soon seated with a fuming jug of hot punch before them. Darragh was not slow to tell him of his intention, with regard to Tom Mullins; declaring, "I'll run no risks; I'll send the dog to Lucifer, before I sleep, or my name is not Tom Darragh."

"Surely, Tam," said Hunter, "you would na be sa rash; the man has done na harm yet."

"Nor," exclaimed the other, "shall it be long in his power to do harm."

"Hoot, man! dinna talk this way; it's no safe for me to hear you; you may tak' it into your head to kill me for fear I should tell that you killed him."

"I can trust you, Jemmy; you know that it is in the good cause; and you have sworn not to betray it."

"I never swore not to discover murder if I ken't o't," replied Hunter with spirit. "But let us hae na mair killing in cauld bluid—we'll hae plenty o't in warm, I'll warrant you, when the time comes."

To these remarks, Darragh made no reply; but sat for some minutes in a rather thoughtful and sulky humour. At last he took Hunter by the hand, told him he believed him to be an honest fellow, that, perhaps, he might take his advice; but that happen what would, he was sure he would not injure him.

Hunter reflecting that he himself was commissioned to prevent the threatened crime from taking place, and conceiving that it was in his power to do so, assured him that he would not inform upon him for anything that should happen. They then drank another gill together; and retiring from the house by the way they entered it, separated in the street with expressions of mutual good will and confidence.

Hunter then hastened to the Antrim Arms, and procured admission by mentioning the letter he had to deliver to Mullins. He informed the landlord that he should lodge with him all night.

"In the mean time," said he, "let this up-the-country frien' o' mine an' me, hae a jug o' punch in a room by ourself, for I hae some cracks for his ain ear."

This important matter being adjusted, Jemmy produced Edward's letter, and desired Tom to be ready for a journey by day-break. In a short time they retired to rest without Hunter having informed him of

the design of Darragh. In the morning they both rose with the dawn, and, while Hunter went to discharge the landlord's bill, Mullins hastened to prepare the horses. He was not long in the stable until two men presented themselves before him, one holding a pistol and the other a Bible to his breast.

"Swear," said Darragh, who held the pistol, "that you will never inform any one that I wanted to make you a United Irishman, or you are, this instant, a dead man!"

"I will swear anything, fairly," said Mullins, petrified with astonishment, "but, dear gentlemen, only give me time to bless myself."

"We have no time to talk with you!" exclaimed Darragh, "we must be gone; swear this instant, or be shot!" and he raised his arm as if to perform the deed he threatened, when that arm was seized by Hunter, who hearing the last words of the threat, sprung upon him with the force and agility of a lion upon his prey, and threw him upon his back on the ground. The pistol went off in the struggle, and grazing the arm of the man who held the Bible, lodged itself in the wall of the stable.

"By Jesus, he can't hurt me now," cried Mullins; "so you too shall lie down in the dirt with your comrade, my jewel." So saying, he struck the poor Bible-holder such a blow as almost fractured his lower jaw, and fairly prostrated him alongside his companion, while the blood gushed like a torrent from his mouth and nostrils.

The noise soon brought the landlord to the spot, who would have secured Darragh and his companion, in order to have them carried before the magistrate; but on Mullins declaring that he wished for no further revenge, it was agreed to hush the matter up, on condition that Darragh should swear never again to make an attempt on Mullins' life, a condition with which he, in a very surly manner, complied. When this was done he could not, however, disguise the strongly excited malignity of his passions, and, casting a fierce look at Hunter, "I shall yet be revenged!" he ejaculated.

"May God forgive you!" said the good-natured youth, who had heard him. "When your anger cools, I'm sure you'll no' say so."

The victors now set off in conformity to the Recluse's instructions; but they had not gone far before Hunter reflected that an account of the morning's transactions might induce his employers to change their intentions with respect to Mullins, especially as Darragh was now under the obligation of a solemn oath not to molest him. He, therefore, thought it prudent to convey Mullins to the Recluse's cavern, in order to receive further instructions. On arriving there, Hunter hastened to the castle for Edward who, on coming to the cavern and learning the state of affairs, declared to the Recluse his opinion that Darragh would not regard an oath into which he had been frightened; and that, while either he or his servant remained in the neighbourhood, neither of them would be safe from his malignity. He, therefore, desired Hunter to proceed immediately on his journey with Mullins, and mentioned his intention to follow them as soon as he could make a proper excuse to O'Halloran for his hasty departure.

Hunter accordingly set off with his companion, but contrived to go nearly a mile out of his proper course, to give a parting salute to Peggy Caldwell.

Edward and the Recluse were left together in the cavern. The old

man, reluctant as he was to part with our hero, acknowledged the necessity of his withdrawing from that part of the country, since he had become an object of suspicion to some of the United Irishmen.

Edward, in bidding him farewell, besought his care of Ellen. "Promise me," said he, "that you will give me frequent and speedy information of whatever may befall her; and that when the storm bursts, you will, if in your power, in this sacred asylum, afford her shelter from its fury. Promise me this, and the weight of anxiety that now oppresses me shall be greatly relieved."

"I not only promise you this," said the Recluse, "but whatever else may be in my power to do for the safety and welfare of Ellen Hamilton."

"Will you consent to be the medium of any communications I may transmit to her?" asked Edward.

"I will," replied the Recluse, without hesitation, "unless she forbids it. But hasten from this dangerous neighbourhood, for here there are active and malignant spirits aroused against you. Farewell, and may the Almighty protect and bless you!"

"Farewell, father," said Edward. He then hastened to apprise O'Halloran of his intended departure, and to seek a farewell interview with Ellen.

The early part of the morning had been somewhat cloudy. The day, however, assumed a brighter aspect, and the advancing sun had dried away all the lucid pearls that had lately bespangled the tender springing grass, the lovely richness of whose verdure has procured for Ireland the appropriate epithet of the Emerald Isle.

Invited by the beauty of the season, and of the weather, Mrs. Brown, after breakfast, proposed to the ladies to walk along the meadows that skirted the shore, and lay between the castle and the promontory of Ballygally.

Miss Agnew, introducing Edward's name, bantered Ellen about him, and was only brought to give it up by the approach of the subject of their talk. Mrs. Brown was the first to accost him, inviting him to join them in their rambles; an invitation he was not slow to accept.

"How do you like the appearance of our part of the country?" asked Mrs. Brown, turning round upon an eminence to which they had arrived, and from which they had a tolerable prospect of the surrounding scenery.

"Every thing in your country," replied Edward, "has had the effect of highly interesting my feelings, and exciting my admiration; but, this morning, I received accounts which constrain me to an almost instantaneous departure, a circumstance which I assure you gives me a heavy heart."

In saying this, he turned his eyes towards Ellen. She attempted to speak, but her voice faltered, while the blood, which but the moment before had spread the bloom of roses on her cheeks, had fled and left them as pale as ivory.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, who had observed her emotion.

"Nothing," she replied. "I felt suddenly a little dizzy, but I am now better."

"You are weak," said Edward, in agitation, "may I beg permission to support you?"

"Oh! it is not now necessary; I am quite well again."

"We had better return home," said Mrs Brown. "Mr Middleton will you have the goodness to support her."

Edward again offered his assistance, requesting her to lean on his arm. She hesitatingly complied; but desired her aunt not to forego the pleasure of a longer excursion, as she felt perfectly able to continue it.

"Well, then," said Miss Agnew, "let us try the hill; Mrs Brown and I shall drag each other up—and since you have become an invalid, we will permit you to engross all Mr Middleton's assistance. Come along, Mrs Brown, we had better take a start of them, for you see we are to have no help in the ascent."

So saying, she dragged Mrs Brown onwards, telling her that the two sentimental people behind would follow on the wings of imagination.

"Do not leave us," cried Ellen, "or I shall again be obliged to fatigue myself in hurrying after you."

Whether by accident or design, however, instead of keeping pace with their companions, Edward and Ellen walked so slowly that in a few minutes the others were too far advanced to hear their conversation.

"Ah! Miss O'Halloran," said Edward, who gladly seized so favourable an opportunity of opening his soul to his beloved, "you cannot imagine the pangs that I feel on account of leaving this place, for you are not aware how powerful are the chains that bind me to it."

"You speak of some necessity that compels you to leave us; I hope that necessity includes no misfortune."

"I feel that the greatest misfortune attending my departure is the circumstance itself. My dear Ellen, forgive the expression, but Providence has given me this much-desired opportunity of telling you my whole heart, and I must not let it pass unimproved. You alone are the object that binds me to this spot. Ah! dare I hope that this declaration is not offensive to you? Dare I indulge the expectation that when I am afar off, you will sometimes reflect with complacency on the wanderer who, on seeing you, first saw the object to whom his soul must for ever be devoted."

"Mr Middleton," said Ellen, extremely embarrassed, "is it proper that I should listen to this language?"

"I shall not long trouble you with it," he replied. "I know I am a stranger. It is, therefore, I confess, presumption in me to solicit your confidence, to request your regard without informing you of these particulars. But ah! my beloved, say, has no youth, more fortunate than I, and known to you, and worthy of you, in all these respects, already engaged your affections? If so, I shall not disturb your peace by obtruding on your notice a passion which you cannot return, nor will I endeavour to secure a place in your affections, if that heart is another's."

"Why, sir," said she, "do you ask from me such a confession?"

"I have no right, I acknowledge," he replied, "to require any such disclosure from you. Forgive the freedom I have taken."

"Mr Middleton," said she, in a serious tone. "I believe you are a man of honour, and of too much generosity to sport with the feelings of an unoffending and inexperienced girl, merely for the gratification of curiosity or caprice. I feel no offence at your inquiry, although, under present circumstances, it would be highly imprudent to promise a return of those feelings you profess for me. I feel grateful for your preference

and as a mark of my gratitude, I may inform you that to none of your sex have I ever pledged my affections."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Edward, fervently, "then I may hope. Oh! do not forget me, dearest Ellen, in my absence."

"Hush!" said Ellen, "my aunt and Miss Agnew have turned back for us." This either of them might have seen for several minutes before, had they not been too much engrossed with each other; in other words, had not love rendered them blind. They had made such slow progress during their conversation, that their companions without being aware of it, had advanced nearly half a mile before them, when Mrs Brown turning round observed the distance, and suggested the propriety of returning to meet them.

Miss Agnew and she were in consequence within a few yards of the lovers, when Ellen suddenly observed their proximity and uttered the exclamation, Hush! as before stated.

"You must be very weak, Ellen, otherwise you would have walked faster," said her aunt.

"O dear no!" cried Miss Agnew, "do you not see how strong she looks? We left her as pale as sackcloth, leaning for support on the arm of that gentleman. Now she blushes like a carnation, and appears as if afraid to touch him. Come, Mr Middleton, give me your arm. I am in more need of your assistance, after that long walk, than she is."

"And what assistance must an old frail woman, like me, need, after such a walk, if a young smart chit like you, requires any?" cried Mrs Brown, sportively, and she also caught an arm of Edward, saying, "Ellen has monopolized you long enough; it is now our turn; Miss Agnew and I cannot bear to be longer neglected."

"O dear!" cried Miss Agnew, "do not let us fight about the gentleman. I fear Ellen has not willingly resigned him, and we are intruders."

"I indeed resign him cheerfully," said Ellen; "I am now perfectly recovered, and can ascend the hill without fearing fatigue."

"So can I," cried Miss Agnew; "give me your hand my sprightly maiden," and she seized Ellen for the purpose of dragging her forward on a race."

"You are too wild," said Ellen, slightly restraining her; "when will you become sober?"

"Not till I fall in love," said Miss Agnew, "and then, you know, I shall be as ready to sigh and become pensive and fatigued as yourself."

They were too far removed from Edward and Mrs Brown for the latter to hear the last remarks, which prevented Ellen from suffering all the confusion it would otherwise have occasioned.

"You insinuate, then, Maria," said she, "that I am in love."

"I am sure of it," said her companion. "No female heart could withstand the partiality which that charming young man shows for you."

"Mad-cap!" said Ellen, "quit this subject. It is all nonsense; but—but what partiality has he shown for me? I am sure you could never have observed any."

"Rare consistence!" cried Maria. "You desire me to drop the subject, and then you ask me a question which compels me to continue it. But this is so characteristic of a love-sick damsel, that it does not surprise me, and, dear Ellen, in pity to you, I will not drag you from the young man's company. It would be cruel, as he is soon to leave us."

She then turned suddenly, and held Ellen, who blushed deeply, from advancing.

"Come on," cried she, "this blushing girl and I would be at the top of the hill in a minute, did we not love our company too well to leave it."

Edward and Mrs Brown approached. They had walked slowly, for they had conversed on the alarming nature of the times, and, short as their discourse had been, Edward could easily perceive that the old lady's feelings rather than her judgment sided with the United Irishmen.

"Ah, Miss Giddyhead, I see what you wish for," cried Mrs Brown aloud, while she advanced to Maria, "here, take Mr Middleton for yourself. You envy every one who has but a few minutes' conversation with him, though I think you need not have become jealous of an old woman of sixty."

"A woman of Mrs Brown's accomplishments and power of conversation, might excite my envy at any age," replied Maria; "but do you think that no other person than Maria Agnew envies you?"

"If there be any one else, she has not, at least, betrayed it so audibly," said Mrs Brown. "What, Mr Middleton," she continued, "do you think of two young women becoming jealous of an old woman enjoying a few moments of your company? You must surely have made a progress in their esteem warmer than the usual esteem of friends."

"I should be proud to excite such an esteem," said he, "but I fear I am not so happy."

In saying this he cast a look at Ellen, who unconsciously returned a glance that spoke peace to his soul.

CHAPTER IV.

OUR party having climbed the hill, and for a little enjoyed the view, turned their steps homeward, beguiling the way with talk of the prospects of the country, Ellen taking a very enthusiastic view of these.

Having arrived at the castle, Edward informed O'Halloran of the necessity he was under of immediately leaving the country. The latter startled a little at the intelligence; and, although it was nothing but what he might have expected, he appeared very much confused.

At last recovering his self-possession, "Mr Middleton," said he, "I did not calculate on your leaving us so soon, at least so suddenly; but if the cause of your departure be not extremely urgent, I request that you will not go until to-morrow."

Edward was himself much inclined to remain till the next day. A wish to be introduced to the poet, M'Nelvin, of whom he had heard much in the conversation of his friends, and a desire to spend another night under the same roof with his beloved Ellen, predominated over his prudence; and he yielded to O'Halloran's request. O'Halloran was not unacquainted with the danger which threatened his guest from the violence of Darragh, and some others of the conspirators and he began to suspect that their threats had reached Edward's ears, and produced his sudden determination to leave the neighbourhood. He himself had some doubts whether the secrets of his party with which this young

stranger had involuntarily become acquainted, were altogether safe in his keeping ; and, although he had hitherto resisted the solicitations of his confederates to prevent his departure, by securing his person, lest he should inform upon them, he began now to have serious doubts as to the propriety of his so doing. In great agitation of mind he left Edward, and retired to his library, to reflect on the most proper mode of proceeding. The result was a fixed resolution to prevent Edward's departure. "He must be secured," he soliloquised, "but he must be so treated as to have no privation of which to complain, except the loss of personal liberty."

Having brought his mind to this conclusion, he went in search of M'Cauley, and the other leading conspirators. They soon agreed on a plan for seizing Edward. "A single hair of his head shall not fall," said M'Cauley, "in the course of their deliberation, if I can prevent it ; for, I am myself to blame for too rashly communicating to him that information by which he can most seriously injure us."

It was unanimously settled that Edward should be seized that evening, and confined in the Point Cave (which was within the mysterious rock already mentioned), but that he should be there treated with every indulgence the circumstances of the case would admit.

After dinner, the unsuspecting object of these machinations paid a visit to William Caldwell's to make his acknowledgments for the kindness he had experienced from his family, and also with the hope that he might there meet with an opportunity of being introduced to M'Nelvin. In the latter object of his visit, he was, however, disappointed. On his return, he met the Recluse, to whom he stated his wishes on this subject.

"You wish for a gratification," said the old man, "which it will be no easy matter to procure you. But if it be in the power of any one, I think it is in mine. You will, no doubt, be surprised, when I tell you that he whose acquaintance you seek, studiously avoids yours, influenced with regard to you by a delicacy, perhaps I should rather say, a weakness of feeling on a tender point. In short, he loves Ellen Hamilton with a hopeless passion, and he has perceived that you are an ardent and likely to be a favoured rival. I am the sole confidant of his sorrows."

"Perhaps then," said Edward, "it is better I should not see him, for I should feel reluctant to occasion him the smallest pain."

"My friend," replied the hermit, "I should wish you and him to be acquainted with each other, as I know it would increase your mutual esteem. So, if you have no objection, we shall proceed to my cave, where I expect to find him very shortly. It is to him alone besides yourself, that I have entrusted the secret of my inner dwelling ; nay, it is to him alone, of all my friends in this neighbourhood, that I have as yet intrusted the story of my misfortunes, a story concerning which even to you, I must, for some time yet, take the liberty of preserving silence."

Edward acquiesced, and they soon arrived at the old man's dwelling. They were not long seated until the secret door in the bureau opened, and M'Nelvin appeared. He seemed somewhat disconcerted on seeing Edward, but at the Recluse's desire he came forward.

"Let me introduce the two most confidential friends I have in this part of the country to each other," said the old man, "and I

doubt not, that on further acquaintance they will both thank me for doing so."

Edward approached, and shook the poet's hand so cordially that his reserve almost instantly vanished; and during the conversation which ensued, he became so cheerful and communicative, and displayed such an extent of information and strength of intellect, as surprised and delighted his new acquaintance.

Thus the man whose poetical talents had excited his curiosity, and whose misfortunes he was prepared to pity, Edward found to be possessed of dignity which enforced his respect, and of wisdom which commanded his admiration; and after M'Nelvin had left the cavern, which he did early in the evening, he consulted the Recluse as to any possible way of showing his regard.

"I know at present no other way," said the old man, "than by maintaining a correspondence with him, and perhaps occasionally administering to his poetical vanity; for, like all other poets, he is vain of his profession. Pecuniary assistance must not be mentioned. The inconveniences of poverty, I can and shall prevent."

"I envy you," returned Edward, "the felicity of being permitted to confer favours on such a man. I trust the time will come when I shall enjoy more of both his society and yours under happier circumstances."

He then, after requesting the Recluse to remember his wishes respecting Ellen, bade him adieu, and returned to the castle.

On emerging from the hermit's glen, our hero perceived four men sitting on an eminence near the path by which he was to pass. As he approached, he recognised one of them as his new and undesired acquaintance, M'Cauley, who rose and very respectfully saluted him. "Mr Middleton," said he, "I am glad to meet with you. Will you favour me with your company towards the beach?"

Edward was about to excuse himself on account of the lateness of the hour, when M'Cauley caught him familiarly by the arm, and in a half jocular manner, swore an oath that he would not part with him for that evening at least. Edward remonstrated, and told him that he didn't think it friendly so rudely to impose on his inclinations.

"Mr Middleton, you had as well consent," said the other, "to accompany me. I assure you no harm shall befall you; and you see," he added, looking at his companions, "that we can enforce compliance."

Edward now perceived that foul play was intended, and he demanded by what authority they attempted to detain him.

"By the authority of present strength, and a prudent regard for our own safety," replied M'Cauley.

"And where am I to go, and for what purpose?" was next demanded.

"To our head quarters, to be both well secured and well treated," was the reply.

"Does Mr O'Halloran know this?"

"He does, and its necessity grieves him."

"Then I submit," said Edward. "He once saved my life; he is now welcome to take it from me. Lead where you please."

The four men closed him round, and conducted him to the very spot where O'Halloran and his granddaughter vanished from his sight when he first saw them on the beach.

One of them then ascended a projecting portion of the mysterious rock, and removing a loose piece of stone, which filled a narrow crevice about a foot deep, an iron ring was disclosed, on pulling which an internal bolt gave way, and permitted the upper end of a large, rugged fragment of the rock to separate from the mass with which it before seemed to have been consolidated. McCauley then introduced his hand and loosened the end of a rope, which, passing through a pulley fastened to the roof of the cave now visible, had its other end fixed firmly to the centre of the movable fragment, which was thus managed as a door, its base, upon which it turned, being joined to the rock by means of strong hinges, altogether invisible on the outside. The rope being thus loosened, the fragment opened wide enough to afford space for the admission of our party in a stooping posture, but on advancing a few steps, Edward found himself in an apartment full ten feet high, having a smooth hard-beaten artificially-made earthen floor. Through this, he was conducted to another apartment, very spacious, clean-looking, and lighted with several lamps. In its centre there was a large table covered with newspapers, pamphlets, letters, &c., which three genteelly dressed men seemed to have been perusing. These gentlemen accosted Edward in rather a cordial manner, and welcomed him to their habitation. They were quite unknown to him, but one of them he soon perceived from his accent to be a Frenchman. He now saw that he had been ushered into one of the council-chambers of the Northern conspirators, but for what purpose he could not tell, although he was persuaded that it could not be of a friendly nature. Here the men by whom he had been seized left him. By his remaining companions he was politely invited to be seated, and to accept refreshment. Conceiving that there was no use in showing ill-humour on the occasion, he assented, when, to his surprise, tea was speedily produced, with its usual accompaniments, and afterwards punch, of which his companions partook in a spirit of great cordiality.

During the evening politics engrossed less of the conversation than he expected. Literature, agriculture, and manufactures were the prevailing topics. On these Edward cheerfully took a part, and almost forgot that he was a prisoner. His new acquaintances seemed highly intelligent, and perfectly conversant with every subject they discussed; they were easy and affable, and appeared to make his comfort their chief study. At length one of them, requesting leave to show him where he should rest, when he wished to retire for the night, pushed a sliding-door along one end of the apartment, which disclosed to view a small room resembling the state-room of the cabin of a merchant ship, and containing a bed of a comfortable appearance. On bidding good night, one of the company remarked, "I trust, Mr Middleton, that the cause of your confinement here will soon be removed; but whether it be long or short, you may depend on receiving good usage."

In fact, such is the influence of civil treatment on the mind, that for some time after he was alone, Edward felt more astonishment than irritation at the occurrence of the evening. But when he reflected on the loss of his liberty, and on the share which O'Halloran had in effecting it, and which he looked upon, not only as a breach of honour and hospitality, but from the promise he had extracted from him in the morning, as savouring of treachery itself, he became restless, agitated, irritated; and when he considered that he had done nothing to deserve being

thus incarcerated in a den among traitors, his chagrin and resentment partook of a feverish violence, and sleep for that night became a stranger to his eyes.

Here for the present we shall leave him, and direct our attention to the inhabitants of the castle, some of whom, by this time, had become as much agitated on his account, as he was himself chagrined and irritated. The perturbation of O'Halloran's mind, now that a deed was done which he could not quite justify, and to which he was accessory, was such as no good man could wish even his worst enemy to experience.

But there was another inmate of the castle, whom the events of this evening agitated still more severely than they did O'Halloran. This was she, who, in the estimation of Edward, was the fairest of all Erin's daughters, and whose tears of sorrow shed for him this evening, had he known of them, would have rendered him proud and happy in his misfortunes.

Ellen was sitting alone at a window in one of the small turrets on the southern side of the castle. From the window where she was stationed, she could survey the path by which Edward was to return; and if she at all took notice of the gathering shades, perhaps it was because they marked the lateness of the hour without bringing back the object of her solicitude. While she mused, the moments followed each other slowly, thought anxiously succeeded thought, but still there was no appearance of him for whom she sighed. Several people came at different times up the avenue, but Edward did not come.

"I will go down," thought she, "to the gate. When I perceive his approach, I can easily run back and regain the castle without his seeing me."

She went to the gate. She ventured into the avenue. She saw a tall figure hastily advancing. She retreated within the gate, when, looking back, she perceived it to be the figure of a woman. She returned to the avenue, and met Peg Dornan. Peg was in great agitation when she approached.

"Some yin maun help him," she abruptly exclaimed; "an' your ain bonny sel' maun haste an' fin' oot that yin, or it may soon be owre wi' him;—an' he liked you weel, an' would hae run to help you in sic need, at the blackest hour o' midnight."

"What is the matter?" anxiously demanded Ellen. "For whom do you want help?"

"For the bonniest lad that e'er cam' to thir parts—for Mr Middleton, wham I like as weel as e'er I liked Jock Dornan, my ain sin."

"For God's sake I dear Peg, what has befallen Mr Middleton?"

"He has fallen among his enemies."

"What! have they killed him?" exclaimed Ellen, fearfully.

"No, my bonny bairn, I hope they hae na yet gane that far; but they're no to be trusted owre lang."

"For Heaven's sake I tell me what you know of the matter."

"That's what I cam' for, my bonny bairn, an' yo'll hear me. I was saunterin' at my leisure aboot an hour syne, on the road to Saunders's Glen, when I saw four o' the hettist o' the warm crappies, sittin' on the road-side, an' thinkin' they would be talkin' politics, I did na want to disturb them; so I turned through a slap to the other side o' the hedge; an' I would na hae stapped, but gane right on; but when I cam' fore-

nent them, though they didna see me, I heard yin of them say some thing about Mr Middleton; so I just hunkered doon to hear what it was. 'I'll warrant you he's an Orangeman,' said Sam Service. 'We must seize him, but not hurt him, let him be what he will,' said Jock McCauley. 'Our order is to confine him in the Point Cave, where we will soon find out whether he be friendly or not.' I thought it was nae time to listen langer, but to run and warn him to keep oot o' their way, as I did yince before. I e'en ran to Billy Caldwell's, whaur I had seen him in the afternoon, but they said he had gaen wi' auld Saunders to his glen. I let nae on, but ran there as fast as I could, for, thinks I, they'll get him in the hame-comin,' giff I dinna see him first. I ran like thought, for the deil tak' me gin I'm lazy on sic an erran'. The auld man was in the glen. I asked for Mr Middleton. 'He left me half an hour ago,' said he. 'Gude preserve us!' said I, 'then he's fa'en in wi' them. Auld man, you can do nae guid. I canna wait to talk wi' you. I maun rin to the castle, for, as sure as you're auld Saunders, the crappies hae catched Mr Middleton for nae guid.' When I said sae, he sprang—I never thought the auld body was sae soople. He would hae been here lang before me, had he skipt on at that gate; but he turned an' bade me haste an' tell a' to either Mr O'Halloran or Ellen, thinkin', doubtless, that he would do mair harm than guid by being owre hasty."

"And are you sure they have seized on Mr Middleton?" inquired Ellen.

"They maun ha' him," replied Peg, "for when I cam' back to whar they were sittin', they were gane. I thought he micht hae escaped them, an' won to the castle; but I met Ned Watt, the butler, just before I saw you, who says he's no come there; so I fear a's no richt."

"It is too plain!" said Ellen, almost inaudibly, for speech and sense now failed her, and she sank on the ground.

With a voice like thunder, Peg shouted for help, and in a few seconds, several of the domestics from the castle were on the spot.

Ellen soon recovered, and being conveyed to her apartment, she requested Mrs Brown to remain with her for a short time. When the others had gone, she told her aunt all that she had heard from Peg Dornan; at the same time confessing her love to Edward. Her aunt then promised to communicate with her brother on the subject, and consult him as to what should be done on Edward's behalf. In the meantime, none of the castle servants knew of his captivity. O'Halloran himself not being present, Peg Dornan would relate her story to no one else, especially as she was persuaded that Ellen would lose no time in making her grandfather acquainted with Edward's situation. She indeed resolved not to mention the affair again, unless to those she could trust, and who might possess sufficient influence to serve him.

The next morning (for O'Halloran did not appear that night), Mrs Brown hastened to inform him of what she had heard respecting Edward's seizure by the United Irishmen. Her brother not only acknowledged that he knew of the fact, but had consented to it, and acquainted her at large with his reason for so doing. He assured her, however, that the captive would be treated wi' kindness, and that his life was in no danger.

Mrs Brown, with more warmth than was usual to her, expressed her surprise and indignation at what had taken place.

"What!" said she, "has my brother—he of whose honourable and noble course of conduct I have hitherto been so proud—become at last so forgetful of his long-boasted rectitude, as to betray an unsuspecting youth, who was a stranger and his guest, into the power of those who hate him, and whose hatred to those who may be in their power is almost equivalent to destruction?"

"Sister," said O'Halloran, rising hastily, "I have told you my reasons for my conduct. If they are insufficient to justify me in your eyes, it is of little consequence, since they do it in my own."

He then left the apartment; and Mrs Brown, with a heavy heart, returned to sympathise with her niece.

"Your grandfather has assured me," said she, endeavouring to comfort her, "that no attempt will be made upon his life, and that he shall experience no inconvenience in their power to prevent, except the loss of liberty."

Ellen's uncertainty respecting her lover's fate being thus removed, the violence of her emotions gradually subsided, and was in a short time succeeded by a calm and settled melancholy.

The liveliness and ingenuity of Miss Agnew, who soon discovered the cause of her friend's distress, greatly aided the unceasing tenderness and solicitude of Mrs Brown, in assuaging the poignancy of Ellen's grief, and she was in a few weeks restored to a tolerable enjoyment of existence.

Edward sustained his misfortunes with great spirit, and however severely he felt his being thus enclosed, as it were, in a living tomb, he took care that none around him should perceive the state of his feelings.

The Rev. Mr Porter, a Presbyterian clergyman, at this time under cover from a threatened prosecution for high treason, was his most agreeable and constant companion. Mr Samuel Nelson, one of the proprietors of the *Northern Star*, and a man of great intelligence, was at this period a very active agent of the United Directory, and, therefore, a frequent visitor at the cavern; but not being under proscription by the government, he frequented it rather for the purpose of business than concealment. His arrival always excited great interest; for he never failed to bring with him a large assortment of news, and a budget of political documents for the inspection of his coadjutors.

The Frenchman, whom we have also already mentioned, was a bustling, active sort of a character, who, on all occasions, assumed an air of great importance, as being a citizen and a public, or (to speak more correctly) a secret functionary of "the great nation."

For the first two days of Edward's imprisonment, O'Halloran did not visit the cave. On the evening of the third, he entered with a bundle of letters and newspapers, which he handed to Nelson. Then, going forward to Edward—

"Mr Middleton," said he, "I am truly sorry that it is against your will you are here; and I hope that it will be soon otherwise. I request you will read this letter at your leisure, and seriously consider its contents."

He then seated himself at the table, and for about an hour joined his confederates in perusing the papers he had brought; after which he asked Nelson to accompany him to the castle, and they retired together.

Immediately on receiving the letter, Edward withdrew to his sleeping closet, where, throwing himself on his couch, he read an eager defence of

O'Halloran's conduct, and an urgent appeal to himself to join the United Irishmen.

To this letter Edward wrote a very copious reply, in which, after assuring O'Halloran that he gave full credit to the motives which influenced him in consenting to his captivity, and, on that account, let its issue be what it might, he freely forgave him; he proceeded to reason with him in regard to the hopelessness of the efforts of the conspirators, and to justify his holding aloof altogether from their schemes; concluding with the following reference to his own imprisonment:—

"To obtain my enlargement, I will come under no obligations that might by any possibility be ascribed to meanness or timidity.

"I should scorn to act the part of an informer, against either the misguided, or the unfortunate, and, with respect to you individually, to whom I am, under Providence, indebted for life itself, gratitude binds me too strongly to your personal welfare, to permit me either inadvertently or intentionally, to divulge any part of your conduct, or of those connected with you, that might operate to your disadvantage."

O'Halloran and his confederates finding that they could not shake Edward's political principles, desisted after this, from making the attempt. They also appeared more guarded when conversing in his presence, so that, during the remainder of the summer, he obtained very little information concerning the progress of their affairs.

In the meantime, the Recluse, being aware of the capricious and revengeful disposition of several of those who had access to his imprisoned friend, became every day more uneasy concerning him. With M'Nelvin, who also felt much on the subject, and who was his only confidant, he had frequent conferences on the practicability of procuring Edward's liberty, but they could devise no plan that seemed in the slightest degree to promise success.

Ellen, by the assurances she received of his personal safety, and by the sympathy and kind attentions of her aunt and Miss Agnew, became daily more resigned and cheerful, so that before the end of August, she was seen taking her usual evening walks, although it was observed that she generally walked alone, and as much as possible courted solitude. One evening, about this time, an incident took place which, as it had some connection with those events which led to Edward's enlargement, should be related.

Monsieur Monier, the French emissary already mentioned, had fallen desperately in love with her; and having obtained her grandfather's permission to address her, had added greatly to her affliction by persecuting her with his passion for several months past.

On the evening alluded to, he followed Ellen in one of her favourite and lonely walks, into a small wood that skirted the Volunteer ground. She was indulging her melancholy feelings in reading Burns's beautiful song of Highland Mary when Monier approached. He had just left the company of the gentlemen at the castle, among whom the social glass had circulated freely, and was a little heated with the liquor he had drunk.

"I am right happy, right glad, mam'selle," said he, "to meet with you here. This is a fine, lovely-looking place for a lover like me to meet her he loves better than all the world."

"Sir," said Ellen, "I have often told you not to speak to me on such

a subject. I now wish to be alone. You will therefore be pleased to walk on to wherever you were going, and leave me to myself."

"Beautiful creature, do you think I can leave you? I left my company and my wine to come after you."

"You did very wrong, sir; and I insist that you shall immediately return to your company and your wine, for whatever business you may have with them, I assure you, with me you can have none."

"Ah! my dear, with your bright eyes, with your lovely cheeks like the rose, and with your pretty bosom like the snow, I must have business. I am tired of politics, I now want to enjoy love."

"What do you mean, sir," said she, "by thus obtruding yourself upon me, when I tell you that your company is unwelcome?"

"Is my company unwelcome? Ah! I know somebody else, whose company you would prefer in this place."

"No matter what you know; only begone from me."

"Ah! my love, you should think how that man is in my power. He is my rival. I can be revenged. Only let me sit with you, and talk with you, and kiss your pretty hand, and he shall be used well."

"I say again, sir, begone! How dare you use such freedoms?"

"It is only the way in France, *mam'selle*. I love you to my very soul, and I must kiss you and court you as lovers always do there."

So saying he caught her very roughly.

"O God of mercy! is there no one to help me?" exclaimed the terrified maiden.

"Villain!" cried a loud, tremendous voice, "receive that for your infamous conduct to an angel," and a tall stont man, without a hat or coat, and bald-headed, struck him on the face with such force that he fell to the ground screaming, while the blood gushed freely from his mouth and nostrils. Ellen could not recognise the stranger.

"Whoever you are," said she, "may Heaven bless you for the deed!"

"Take my arm, fair innocence! I will protect you home."

She did so, and without speaking he conducted her to the public road which led to the castle.

"You are now safe," said he, "I must leave you."

"But first," she replied, "let me know to whom I am indebted for this deliverance."

"There are people approaching," he replied; "I must not be seen. Describe me to no one. Call on the Recluse to-morrow, at five in the afternoon. He will tell you who I am. But stay, I see M'Nelvin, who knows me. He will conduct you to the castle."

The poet, on seeing Ellen, was about to retire, but the stranger called him forward.

"Protect this young lady to the castle," said he, "ask her no questions; but return to me in an hour. I shall explain all."

So saying, he disappeared, and M'Nelvin with considerable embarrassment, offered Ellen his arm.

When they reached the castle; the poet declined entering; but before they parted Ellen requested him to call the next day to accompany her to the Recluse's cavern, and he consented.

After much reflection on the Frenchman's misconduct, Ellen resolved not to reveal it to her friends. She recollected his threats against Edward, and she conceived that, by publishing his disgrace, she would only

irritate him the more, and perhaps stimulate him to push his revenge even to assassination.

At the appointed time, she accompanied McNelvin to the hermit's cave, at the door of which he left her, promising to return in an hour to conduct her back. She found the old man in his usual attire in his first apartment. He informed her that he was the person who had rescued her yesterday—that seeing the Frenchman following her in a state of intoxication, and knowing how she had been lately persecuted by him, he thought it prudent to remain convenient for her protection; but not wishing to be known to him as the Recluse, he threw off part of the disguise he had usually worn since he came into this neighbourhood.

"Then you are not the decrepit, destitute old man we have hitherto taken you to be?"

"No," he replied, "but I have strong reasons for wishing to appear so for some time. In the meantime, my daughter, when you want a friend, when you need a protector, fly here, repose confidence in me, and be assured you shall receive ready and sufficient succour. Return home now, my daughter. May God bless you; and be you still as innocent and virtuous as you now are, and you will deserve His blessing."

"Thank you, father," said she, "for you have spoken comfort to my soul. How shall I ever be able to repay such kindness?"

"By nursing me on my death-bed," he replied, "and shedding the tears of affection over my grave. Farewell! Visit me often."

At the door of the cave she met the poet, who had been waiting there to conduct her home. Being thus assured of the disinterested attachment of two worthy persons, she became more cheerful in her mind, although her terror of the Frenchman was so great, that she resolved to discontinue those solitary rambles, from which she had drawn so much enjoyment, lest he should again find an opportunity to assault her.

In the meantime, Tom Mullins and his companion, on the day they left the cave, rode as far as the town of Antrim, without meeting with any adventures worthy relating. Here they consulted their instructions, and found that they were to remain there for two days in expectation of Edward overtaking them, at the expiration of which time, if he did not arrive, they were to proceed to the seat of Sir Philip Martin, in the county of Tyrone, who was a relation and a confidant of the Recluse and whose son, having been Edward's fellow-student at Trinity College, he had resolved to visit on his return homeward. They had also a letter from Edward to the Earl O'Neil, whose castle lay on the way from Antrim to Sir Philip Martin's residence.

On the evening of their second night at Antrim, as they were sitting comfortably over a mug of ale, two soldiers belonging to a regiment of Fencibles that then lay in the town, and a townsman, came into the room. The soldiers, rudely provoking a quarrel, ended by dragging the two to the guard-house, where, in less than an hour, they were convicted by a court-martial of being United Irishmen, and attempting to abuse two privates belonging to his majesty's regiment of Fife-shire Fencibles, and were each sentenced to receive five hundred lashes next morning.

Through the interference of the townsman, who had witnessed the whole affair, however, the letter to the Earl O'Neil was conveyed to that nobleman, and he obtained their release, and the punishment of the soldiers.

Under the auspices of the earl, they arrived without further accident at the place of their destination, where Hunter left his charge, and returned home in safety, about three weeks after his departure, to the great joy of all his kindred and acquaintances, but especially to that of the sweet Peggy Caldwell, whom he vowed never to leave so long again until they became *man an' wife*.

Sir Philip Martin, to whom the Recluse had subsequently written concerning Edward's detention, being a favourer of the United Irishmen, and having, by inquiries from O'Halloran, satisfied himself that his life was in no danger, refrained from acquainting his friends with the circumstance. Lord O'Neil was ignorant of it; consequently, to Edward's relations, who had become uneasy at his long and silent absence, and had begun to make some inquiry after him, he could give no other information, than that he had received a letter from him in the month of May last, at which period he was in the vicinity of Larne. Edward had written to his friends shortly after coming to the North, that he intended, before he returned home, to visit the island of Staffa, and some other places in the Highlands. It was, therefore, concluded that he was exploring some of the remote parts of that wild, but, to a mind like Edward's, attractive portion of the empire, from whence transmitting communications by letter they knew to be rather difficult and uncertain. They therefore thought proper for a time to cease their inquiries after him.

CHAPTER V.

It was in the autumn of 1797, and sometime after the preceding transactions, that the melancholy event took place, which severed the last remaining link of the chain which had hitherto bound thousands of the Presbyterian community in the North, to the side of the government, and gave that impulse to the wheels of the conspiracy, which no subsequent measure of either policy or force could arrest, until it terminated in the fury and vengeance of a sanguinary rebellion. This event was the death, or, as the popular voice termed it, the martyrdom of William Orr.

It will be readily supposed that the United Chiefs who frequented the cave in which Edward Barrymore was confined partook largely of the public excitement on this occasion. As their designs, however, were far from being ripe for execution, they had the prudence to suppress their feelings, and to act with moderation; and were, also, at considerable pains to restrain the popular fury from breaking out prematurely into acts of violence. In consequence of this solicitude to prevent atrocities that would have been detrimental to their cause, they preserved the jury that had convicted Orr, from becoming victims to the fury of some of the more daring and fanatical of their party, who had denounced vengeance against them.

One evening, as Porter and Nelson were discoursing on this subject in Edward's presence, in such a manner as almost compelled him to express his opinion, he remarked that it was neither his province nor his inclination to defend the executive authority on all occasions. "It is not necessary," said he, "that an adherent of our admirable form of govern-

ment should defend the general management of any particular administration, much less approve of any isolated act of harshness or cruelty. Still, however, before I can agree to consign the present ministers altogether to infamy, I must know the motives which induced them to permit this unhappy execution. False representations of the case may have been made to them. They may have been persuaded that Orr was actually guilty of seducing the soldier from his allegiance, and therefore wished by a severe example to deter others from such practices. But, gentlemen, be my opinions on this subject what they may, I cannot help expressing my sorrow for the calamities which I perceive accumulating on the country, and which, it is my sincere conviction, have had their origin in the unjustifiable and illegal attempts of secret associations to overawe the established authorities into measures, the beneficial tendency of which is, to say the least of it, controvertible."

"Sir," said Nelson, "though we dislike your sentiments, we cannot but admire the candour with which you express them; nor can we be offended at your freedom of speech, since an avowed antagonist is a much safer companion than a treacherous colleague."

The conversation was here interrupted by the entrance of O'Halloran, with a bundle of letters, one of which he handed to Nelson, saying, "Here is bad news for you. They have done what I long since predicted they would sometime do."

When Nelson had finished reading the letter O'Halloran had given him, he exclaimed, "Yes, our Star is, indeed, set; but I trust that the light it has diffused through the country, will not be so easily extinguished, and since we cannot write for the public good, nothing remains but to fight for it."

"What new atrocity has taken place? If I may be permitted to ask," said the Reverend Mr Porter, who was at that moment preparing a communication for "the Northern Star," in continuation of several ingenious letters, entitled, "Billy Bluff and Squire Firebrand," with which he had lately amused and very much excited the minds of the people of Ulster.

"You may throw your manuscript aside," replied Nelson, "till better times. Barber's infamous dragoons have broken into my house, and destroyed our press. There is a letter from Teeling, who witnessed the transaction. You may read it aloud. There will be no harm in Mr Middleton hearing of another piece of tyranny—a ferocious outrage upon the liberty of the press, committed by a government which some men would make us believe is the grand protector of that liberty."

"Gentlemen," observed Edward, "I have said before, that an attachment to our form of government does not involve a necessity to defend every act of its administration. But since you have drawn my attention to it, I shall listen to the statement you have received, provided I shall not be urged to give an opinion on it, should I wish to be silent."

He was informed that after hearing the particulars, he might remain silent or not, as he thought proper. The clergyman then read the letter aloud; but as the details do not affect our story, we need not weary our readers with them.

When the letter had been read, "Concerning this outrage," said Edward, "I will give my opinion frankly and unsolicited. It is an instance of military violence which no rational, honest man can justify;

and which it is the duty of the government severely and promptly to punish."

"I know the present government too well," replied Nelson, "to expect justice from it. If we want justice we must take it. Of our power to do so, our oppressors will soon be convinced. I have already sacrificed my property; and my life, which is all I can now give, is ready to be yielded, whenever my country's benefit requires it."

"I am impatient for the day of action, that we may rid this long-suffering land of the tyrants," said O'Halloran. "Every day produces fresh atrocities, and adds to our sufferings and their insolence. Delay may increase their strength. It can scarcely add to ours, for we are already in numbers sufficiently strong. Why should we tamely continue to suffer? Why not hasten the day of our deliverance? The people are now animated and zealous. Orr has not died in vain."

"Mr O'Halloran," replied Porter, "prudence requires that we should exercise patience a few months longer. Our adherents, however zealous and numerous, are not properly organised for insurrection, and the foreign aid we are promised is not expected before spring, our wiser policy is to recommend our friends to a temporary submission to their misfortunes, rather than risk the ruin of their cause by a premature effort."

"Your reasoning may be correct," said O'Halloran, "but it is hard to remain inactive, and see an unoffending populace becoming every day more and more the victims of a wanton and cruel tyranny."

"We may be active," observed Nelson, "but we must be cautious. The day of retribution will come, and when we strike the blow, if it should be slow I should like it to be sure."

"I know you are right," said O'Halloran. "My feelings, not my judgment, would hurry me into premature action. But it must not be."

During this conversation, Edward's mind, as will readily be supposed, was but ill at ease. He felt no inclination to engage in it, and when O'Halloran and Nelson withdrew, he retired to his closet, there to ruminate with a heavy heart, on the rashness and misfortunes of these infatuated men, and to deplore the folly of that misgovernment which had driven them to the adoption of their desperate schemes.

CHAPTER VI.

THE rancour and hatred which Monsieur Monier bore towards Edward broke out in several instances of spleen and ill-nature, and tended not a little to make his imprisonment become daily more and more irksome. He publicly insisted that such an enemy to the rights of man, and the liberties of his country, should not be permitted to live.

"If he were in France," said he, "our *sans culottes* would soon have him to the guillotine; for there we know how to get rid of the enemies of the people."

O'Halloran, and the other leaders, however, resisted all his importunities, and he could procure none of the lower orders to assassinate his rival, as their chiefs were so averse to it. He, at length, fell upon another scheme of getting him out of the way. A brig, freighted and

cleared out of Belfast as if bounded for London, but in reality intended for some French port, with dispatches from the United Irish Directory, to the Republican Government, lay in the adjoining harbour.

The Frenchman thought to have Edward carried on board of her, and despatched as a prisoner to France, where he could more easily control his fate. But even this he could not effect without the consent of the leaders. He, therefore, applied to Porter, who most usually resided in the cave. That gentleman, conceiving that the principal intention of Edward's imprisonment would be answered by this means, and his life at the same time secured from any sudden impulse of resentment among his enemies, consented, and, at last, prevailed on O'Halloran also to consent.

The Frenchman having thus far succeeded, immediately had the night fixed and the men selected for carrying him on board. It happened, however, that M'Nelvin, the poet, became accidentally acquainted with this plot. It was on an afternoon, towards the end of October, that he had thrown himself down in a thicket, a few paces from his arbour on the hill, with a small volume of Shakspeare's plays in his hand. His mind was absorbed in the romantic adventures of the *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, when he was startled by the sounds of voices approaching him. On looking from his resting-place he perceived the Frenchman, and Darragh, the man who had attempted Tom Mullins' life, advancing slowly. He lay quiet. When only a few yards from him, they stopped; but he was closely concealed from their view.

"They have consented at last," said the Frenchman, "to let that fair-faced Orangeman be sent to France; but I wish to Jupiter, that he could be put out of the way before he arrives there; for I understand that our directors are now become so puny-hearted that they, too, make a fuss about a man's life, although he should be denounced in the name of the people. I am, when I think of it, somewhat afraid to trust him alive there. He might get exchanged, come home and then disclose all. We must be more cautious than to let him off alive, say what they will about it. I have a purse of twenty guineas and a captain's commission, to bestow on the brave man who will kill this traitorous heretic and lover of crowned heads."

"Jack Lafferty and I," replied Darragh, "will do it. But not for your money. We'll do it for the good of the cause. When is he to be shipped?"

"There are six men appointed to convey him on board to-morrow night," answered the Frenchman.

"To-morrow all the country will gather to dig Robbin M'Brim's potatoes," said Darragh. "Robbin has been in jail these three months. He is a true fellow. We have shorn his corn already, and will dig his potatoes in rank and file to-morrow, in spite of either orangemen or government. I'll see Lafferty at the digging, and I will take care to get the king's man snug from telling before the brig sails. Who guards the cave to-morrow?"

The Frenchman answered, that a man, called Anthony Allen, was selected to guard the cave during their absence.

This discovery concerned the peace of Ellen Hamilton too much to be neglected by M'Nelvin. To save Edward, therefore, from impending danger became now the great object of his solicitude. At first he knew

not how to act; but, as he had, for several years past, been accustomed in all his perplexities to seek advice from the Recluse, he now sought him. It was soon agreed that they should, at once, make the affair known to her whom it most nearly concerned. Accordingly M'Nelvir hastened to the castle, from whence he brought Ellen, without loss of time, to the glen. The Recluse, with as much caution and tenderness as possible, disclosed to her Edward's danger. For some minutes, she remained the picture of surprise and horror, but said nothing; and so much did her emotion seem to have overcome her, that her friends began to repent having made the disclosure.

At length tears came to her relief; and she found utterance.

"I feared that it would come to this at last!" she exclaimed. "O, my friends, what can be done for him? He must not, surely he must not die!"

"Can we with any prospect of success inform your grandfather of what is meditated against him?" inquired the Recluse.

"I fear not," she replied, "he is so much devoted to the will, and what he conceives to be the interest of these conspirators, that to save his own life, he would scarcely risk a contention with them."

Then, in passionate words, she burst out, "My friends, I am resolved. I shall penetrate into their inmost recesses. I shall find him. If they have even hearts of stone, I shall melt them, or if they be too obdurate, my hands shall give him weapons; we shall clear the way, or we shall die together."

Her frenzy startled and confounded her auditors; but it suggested an idea to M'Nelvin, which he immediately communicated; and which by infusing hope into Ellen's mind, greatly calmed her agitation.

"To-morrow," said he, "the cave will be deserted by its usual inmates who are to attend the potato-digging; and Anthony Allen is appointed to remain sentinel over Mr Middleton. He will not refuse Miss O'Halloran admittance. She may then inform the prisoner of his danger, and if we can contrive to draw off Allen's attention, for some time, from the door of the cave, he may escape disguised in apparel similar to her own, which she can provide for the occasion."

"I shall try it," said Ellen.

After some further deliberation, the Recluse approved of the project, as the only plausible means of rescuing his friend from the destruction that threatened him. How to manage Allen, so as to prevent him from recognising the prisoner, when he should pass from the cave, was now the difficulty. Neither the Recluse nor M'Nelvin were much trusted by the United Irishmen. They had both refused to take the oath of fidelity to their party; but as neither of them could give much efficient aid in a military view, the one being decrepit from age, and the other from accident, they were not much pressed on the subject. Still, as they did not belong to the body, they were not trusted by it.

In this dilemma, they directed their views to Jemmy Hunter, who had served Edward so efficiently on a former occasion. Ellen now returned home to prepare the dress which was to be Edward's disguise. M'Nelvin left her at the castle gate, and went in search of Hunter. This young man had been for some weeks a bridegroom, and as merry as a lark in a May morning; for his Peggy, who had long charmed him with her smiles and her blushes, had, at length, blessed him with her hand

and her heart, and a happier couple could not have been found in the whole province.

McNelvin found the young bridegroom working in a garden adjoining his dwelling-house, with a heart in a humour to be pleased with everything; and informed him that the Recluse had business with him, which could only be communicated in the cavern.

"Come in awee, an' tak' a dram," said Jemmy. "an' I'll gang wi' you directly;" but as the poet was in haste, he begged Jemmy to go with him without delay, his business being important. He promised, however, that some evening soon he would make amends for the shortness of his present visit.

At Saunders's cave, Hunter was made acquainted with the whole affair, and was asked if he thought he could occupy Allen's attention in such a manner, that when the prisoner passed out, he might be prevented from so closely observing him as to endanger detection. He readily undertook to do so.

"And, by heavens, if he does detect him," said he, "I'll pinion him wi' sich a grip, that he'll no' e'en stir till Mr Middleton be clear oot o' his reach; for we maun save the lad. He was a guid frien' to Peggy, and she aye thinks weel o' him, an' I'll no' forget him in his pinch."

The morning rose that ushered in the potato-digging day, in which numerous throngs of lads and lasses, dressed in their best attire, with light and merry hearts, came from all parts of the adjacent country, into the town of Larne; the lads to march to the work of charity and benevolence, the lasses to witness the procession, and reward their lovers as they passed them with their smiles.

It was in the afternoon of that day, when all the conspirators, except the sentinel, had left the cave, that, with an agitated and fearful heart, as if she were approaching some crisis of her fate, Ellen, in company with Hunter, hastened to the prison of her lover, with a resolution to effect his deliverance, or die with him. Often, however, the feelings of the woman would obtrude upon her, and for a moment damp the determination of the lover. But the recollection of Edward's danger still prevailed, and enabled her to persist.

Without hesitation she and her attendant were admitted by Allen. The granddaughter of O'Halloran could not be suspected, and Hunter had been long the particular friend of Allen. Besides, ever since his life had been in jeopardy at Antrim, the particulars of which story were widely circulated, he had become highly popular with his party. He remained on the outside to converse with Allen, whilst Ellen advanced. She had now, however, to experience the greatest struggle with her delicacy that she had yet encountered; but her resolution carried her forward, and she appeared in Edward's presence lovely and blushing, but disconcerted and speechless with the conflict of terror, shame, and solicitude which agitated her bosom. He was, at the first view, so struck with astonishment, that he could scarcely believe the vision to be real.

"What happiness!" he exclaimed. "Has an angel, in the dearest of all created forms, come to visit me in my prison?"

She sunk upon a chair, and almost fainted. He ran to support her, but she soon recovered her self-possession sufficiently to account for her

appearance, by relating the danger she had discovered him to be in, and the means she had provided for his escape. It is needless to repeat the expressions of gratitude and rapture in which Edward now indulged. She, however, soon reminded him that there was no time for conversation, and that, if he meant to escape, he must haste and depart. She now supplied him with an exact duplicate of the clothes she then wore, and in a few minutes he was disguised.

"Let me," said he, "before I part from my guardian angel, kneel with her one precious minute before the throne of Heaven, that I may implore blessings upon her head."

They both kneeled; and he fervently commended her to the protection of the Almighty. Then imprinting on her hand a fervent kiss, and bidding her adieu, he rushed toward the door. Allen mistaking him for Miss O'Halloran was for running to assist him in getting out; but Hunter, who by this time had enticed him to the bottom of the rock, desired him to remain where he was, as he knew the young lady disliked to be disturbed with such attentions. He added, that though he had conveyed her here, he knew that she wished to return home by herself, and as his friend Allen was alone to-day, he believed he should stay a few hours to keep him company; and at once began to banter him.

"Why, Allen, man," said he, "you should think o' getting married. I'm tauld that Jenny Davis is amaist wud aboot you, an' she's a nice lass; an' her father can gie her twa hunner pun' only day."

Allen confessed that he had a *hankering* after Jenny; but feared that she liked Tam Mathewson better than him.

By this time, Edward had ascended the hill that overlooked his late prison; and in a few minutes more, he found himself safe in the Recluse's habitation. His disguise was soon thrown aside.

"All has succeeded; Heaven be praised!" exclaimed the old man. "M'Nelvin waits at the top of the glen with your horse. Haste, fly, leave this distracted place, for there is no safety here; and God be with you."

"I go. Farewell, Father! We shall yet meet again. Till then, under Heaven, I charge you with the care of the angel who has delivered me."

"Adieu, my son. No earthly consideration shall prevent me from attending to that charge. Yonder is your horse."

Edward sprung forward, and seized M'Nelvin by the hand.

"Farewell!" said he. "Be still Miss O'Halloran's friend; I shall ever be yours."

He spurred his steed, and in three hours more found himself at the hospitable gate of Shanes Castle.

CHAPTER VII.

ARRIVED at the princely mansion of the ancient family of O'Neil, Edward Barrymore received a very cordial welcome from its noble owner; but in haste to return home, that he might relieve the solicitude of his friends, he, the next morning, continued his journey to the residence of Sir Philip Martin, attended by one of Lord O'Neil's servants. He arrived

there on the following day, and was received with all that cordiality and friendship he expected from a worthy family, with the heir of which he had been long and intimately acquainted. Here he met with honest Tom Mullins, who was nearly broken-hearted with vexation on his master's account—for although he had no knowledge of what had really happened, he could not get rid of the vague suspicion, that the United Irishmen had done him harm. He had been detained at Sir Philip Martin's during the whole summer, at the suggestion of the Recluse, who feared that if he returned to Dublin, he might give such information to Edward's friends as would direct their attention to O'Halloran's neighbourhood, and, perhaps, bring that gentleman into trouble.

Charles Martin, Edward's fellow-student, and bosom-friend, had been absent with his sisters, two pretty and amiable girls, on a visit to the house of a neighbouring gentleman. They, however, returned early in the evening, and great was the joy of Edward and his friend on meeting. Sir Philip had not acquainted his son with Edward's imprisonment; for their political principles being somewhat different, he was unwilling to prejudice the cause of the United Irishmen, by informing him of anything that would lessen them in his son's esteem. Hence, during a solitary walk, which the young friends took through Sir Philip's shrubberies, in order to relate to each other their adventures since they last parted, Charles was astonished and grieved at the extraordinary and perilous nature of those which had befallen Edward.

"I fear," said he, "that the machinations of these men against you are not over. What a pity that their connexions are so extended that we cannot bring them to justice, without involving those we love in their punishment. I agree with you, that all the circumstances considered, it is better to be silent on the subject. If you insist on immediately departing for Dublin, as your friends are so anxious concerning you, I cannot object, although I hoped to enjoy your company for several weeks here. But we shall not part so soon. I will accompany you, if you will wait but a couple of days that I may make arrangements for the journey." This being agreed to, Edward, having one day's rest on his hands, wrote to the Recluse an account of his safety and welfare, and requesting speedy intelligence concerning Ellen and the conduct of the United Irishmen on discovering his escape.

At length the two friends, well-armed and well-attended, set out for the capital, where they arrived on the third day, without encountering any accident.

Edward was now once more amongst his relatives, and the friends of his youth, an inhabitant of the metropolis of his country. But his heart and his affections were in a remote province. He wrote a second time to the Recluse, conjuring him to lose no time in acquainting him with the treatment that Ellen had received from her grandfather and his confederates, after his departure. It was, however, only the next day after forwarding this letter, that his mind was set at ease on this subject, by receiving one from the old man in reply to that which he had written at Sir Philip Martin's. He was informed that the United men kept the circumstance of his escape very quiet—that the whole blame was thrown on Jemmy Hunter, who was very willing to bear it. The old man added, that he even believed that O'Halloran was secretly rejoiced at it. "He, indeed," said he, "pretty sternly and closely inter-

rogated Ellen as to her motives for assisting in the affair; and when she candidly told him of the plot that had been laid for your destruction, he affected not to credit it. But, he said, that it was on the whole, perhaps, as well that you were out of their power, and that he had never approved of the scheme of sending you to France. He also mentioned, that if he could persuade his co-adjutors that they had no reason to dread your informing against them, he should entirely approve of what she had done. She took this opportunity to acquaint him with the whole of the Frenchman's villany towards herself. (Here the Recluse related the incidents of Monier's attack upon her, of which Edward was ignorant, but of which the reader has been already informed). This at length roused his indignation against the foreigner; and he that evening communicated the whole to Porter, Nelson, and another of the leaders named M'Cracken. They all joined in reprobating such conduct, and agreed to induce Monier to leave the country, by persuading him that the government had become apprised of his residence and employment, and that his safety depended on his returning to France, in the vessel which was about to sail with their despatches for his government; and the country has, in consequence, got rid of a mischievous visitor."

Edward, in order to allay the fears of the United party respecting the knowledge he had obtained of their measures, wrote a long letter to O'Halloran, in which he disclaimed any feelings of resentment on account of his confinement. He concluded this letter by informing his friend, that as his motives for concealing his real name and character no longer existed, he would now confess that he was the apparent representative of a family, sufficiently high in office and influence, to procure for any of his party who wished to return to their duty, forgiveness of the past, provided they would give security for the future. He would, therefore, assume his real name, which he had been induced for a time to conceal, from a desire to enjoy the esteem of some who had suddenly become extremely dear to him, but whose suspicion and dislike, he believed, a knowledge of that name would have excited. "I the more readily," said he, "give you my own name on this occasion, as I flatter myself that it will confirm your reliance on my promise of secrecy respecting your affairs, by showing you that on the fulfilment of that promise, I stake the honour of a house that has never yet acted dishonourably—the house of Barrymore."

Leaving Edward Barrymore, after his perilous journey to the North, in safety among his friends, we may turn our attention to what, in the meantime, befell the beautiful and tender mistress of his affections.

The sentinel at the cave, deceived by the disguise of Edward, and misled by the artifices of Jemmy Hunter, did not, for several hours, discover that his prisoner had escaped. The first intimation he had of it was by Hunter roundly saying—

"I think Miss O'Halloran will noo be tired waitin'; I maun see her hame."

"Why, she's gane lang sine," said the sentinel.

"May be sae an' may be no." "I'll see wha's within, however," replied Hunter.

Accordingly, in he and the sentinel went; when, to the astonishment and confusion of the latter, Miss O'Halloran appeared in her own identical person.

"An' wha went oot in your likeness?" inquired the wondering sen-

tinged at the trembling girl. She made no reply, but held down her head to conceal her shame; for she had really become innocently ashamed, while the big tears stood ready to burst from her eyes.

"Never mind," said Hunter, intercedingly, "the fault was a' mine. Ye ken, Allen, I wad na let you rin after the gentleman, when he gat oot, or ye might hae brought him back to his prison."

"The gentlemant!" exclaimed Allen. "I hope the gentleman's no dead. Our officers will think I hae betrayed them. Some o' them may be for takin' my life. Ye ken some that wadna stop at that, if they thought I did it willingly. I should hae done my duty better."

"Fear naething," said his companion. "Jemmy Hunter will stan' by you, through thick an' thin, an' tak a' the blame, as he deserves to do, on him. In the meantime, his honour's daughter here, ye ken, canna be in the fault. I maun just see her hame; an' I'll be back in a crack to stan' between you an' danger."

"Mr Allen," said Ellen, who had considerably recovered from her confusion, "I shall stay here, and confess the share I have had in your prisoner's escape, rather than that you should be subjected to any trouble on its account."

"No, my lady," said the gallant Allen, "you can tell the truth as weel in the castle as here. Since he is gane, it canna be helpit noo. It's useless to fret; an' Jemmy here is willing to bear the blame o't; an' I dinna mislippen Jemmy makin' his word guid at a' risks. So I dinna like, my lady, to see you sae vexed aboot it. When you gang hame, your aunt Brown will gie you mair comfort than I can. Jemmy, you can gae wi' her; but see that you be back in time to clear me frae the blame."

Jemmy promised he would, and having conducted his fair charge to the castle, he returned with a light and satisfied heart to the cave. When O'Halloran, Porter, Nelson, McCracken, and their confederates returned in the evening from the potato-digging, they were, at first, much surprised and chagrined at what had taken place.

"If the fellow don't inform on us," said Nelson, after his first excitement had somewhat abated, "the matter will not indeed much grieve me; for I believe we could never have prevailed on him to join us."

"Though we should, perhaps, have less cause for alarm," said O'Halloran, "if he were still in our power, yet I am persuaded that he has too much honour to be an informer."

"I agree with you," said Porter; "and I own that I see no great cause for apprehension."

"I am glad, gentlemen," said McCracken, "that you console yourselves so easily; and since the misfortune cannot be remedied, I must acknowledge that philosophy to be the soundest, which enables us with the least difficulty to bear it."

CHAPTER VIII.

ALTHOUGH Ellen was treated with indulgence on the occasion just related, it was not long till she suffered persecution enough of another kind. A certain Sir Geoffrey Carebrow, a very formal bachelor of great property,

who had lately come, after several years' absence, to reside on an estate which he possessed in the neighbourhood, having met with her at a public ball which was given in Larne, during the Christmas holidays, became violently enamoured of her. He was a man, who, from his youth, was noted for a union of two passions seldom found united in the same person, a love of women and a love of money. Although he possessed estates which yielded him upwards of fifteen thousand a year, with nearly a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the national funds, he had hitherto been deterred from wedlock on account of the expense of supporting a wife and rearing a family.

The exquisite beauty and bewitching sweetness of Ellen's countenance, together with the graceful symmetry of her form, struck on his impure fancy with a force altogether irresistible, and he immediately centred all his wishes and happiness in the enjoyment of such charms.

To effect this, he discovered to be no easy matter. A little reflection convinced him that illicit gratification was out of the question. There remained, therefore, no other means of possessing her than by breaking through his long formal resolution against matrimony, and making her the partner of his fortune.

This was a horrible alternative; but he felt that he could not be happy without her, and he resolved to adopt it. He accordingly took the earliest opportunity of making known to her his wishes. She at once gave him an unequivocal and decided denial. In vain did he make her the most splendid offers; in vain did he enlarge on his immense wealth, and on the violence and sincerity of his passion, which he asserted would never permit him to know happiness without her. She was inexorable.

He next had recourse to her grandfather; and soon gained his favour, by suddenly becoming a warm friend to the United cause. As he had been hitherto considered, not indeed a royalist, but a very lukewarm favourer of the popular party, O'Halloran looked on his accession as a matter of great importance. At this juncture it was in reality so. By order of the Dublin Directory a certain quantity of arms and ammunition was to be provided by the northern conspirators, before the middle of March ensuing. To raise money for this purpose was no easy matter. The greater number of the zealous leaders were men of broken fortunes; and the voluntary contributions of the lower orders came in so slowly and in such small sums, as to be of little or no service.

Great was the anxiety that our northern chiefs felt on this occasion; and frequent were the consultations they held on the subject. O'Halloran had already expended within the last fifteen months about thirty thousand pounds on account of the confederacy; a great portion of which had gone to relieve the distresses of those whom the government had harassed on account of their obnoxious principles. Upwards of sixty thousand pounds were wanted on the present occasion. To raise this sum was beyond his power, without mortgaging his estate, and perhaps paying an exorbitant interest. This, however, he resolved to do, rather than permit the cause to suffer. To Sir Geoffrey Carebrow he, therefore, applied, as at this crisis he was almost the only moneyed man connected with the party. A mortgage for sixty thousand pounds, was immediately executed, of which forty thousand pounds were paid down, at an interest, secretly agreed upon, of ten per cent.; the remaining sum being

promised in six weeks. The parties to this bargain also entered into a secret stipulation that both the principal and the interest of this mortgage should be at the control of Ellen Hamilton, when she should become the wife of Sir Geoffrey Carebrow. With the money thus procured, a vessel was despatched to Scotland, from whence she returned in a few weeks with the requisite supply of warlike stores for the conspirators. In the meantime Sir Geoffrey did not fail to use the advantage which he had thus obtained over O'Halloran, in prosecuting his suit for Ellen. His vehement professions of patriotism blinded O'Halloran to his other faults; and he looked with respect upon a man whom, had he known him better, he would have detested. But being himself the very reverse of a hypocrite, he was the less likely to suspect hypocrisy in others. Hence he firmly believed Carebrow's patriotism to be sincere. For the same reason he was convinced, that his attachment to Ellen was not only genuine, but ardent and disinterested; and being unquestionably a man of great wealth, he conceived that he consulted both her interest and happiness by ordering her to receive his addresses, and to look on him as her future husband. This was a source of great affliction to this dutiful and affectionate girl. She now felt herself for the first time obliged to disobey him who was her only parent, and whose directions she had hitherto considered as an unerring rule of conduct.

Things were in this state, when that great national day which warms and elevates every Irish heart, the day consecrated to Erin's tutelary saint, arrived, and was celebrated at O'Halloran Castle by a splendid entertainment.

On this occasion all the Northern leaders of the conspiracy who could conveniently attend were present. The room was fancifully decorated with national emblems and various transparencies, denoting, but not plainly expressing, the sentiments and views of the company.

After supper the natural buoyancy of Irish spirits found vent in a ball, which was graced by as many beautiful female countenances as the same number of the sex ever exhibited. It was opened by the accomplished and enthusiastic Robert Emmet, then on a tour through the North, and Ellen, who, decorated by her grandfather's desire in the most tasteful manner for the occasion, tripped the mazy round with a liveliness and grace which delighted every one who beheld her.

Sir Geoffrey, who was too unwieldy to dance, had his fondness for her so excited that he kept dangling about her and watching her motions in the most disagreeable and troublesome manner. Even the youth who was her partner, and whose heart was *at that time* engaged to another, could not escape his jealousy. He perceived it, and declined dancing as soon as decency permitted. When Ellen was seated, Sir Geoffrey placed himself by her side, and exceedingly annoyed her with his importunities; but she bore them with a patience which displayed her good nature to so much advantage, that it excited almost as much admiration as her personal charms.

When the dance terminated, a new species of patriotic entertainment was exhibited

A splendid seat, resembling a throne, approachable by steps, was prepared for one of the ladies, chosen to personate the genius of Ireland, in whose presence each gentleman who joined in the amusement should stand and deliver some national sentiment. The per-

son who, in her opinion, should deliver the most striking, tasteful, and patriotic sentiment, she was to crown with a wreath of artificial shamrock, and pronounce him the victor in this species of intellectual contest.

Ellen was unanimously chosen to represent her Country's Genius. She ascended the throne with a wreath in one hand, and a small parchment tablet in the other. When seated, she assumed a peculiar dignity of manner, such as the imagination of Shakspeare might have conceived the genius of nature's sweetest island to possess; and addressed the company in the following words:—

"I invite every Irishman who hears me, to come forward, and in the presence of his country's genius, express in one sentence, the patriotic feelings of his soul; and on the brows of him who shall excel all his competitors, in the force, fervour, and elegance of his sentiment, so expressed, I shall bind this wreath, the emblem of his country's faith, and the reward of his merit. But first, I require that every candidate for this reward shall inscribe his name on this tablet."

The following names were immediately inscribed; Samuel Nelson, Robert Emmet, Henry McCracken, Henry O'Halloran, Luke Teeling, James Porter, Geoffrey Carebrow and Thomas Russel.

After counting the names, "Eight Patriots," said she, "are enrolled as candidates for this prize. If there be any other present who wishes to contend for it, let him come forward, now, or never."

One of the musicians, who appeared to be unknown to the company, habited in the costume of ancient minstrelsy, with a long flowing green robe bound round his waist with a sash of the same colour, and having a hood of green velvet so constructed as to conceal his countenance from observation, now modestly advanced, and making a graceful bow to the fair genius, inscribed his name Patrick Fitzgerald.

Ellen then called over the names, and invited each to deliver his sentiment.

The minstrel Fitzgerald was the last to be called. He advanced modestly, but with dignity, and all-peculiarly as he was attired, the elegance of his figure struck the beholders, and many of the fair ladies wished in vain for a view of that countenance which he kept so carefully concealed.

"Lovely Genius of a beloved country!" said he, "O! may that God who alone can rescue her from misery, grant her a speedy and permanent deliverance, and render her children happy and worthy of happiness."

"Nothing more can be wished, nor better wished, for our dear but suffering country," said Ellen. "To thee, then, I award the wreath thou hast justly won, by the noble simplicity, the affecting piety, and the fervid patriotism of thy sentiment."

She then crowned him with the wreath as he knelt before her.

"Genius," said he, "still retaining his humble posture. This to me is a happy night; it shall long be a proud one. This sacred prize I shall ever preserve for thy sake, my beloved."

He hastily arose, leaving Ellen in extreme agitation, bowed to the wondering company, and disappeared before any of them could recover from their astonishment.

"Who is he? Does any one know him?" exclaimed several of the gentlemen.

"He is a noble, an elegant young man," thought all the ladies

"He is an audacious intruder," cried Sir Geoffery; "an impertinent puppy! What arrogance and impudence to make love in this public manner to Miss O'Halloran! But I'll chastise the rascal."

With difficulty he was prevented from immediately rushing after the object of his rage in order to attempt putting his threats into execution.

Jealousy of the minstrel, however, boiled furiously within his breast, and although he had, with great effort, suppressed it so far as not to throw the company into confusion, he determined to spare no pains in making him feel his vengeance.

When the company had dispersed he demanded an interview with Ellen. To obtain this interview for him O'Halloran had to interfere with his authority, and she stipulated that it should be in his presence. Obtaining an assurance that Ellen knew nothing of the minstrel, Sir Geoffery urged the violence of his passion, which he confessed occasioned him to be jealous of every thing she seemed to approve, while he himself was an object of her dislike.

"Lovely girl," said he, "only allay my apprehension of losing you, by promising to become my wife, and I shall be happy."

She replied not. Her grandfather urged her to speak.

"My dear Ellen," said he, "consult your own welfare and mine, by accepting a man who loves you so sincerely, and who has abundantly the power of promoting your felicity. You know not how soon the arm of oppression or the accidents of war may deprive you of my protection; and, oh! think how it would relieve the pangs of my last hour to reflect that you had a sure and just claim on that of a friend I so much value as Sir Geoffery."

"Best and tenderest of parents," she replied, "do not attribute my refusal of a man I cannot love to any undutiful feeling towards you. Do not, do not, I conjure you, by the memory of the saint who gave me birth, do not compel me to do an act which would terminate all my happiness in this world."

"Ellen," said O'Halloran, "you are obstinate; but you do not know Sir Geoffery sufficiently, or you would not scruple to become his wife. If any absurd or romantic feeling renders you perverse on this matter, depend on it I shall consult your interest better than to indulge that feeling. It is my duty to do so. Eight days you shall have to reflect on the subject, at the end of which time I shall expect your compliance with our wishes."

The cool, determined tone with which this was uttered overpowered her; for she saw that her grandfather's resolution to sacrifice her to the man she detested was unalterably fixed. She burst into tears, but remained silent.

"I shall urge you no more at present," said O'Halloran, rising to depart, "but remember my will and your own interest."

"Cruel girl," said Sir Geoffery before he left the room, "why require such exercise of authority to compel you to be my wife, the wife of one who bears for you such unbounded love?"

He then seized her hand to kiss it on departing, but she hastily withdrew it.

"Leave me, sir," said she, "nor make me more wretched, and yourself more hated."

"Then adieu, my fair one. In another week this cruelty will be useless," he replied.

When they had retired she threw herself on her knees, and besought the Almighty Protector of innocence to guide and protect her.

Her mind then became considerably calmed, although not sufficiently so to permit her to sleep. During the night the idea of becoming the wife of a man whom she could not esteem perpetually obtruded itself on her imagination, but as she could see no earthly means of avoiding it without absolutely rebelling against the authority of her grandfather, who, except on this occasion, had always treated her with extreme tenderness and affection, she resolved with as much fortitude as she could command to submit to her uncontrollable destiny. The struggle, however, was too great for her harassed frame, and her aunt on visiting her in the morning found her in a high fever, and learning the cause, at once set off to reason with her brother, and secure a reversal of his command. She found him in his study, but all her arguments were unavailing.

"I am in the habit," said he, "of examining and judging for myself; ay, and of determining for myself too, and my determination on this affair is already fixed. Ellen is my child—and me she must obey until Sir Geoffrey Carebrow obtains a prior right to her obedience."

Here Mrs Brown burst into tears. "I weep," said she, "when she had somewhat recovered from her emotion, for your delusion. But, ah! I weep more for the misery which, I perceive, awaits your unfortunate child—O, my brother, reflect—"

"I will hear no more," said O'Halloran, "lest you stagger my resolution, which, as it is founded on reason, I am determined shall never be shaken by feeling."

He then hastily left the room, evidently as much agitated as Mrs Brown herself.

The allotted eight days elapsed, and Ellen consented to become a victim: "For," said she, "I will die before I disobey you. Oh! my grandfather, did you know what I at this moment suffer, you would have compassion on me!"

She was able to speak no more: she had fainted. In great consternation O'Halloran and Sir Geoffrey called for assistance; for they had been both present urging her to compliance. She soon recovered, and on seeing her restored, the strength of her grandfather's determination, which her swoon had somewhat shaken, was also restored, and the day was appointed for the marriage.

The agitation of Ellen's mind now greatly subsided. She had nothing more for which to hope, and she awaited the awful hour in the calm silence of despair. Her aunt was her only comforter; but she also stood in need of comfort. At her request, Miss Agnew was invited to the castle, to encourage and support her afflicted friend through the horrors of the approaching ceremony.

On understanding the circumstances of the case, all the sprightliness of this lively young woman forsook her; and although she would not desert her friend, she determined to partake of no festivity on the occasion.

"It will be a wedding," said she to O'Halloran, "that ought to be solemnised as a funeral, with the emblems of grief. for it will be death to the happiness of the loveliest maiden in the land."

"I trust not," he replied; "the consciousness of doing her duty will, of itself, be a source of happiness, and her husband's worth, tenderness, and affectionate assiduities will soon obliterate this unreasonable, girlish prejudice against him, which occasions her present distress. We shall yet see her the happy, loving wife of a worthy man."

"In that case she will not be the wife of *this* man," retorted Miss Agnew, with something of her usual keenness and levity, mingled with bitterness and grief.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the second day previous to that appointed for the marriage, the Recluse came to the castle, and requested an interview with Ellen. He was admitted into her chamber, for she was too unwell to leave it. She was alone. He was shocked at the alteration which a few weeks had made in her appearance. She who so lately was blooming in the luxuriance of health and beauty, now appeared before him the image of death, pale and emaciated, and sunk in almost speechless sorrow. His heart smote him. "I have neglected thee too long," said he; "but if Heaven permit thee to live, it is not yet too late to save thee from misery."

"Father, what wouldst thou say?" she asked, scarcely understanding him.

"My child, if this dreaded marriage be the cause of thy affliction, I will deliver thee from it," he replied.

"Ah! thou canst not," said she, "unless my grandfather withdraws his injunctions; for I must obey him."

"Thy grandfather will never enjoin thee to be wretched," said he.

"Alas! sir, he does enjoin it."

"Then disobey him," exclaimed the Recluse, with energy, "O thou best of daughters, and the sin be on my head!"

"What sayest thou?" cried she, starting, "wouldst thou counsel me to disobedience?"

"I would, and will save thee from ruin," he replied. "Thy own father, my child, has the first claim on thy obedience; and he forbids thee, as thou wouldst value his blessing, to become the wife of Sir Geoffrey Carebrow."

"What? Oh sir," she cried, "does my father live? Does he know of my misfortunes? Am I, indeed, so happy?"

"He lives," said the Recluse; "and no danger will prevent him from rescuing and protecting thee. For what other end can he live?"

"Oh! sir, where, when shall I see him? Where shall I fly to him? Only let me embrace him, and I will bless thee."

"Yes, beloved of my heart," he returned. "Daughter of my Eliza! thou shalt embrace him. Behold thy father in this disguise! I once saved thee from insult, I shall now snatch thee from wretchedness."

"Oh father," cried she, straining him to her bosom, "why did I not know thee sooner? O God! thou art merciful—my father lives! Now let me die in his arms, since I have indeed seen him. I am no longer an orphan."

Here her head sunk on his breast ; for the shock of her joy was almost too powerful for her debilitated frame ; but the rays of delight soon sparkled from her dark eyes ; and the flush of joy again beamed on her countenance. "It is enough," cried she. "Kind Heaven ! I thank thee. I cannot now be unhappy. Take me with thee, my father. Let me live alone under thy protection."

Her father now explained to her the necessity for his remaining concealed, on account of a sentence of outlawry under which he lay, for having killed Sir Nicholas Carebrow, the elder brother of this Sir Geoffrey, in a duel.

"To avenge an insulted, virtuous, and tenderly beloved wife," said he, "I fought him, and his death was the expiation of his offence. His friends raised a prosecution against me. I was obliged to fly. Should his brother discover that it was your father who thwarted his designs on you I should have either to leave the country, and once more deprive you of my protection, or become the victim of his revenge."

"Oh ! my father," said she, "I will save thee—I will become his wife on condition that he shall cancel this prosecution, and procure a reversal of the outlawry."

"No, my child ! You shall not make such a sacrifice. Better I should die than see such a day ! In my present concealment I am safe, and in residing so near you I am happy."

"Father ! be it as you will. Instruct me in your wishes, and I shall obey them."

It was then arranged that her father should write to O'Halloran and enclose it to Ellen. The father and daughter then parted—the former to seek his cavern house, and the latter to pour forth the fulness of her delighted and grateful heart to her heavenly Father for this signal instance of his merciful interposition in her favour.

When her aunt and Miss Agnew visited her they were surprised to find her so cheerful, but still more so when, without betraying her father's secret, she assured them that the hateful marriage would not take place.

"Heaven be praised for such an escape !" cried Miss Agnew. "We shall again be as merry as crickets ; and laugh at the old curmudgeon of a disappointed knight."

The buoyancy of this young lady's spirits now burst forth unrestrained, as if to make amends for their late depression ; and she had wrought her companions into such a state of good-humour, when O'Halloran entered towards the evening, that he was both surprised and delighted.

"You are at last reconciled, my dear Ellen ?" said he, "to this indispensable step."

"Obedience to your commands shall always yield me pleasure," she replied.

Before he could answer, a servant entered with a letter for Ellen, which, he said, a stranger had just brought to the castle.

On opening it she found one enclosed for O'Halloran. "I expected this," said she, as she handed it to him, "only within these few hours. I believe it will reveal to you the cause of my present satisfaction, I have received intelligence that my father lives and prohibits my marriage with Sir Geoffrey Carebrow."

O'Halloran broke the seal and read the letter in the hearing of all

When he had done so, silence for a few minutes ensued. The ladies were struck dumb with amazement. At length O'Halloran approached Ellen. "My child," said he, "I rejoice that your father still lives. His interference on this occasion is, perhaps, fortunate. I shall inform Sir Geoffrey that I no longer possess the requisite authority to constrain your acceptance of him." He then withdrew.

Immediately on leaving the ladies, O'Halloran despatched a messenger to Sir Geoffrey requesting his attendance at the castle as early as convenient the next morning. On his arrival he acquainted him with what had taken place.

"I thought it right," he observed, "to lose no time in giving you information, that you might be occasioned no disappointment that I could prevent in your arrangement for the solemnity."

With eyes flashing fire, Sir Geoffrey started to his feet. "Then you withdraw all control over your granddaughter in this case?" he demanded. "I do," was the laconic and firm reply. "And Francis Hamilton, my brother's murderer, is now in the country," exclaimed the rejected knight, "and has caused this; but I shall find him, and dreadful will be my revenge."

O'Halloran was thunderstruck at such a manifestation of malignity in the man he had lately so much esteemed. He fixed his eyes steadfastly on Carebrow, and calmly said, "Is this the disinterested affection you professed to bear for my granddaughter? You would show your love for her by the destruction of her father?"

Sir Geoffrey resumed his seat. He remained a few moments absorbed in reflection. He saw that O'Halloran was not a man to be frightened; and concluded that he would play a surer game by pretending to submit calmly to his misfortune.

"I am wrong," said he, "my friend. Excuse the impetuosity of my feelings. My anger was momentary. From this instant I shall cast the remembrance of the whole affair from my mind. But there is one piece of information," said he, somewhat sarcastically, "which, in my turn, I will lose no time in communicating. lest you in some of your arrangements should also be disappointed. I find it inconvenient to pay you the remaining twenty thousand pounds contracted for in the mortgage."

"That is unfortunate," replied O'Halloran, "for there is now little time to raise it elsewhere."

"The cause must then do without it," said the other.

"It will greatly cripple our exertions," continued O'Halloran; "besides, the sum being secured in the mortgage, you should in honour exert yourself to procure it, or else allow that instrument to be altered."

"As to that," said Sir Geoffrey, "the less that is either said or written on such dangerous matters, in these troublous times, the better. The mortgage cannot be altered. But do not think that I intend to defraud you. Only, now, that I think of it, our communications this evening have been mutually disagreeable. We had better, therefore, end the conference. Good-night; and recollect that, by withholding my bride, you have lost only twenty thousand pounds."

The man's real character now stared O'Halloran full in the face. He scorned to detain him, or reason with him. He therefore let him go without interruption, rejoiced that the good-fortune of his beloved grandchild had preserved her from becoming the wife of such a man.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN O'Halloran informed the other chiefs of the conspiracy of Sir Geoffrey's threat, they agreed to make no noise about it, lest by irritating a person so unprincipled, he might be induced to inform against them to the government.

To inform upon the United Irishmen was, indeed, the first impulse that actuated this man's mind on his rupture with O'Halloran, but the fate of M'Bride terrified him. Besides he was not sure which of the two parties might in the end prevail. He was, therefore, unwilling to provoke either. With respect to Ellen, he was so far from relinquishing his views upon her, that it now became his chief study how to effect, by fraud or violence, what he could not by fair and friendly means.

It was supposed by Ellen's friends that amusement and change of scene would contribute to remove from her mind the impression of her late sufferings, and hasten the restoration of her health and spirits. She was, therefore, prevailed on to accompany Miss Agnew on a visit to the residence of her father. It was in the afternoon of a beautiful day in April when they started. The fields, the groves, and the hedgerows were bursting into life, and all nature was assuming her gay and green attire, and seemed to awaken corresponding emotions in the hearts of the country people, as they alternately whistled and sang at their rural employments.

The season and the scenery recalled to Ellen's memory some simple verses she had lately received of M'Nelvin's composition; and as they rode along a fine road at an easy rate, she indulged the curiosity of her companion by repeating them.

She had scarcely finished their recital when, in a lonely part of the road, adjoining a wood, a stranger on horseback overtook them, and addressed them in a vulgar tone, and with a face of great effrontery.

"A bonnie day, ladies! Do you gang far this way?" "Only a few miles," was the reply of Miss Agnew; and for a short space all were again silent. At length another unknown horseman rode forward and exclaimed,

"D—n you, Jack, why don't you stop the driver? We have no time to lose."

Jack now drew a pistol from his pocket, and presenting it at the driver, ordered him to stop. He was obeyed.

"Miss O'Halloran," said the man who last came forward, "my employer desires the pleasure of your company to night; but being afraid that you would not come willingly, he ordered us to bring you by force. You will be pleased to get behind me, and let that other lady proceed by herself.—Confound your screaming! Gag them, Jack, or they'll alarm the whole country. Tear them from each other."

This was scarcely uttered when he was levelled to the ground by a tremendous blow of a large stick, which resounded from his head with a noise that startled the terrified ladies. Jack immediately discharged his pistol at the assailant; but the ball missed its object; and had he not instantly put spurs to his horse, he would have been the next moment as low as his companion.

"Let him go," cried the victor, turning to the affrighted ladies. "He will not molest you again this evening."

Ellen now recovered sufficiently from her terror to recognise the Green Minstrel in her deliverer.

"Tell me, tell me, kind and noble youth," said she, "to whom I am so much indebted."

"My fair mistress, replied the youth, "indulge my wish for concealment for some time. Should you again be attacked, I shall not be far off. Adieu!" and he hastily disappeared in the adjoining wood.

Having only about two miles farther to ride, by a pretty smart application of his whip, which the driver now thought proper to make, they soon arrived at the residence of the father of Ellen's companion.

When this outrage was communicated to the united chiefs, not one of them doubted that Sir Geoffrey was its author. They indeed soon had further reason to withdraw all their confidence from him. They, therefore, resolved to confine him in their cave before he should have time to do them mischief.

Before they had any opportunity of seizing him, they received despatches from Dublin, by express, containing news of a most disastrous description, which rendered it necessary for them, and for all the United Societies in the kingdom, to adopt measures of the most decisive nature.

Samuel Nelson, who was now in Dublin, and had been appointed to the chief management of their affairs, informed them that he should immediately despatch a messenger to France to hasten the arrival of the promised succours; and that for the purpose of rendering the rising as simultaneous as possible in all parts of the country, he had directed it to take place everywhere on the third day after information should be received of the stoppage of the different mail coaches proceeding from the metropolis, which should be the signal of an attack having been made there.

All was now bustle and activity among the conspirators. Nightly assemblages for drilling the peasantry in the art of war were held more extensively and frequently; and every smith who had joined the confederacy became busily employed in the manufacture of pikes, and in the repairing of muskets and other kinds of warlike instruments. The women even employed themselves in casting bullets, preparing cartridges, and making cockades and insurrectionary banners.

The immediate object of O'Halloran was to collect an additional supply of gunpowder, an article in which his district was deficient, the greater portion of what had been purchased by Sir Geoffrey's money having been distributed throughout the adjoining counties, O'Halloran's colleagues expecting, on account of their proximity to the sea, to procure an abundant and timely supply for themselves with the sum which Sir Geoffrey, according to his contract, had yet to furnish them.

Sore with the disappointment, they now breathed vengeance on the defaulter; and had he fallen into the hands of M'Cauley, Kelly, Darragh, or any other of the more desperate of the party, his life would have paid the forfeit of his delinquency. He, however, having lately become a magistrate, and knowing that he had become obnoxious to his former friends, confined himself as much as possible to his seat at Carebrow Hall, which he had the precaution to keep well guarded.

One evening he was on the point of being destroyed by Darragh and Kelly, who were indefatigable in watching for an opportunity for that purpose.

He was returning home from Carrickfergus, attended by two servants,

when, coming to the border of his demesne, he ordered them to catch a favourite colt, which had broken out of an enclosure, and was playing at large on the high road. They obeyed, and he rode alone towards the house.

Darragh and Kelly were lying in wait for him in the shrubbery that skirted the public avenue which led to the house. They were perceived by a young lad, named Nelson, who knew their design, but who, on account of Carebrow having arbitrarily turned his mother, who was a widow, and her family, of which he was the eldest, out of their little holding, at the most inclement season of the preceding winter, hated him. Persuaded that vengeance would now be inflicted on the oppressor, in the excitement of the moment he called prematurely from a tree on which he was stationed: "There, Darragh! there comes the tyrant. Now have at him."

Carebrow heard him, and instantly put spurs to his horse, which, darting over a low, clipped hedge into an open lawn, carried him at full speed towards the house.

As will be readily supposed, wrath and revenge were highly inflamed in the mind of Sir Geoffrey on this occasion; but, although he was now in the commission of the peace, and might have issued warrants for their apprehension and imprisonment, he feared their party too much to give them such provocation. He knew not but that they might in the end overthrow their opponents, and in that case he wished still to keep a door open for reconciliation with them.

He, therefore, conceived it to be his interest, while he acted so as to merit the favour of the government, to give the opposite party no cause to think him their decided enemy.

His ungovernable passion for Ellen alone interfered with this wise resolution.

He knew that he was suspected for the outrage that had already been committed on her, and that, consequently, the eyes of her numerous friends and connections would be immediately directed towards him if she were subjected to another.

"She shall be mine," said he to himself, "if there be power in gold to hire assistants, and strength in steel to render them successful."

He had several conferences with one Philip Berwick, his game-keeper, and Tim Rogers, another of his domestics, who had been his instrument in the former attempt to seize Ellen, and who, for a handsome reward, was ready to renew the undertaking in whatever way he should be directed.

Their conferences resulted in the adoption of the following plan:—One of Sir Geoffrey's tenants, whose rent he attempted to raise, had a few months before relinquished his farm, and it was still unoccupied. On this place there was a tolerably comfortable dwelling-house, in a very retired situation, to which it was determined forcibly to bring Ellen, as it was believed that she could be there effectually concealed, until circumstances should permit Sir Geoffrey to carry her to an estate which he possessed in Gloucestershire in England.

CHAPTER XI.

ELLEN was still on her visit at Mr Agnew's, and had recovered all her usual bloom of health and serenity of mind. She, indeed, still felt some apprehension lest the continuance of Sir Geoffrey's passion should find out some means of disturbing her repose; but as her friends were numerous and vigilant, she confided in their zeal and ability to protect her, and did not permit this apprehension to repress the natural cheerfulness of her temper, or damp the joy she experienced from the discovery of her father, from her own deliverance from the persecutions of her tormentor, and her rescue from the violence of his menials. The brave author of this rescue, her Green Minstrel, her Shamrock Knight, was never absent from her thoughts.

"Ah!" said she to Miss Agnew, "if this young man were to reveal himself I fear that my Edward would possess only the first share in my affections. I do not know how it is, but I almost feel as if I had two hearts, one to bestow on each of these objects, for (I am indeed ashamed to confess it) this noble youth intrudes himself on my mind almost as often and as intensely as he to whom my first affections have been pledged, and to whom they must be for ever faithful. O! would to Heaven that he were Edward, or Edward he!"

"You have started an odd notion in my mind," said her companion, "that they are, indeed, the same person. If they are not, they must be twins; for now when I think of them, I protest that yon two stars do not more resemble each other."

This conversation took place one evening about the beginning of May, as these two young ladies walked together to visit a poor sick man, who lived in the neighbourhood.

Certain circumstances connected with the illness of this man led them to talk of the murder or suicide of a young woman named Robbins, whom Sir Geoffrey was reported to have ruined.

"It is a dreadful tale, Maria," said Ellen, "I remember the report of her death; and have often wondered that its perpetrator has never been discovered."

"I believe," said Maria, "that there were no other grounds for suspecting Sir Geoffrey, than that he had for some time previous paid unusual attention to the young woman, who is said to have been remarkably handsome, and that immediately after the occurrence, he withdrew from the country, and ever since continued, until the beginning of last winter, to reside abroad."

"Thank Heaven! I have escaped uniting myself to such a man," ejaculated Ellen.

At that moment, a man in a gig approached them at full gallop, followed by another on horseback. The ladies stood still to allow the travellers to pass; but the former stopped the gig suddenly on coming towards them.

"Fortune favours us!" cried he. "Let us seize her at once, and be off."

So saying he sprang out, and with the assistance of the horseman, hastily secured Ellen in the gig, when, gagging her with a large handkerchief, he turned his horse and drove away at full speed.

Miss Agnew, in a state of terror and distraction, fled and screamed for assistance; but before she could make herself properly understood, by those who flocked to her aid, her friend was far off. Sir Geoffrey being suspected for this outrage, a pursuit commenced in the direction of his residence; but without success. The ruffians had taken an unfrequented road which led them directly to the untenanted house before mentioned. The villain in the gig did not speak a word to his captive, either by way of threat or conciliation, until they arrived there.

"You are safe now, madam," was his first observation; "and, thank Heaven, we are safe too."

A light was soon struck and a fire kindled, when Ellen, for the first time, recognised the two men as those who had before attempted to seize her.

"I am at length undone!" cried she, the gag being now taken out of her mouth. "For God's sake, have mercy on me! Deliver me to my grandfather, and you shall be rewarded to your utmost desire."

"We know better, ma'am," replied one of the fellows. "We shall be better rewarded for keeping you. You may as well be quiet. Here nobody can hear your noise, and come to your rescue, as that fellow in green did the other week."

Ellen laid her head on a table that was near her, and relieved her bursting heart with a flood of tears, that fortunately came to her relief. On looking up after some time, she perceived that one of the men had left her; but the other sat between her and the door, and coldly remarked that as she must be fatigued, she was perhaps disposed to go to bed.

"There is a bed in this closet," said he, as he opened a door that led into a small apartment. "It is a comfortable one, and expressly prepared in expectation of your using it."

She meditated for some time in silence. At length, under the impression that she would be freed from the observation of her jailer, she thought proper to retire.

"Won't you have a light, ma'am?" asked the man. "No," said she, and she closed the door of her apartment without waiting for more questions.

She threw herself on her knees, and addressed her supplications to that God who had more than once vouchsafed her deliverance from similar distresses.

In a somewhat calmer state of mind, she threw herself on the bed, and with a trembling frame and agitated heart, passed a sleepless night. The morning only brought an increase of her sorrow, for it brought the detestable Sir Geoffrey himself.

"Sweetest of thy sex," said he, "behold in this reluctantly adopted and disagreeable measure, the violence of my passion. I cannot live without you. Be mine; make me happy as your husband; accept of me on any conditions you may prescribe."

"Barbarous, wicked man, I know you now too well ever to link my fate with yours. Had I known you sooner, you should never have received even the reluctant civilities that were once extorted from me."

"My wish must be gratified!" he exclaimed. "Either voluntarily make me happy, or know that force will compel you. I will give you to this evening to decide."

"Infamous man! do you insult me by calculating on my deliberate acquiescence in guilt? Think you that there is not a God who can blast you ere your crimes be accomplished!"

"Sorceress!" cried he, "you hate me and defy me; but your beauty has enchanted my senses. I am mad with love! I will not postpone my bliss."

So saying, he clasped her in his arms with a force and vehemence that made her tremble, and she screamed hopelessly but instinctively for help.

"It is in vain for you to resist," said he, releasing her for a moment. "My mind is too fiercely bent on you, to leave you without being satisfied. He again attempted to seize her; but with a desperate effort she sprang from him.

"O God," she exclaimed, "if man cannot hear me, thou canst! Save me! Save me from the murderer of Robbins."

"What mean you by that name?" said he, for a moment struck almost motionless by the sound.

"To awaken thy guilty conscience," she replied, "and prevent thee from being twice a murderer."

"Girl, 'tis false," he cried, in great agitation. "Thou art a fiend; but thou art a beautiful one, and thy charms shall now recompense me for this pang."

In saying this, with the fury of a tiger, he darted upon her and threw her on the bed.

At that moment a confusion of voices were heard outside of the house, and instantaneously, the shock of a door bursting from its bolts, which was immediately followed by the discharge of a pistol in the outer room.

"Ah! villain, is it you? Receive this! Where is the lady?" was exclaimed by a voice familiar to Ellen.

"She maun be in that room, gin she's on earth," was replied by a coarse female voice, and the next moment the door was laid on the floor with a dreadful crash; and the Green Minstrel appeared.

"Horrible monster!" cried he, seizing Sir Geoffrey by the throat, have you ruined that angel?"

"Mercy! murder! I have not injured her," stammered the terrified and half-strangled knight.

"It is well for you. This hour would else have been your last," replied the Minstrel, and he dashed him to the floor with a force that made the house shake. Then turning to Ellen, "Sweet maid, are you safe?" he inquired.

"Thank Heaven, I am. My deliverer again! How providential was this!" she replied.

"Thank Heaven, indeed," said he, and he pressed her hand to his lips.

At that instant she screamed, and casting her arms about him, with a sudden effort moved him from his position, and received the point of a dagger in her neck. It would have entered deep enough to have terminated both her sorrows and her life, had not the timely interference of Peg Dornan arrested the blow.

"The curse o' God on ye for a murderer!" exclaimed Peg, "you thocht to kill the bonniest lad, an' ye hae killed the bonniest lass in the land. The Minstrel turned round, and beheld the dirk in Sir Geoffrey's

hand, with Peg Dornan struggling to force it from him. He also perceived it stained with the blood of his beloved. "Fiend," cried he, wresting the weapon from him; and again dashing him to the floor, he held him firmly there with his foot fixed on his neck. Jemmy Hunter at that moment entered. He had been employed in binding the legs and arms of Tim Rogers, Sir Geoffrey's servant, whom the Minstrel had knocked down in the outer chamber, on the firing of the pistol. Hunter performed a similar operation on Sir Geoffrey with great coolness and dexterity, remarking, "I wish, frien', I was tyin' this rape about your neck, to gie you the weicht o' your carcass at its end."

Ellen had swooned, and while Peg was running for water to sprinkle on her face, the Minstrel, who believed her to be really dead, leaned over her with tears gushing from his eyes.

"Purest, loveliest of created beings," cried he, "thou art gone to a world more worthy of thee. Thou hast left thy lover. But, O! thou wert snatched from him too soon. Thou wert the delight of mine eyes, the hope, the joy of my heart—this widowed heart, that shall now never more know peace."

"Dinna' lay it sae much ta heart," said Hunter. "You shouldna' vex yoursel' sae. It's no reasonable to *greet* like a woman (the tears at the same time swelling in his own eyes), though it's a sair an' sorrowfu' sight—for she was a weel-faured guid young lady. But ye maunna' talk o' deeing. Ye maun leave to bring this wicked limb o' hell to the bemp rape for this work."

Peg Dornan had now returned, and was bathing Ellen's temples and cheeks with some spirits which she had found in the outer room, when she opened her eyes and began again to respire. The Minstrel, who had watched her with the anxiety of despair, gave a shout of joy.

"My love!" said he, "speak to me. Do not you know your Edward, your Middleton, your Barrymore, your Minstrel? Live, my love, and never will I leave thy side till this execrable wretch be secured beyond the power of injuring you more."

She held out her hand to him. "I am happy," said she, "to see you living. Ah! I thought the steel had entered your body. But Heaven has been more merciful. You are indeed my Edward, my Minstrel, my preserver. None else can ever be my love."

Edward kissed her hand fervently. Now, indeed, he felt happiness. What a contrast! He who had the moment before been sunk into the lowest depths of misery, would not now have exchanged feelings with the proudest monarch in Christendom.

The agitation of our lovers soon began to subside. Ellen's wound was dressed. It was found to penetrate very little deeper than the skin, for the timely interference of Peg Dornan had given such an oblique direction to the stroke, that it had inflicted only a superficial injury, which threatened no ill consequences. Her swoon had been occasioned solely from the supposition that Edward was murdered.

Peg Dornan had by this time discovered some wine and other articles of refreshment in the house, of which Ellen partook, and in a short time her strength was sufficiently restored to admit of her being removed.

Edward had been slightly wounded by the contents of a pistol which Berwick had fired at him on entering the house; but during the hurry and excitement of the preceding scene he had paid no attention to the

wound ; he now, however, found it necessary to have it dressed. This was soon accomplished, and he was able to escort Ellen to her grandfather's, where she wished to be taken.

They were now under some embarrassment as to the disposal of their prisoners. Hunter would have carried them to a magistrate for the purpose of having them committed to jail. But Sir Geoffrey threatened that if they did so, he would bring immediate destruction on O'Halloran, by disclosing his treasonable practices to the government.

While they were in this perplexity, the Recluse and M'Nelvin arrived. They had heard of Ellen's seizure, and suspecting Sir Geoffrey to be its author, had hastened to Carebrow Hall. M'Nelvin alone entered the house, and discovered from one of the servants where Sir Geoffrey had gone that morning. "I wonder what he is going to do there," observed the servant, "for it's a waste farm !"

M'Nelvin made no answer ; but joining the Recluse, they hastened as fast as possible, to the place, and arrived just at the point of time we have mentioned.

They were of opinion that it would be proper to effect the removal of the captives without delay, lest some of Sir Geoffrey's domestics might arrive and occasion them trouble, nay, perhaps, effect his rescue. It was therefore determined to deliver him and his fellow culprit into the hands of O'Halloran, to be dealt with as the leaders of the United Irishmen should think proper. They accordingly proceeded by a private road to Mr Agnew's, from whence, as soon as night came, their prisoners could be conveyed, without risk or difficulty, to their destination.

CHAPTER XII.

As the party proceeded to Mr Agnew's, the lovers found an opportunity to ride at some distance from the rest of the company, and enjoy the luxury of a private conversation. Ellen expressed her fears lest Edward should, even under the disguise of a minstrel, be recognised by the United Irishmen, and involved into fresh troubles.

"I keep so close," said he, "that except when the necessity of serving you requires it, I never leave my concealment, and, on such occasions, this habit has hitherto been an effectual disguise ; and you will acknowledge that my general hiding-place is well-chosen, both in point of security and enjoyment, when I inform you that it is the Recluse's cavern."

"That cavern is, indeed, an endeared spot to me," said she, and she coloured as she spoke, "since it is the asylum of my two best and dearest friends."

"Ah ! my heart's best treasure," exclaimed Edward, "how happy you make me in accounting me one of that sacred number !"

"Permit me," said she, wishing to give a different direction to the conversation, "permit me to inquire how you discovered me this morning ; and also how you appeared so fortunately to rescue me on a former occasion ?"

"You know," said he, "that after my escape from the United Irishmen, I kept up a constant correspondence with the Recluse, by whom I was informed of everything that happened to you. When

he mentioned the persecution you suffered from the addresses of Sir Geoffrey, and that your grandfather exerted his authority over you in his favour, I anticipated some misfortune, and resolved to visit your neighbourhood, to watch over your safety, and rescue you from any calamity that might befall you. To effect this, it was necessary for obvious reasons, to disguise myself. After my return home, I had employed one of Arthur O'Neil's pupils to give me instructions on the harp; and having become a tolerable performer, I adopted the habit and profession of a minstrel. I arrived at the Recluse's cavern in the beginning of March, and, by M'Nelvin's management, was admitted as a harper in the castle, at the celebration of St Patrick's Day, on which occasion you so signalled me, as to excite the envy of my competitors. When I heard that you had consented to become Sir Geoffrey's wife, I became almost distracted, and, had you married him, I should have fled my country never to see it more. It was then that the Recluse, in pity to my sufferings revealed to me his relationship to you, and assured me that as he knew your consent had proceeded from a deference to parental authority, he would interfere with an authority of that description which you would esteem more imperative than that of your grandfather. The happy consequence of his interference I shall never forget. Aware that your tormentor would adopt other methods of possessing you, I determined to keep a close watch on his motions. For this purpose I had recourse to Peg Dornan. Of her zeal in your cause I was aware, and of her prudence in such matters, I had before ample demonstration. She readily undertook the office assigned her, and has discharged it with fidelity and success. It was she who informed me that Berwick and Rogers had engaged to be the instruments of Sir Geoffrey's villainy. Accordingly, when you set off for Mr Agnew's, I followed you. It was fortunate I did so. But you know the result.

"Since your visit to Mr Agnew's, that I might be convenient to you, I have resided about half-a-mile distant, at the house of an old widow, a strenuous friend to the United Irishmen, who has carefully and kindly concealed me, under the persuasion that I am proscribed by the government, and hiding from its power. Conceiving that if Sir Geoffrey renewed his attempt to seize you, he would do it in a more formidable manner than before, I thought it prudent to provide an assistant, in whose courage and fidelity I could depend. You will readily agree that I could not have found one better qualified in these respects than our honest farmer, James Hunter. He engaged ardent in the affair, and without hesitation took lodging beneath the same roof with me, under a similar plea. Peg Dornan, who, of course, knew where to find us, came to me this morning breathless, and in great agitation, and informed me that when in Sir Geoffrey's kitchen, she had overheard Rogers telling his master that you were safe in Gorman's.

"I immediately summoned Hunter. Our horses were soon prepared, for we kept them in an adjoining field, ready for any emergency. As Peg alone new Gorman's place, it was necessary to take her along as a guide. She was accordingly mounted behind Hunter; and we set off at full speed. Thank Providence, our haste was not in vain. You are safe once more; and I trust your friends, in whose hands your infamous persecutor now is, will take care that he shall not again have the power to injure you."

When he had ended his recital, "Ah! generous Barrymore," she exclaimed, "what do I not owe you for so much kindness?"

"You owe me nothing," he replied. "Ah! yes;" he continued, "I do ask for the vastness of my love, not for any services, the most valued, the most precious reward this world can afford me; I ask thyself!"

A burning blush glowed on the countenance of Ellen; but she replied not. Their arrival at Mr Agnew's prevented her. To the questioning eye of Edward, however, her look had spoken a reply a thousand times more satisfactory than could have been conveyed in the strongest language.

For reasons well known to his friends, Edward now disappeared. He returned to his hospitable widow, and conferring on her an unexpected reward, told her that he must, with his companions, seek a new residence for a few weeks. When night came he assisted his friends to convey the culprits to O'Halloran Castle, and then retired with the Recluse to his subterranean dwelling.

Sir Geoffrey and his worthy tool, the gamekeeper, were soon secured in the conspirators' stronghold, within the Point Rock; but met with very different treatment from what Edward had received, when confined in the same place the preceding year. The chiefs, on first receiving him, secured him by a chain, in a dark apartment, where he had only straw for a bed, and was fed on bread and water. His servant was treated more leniently, as being only an instrument in the hands of the superior criminal. At length, Sir Geoffrey consented to purchase greater indulgence, by giving O'Halloran an order on his Dublin banker, for the twenty thousand pounds of which he had attempted to defraud him.

Edward having thus secured the object of his affections from the further aggressions of her tormentor, thought of returning to Dublin. He believed, that by ingratiating himself with the executive authorities of the day, he might acquire sufficient influence to protect O'Halloran, should he fall into the hands of the government. To do so he thought it necessary to return to the capital; which he did with the less reluctance, as he knew that he left Ellen under the protection of the watchful eye of her father, the affectionate sagacity of M'Nelvin, and the energetic and faithful arm of Jemmy Hunter. Of every important occurrence, he also knew that he should receive the earliest intelligence, and could act accordingly.

During the parting interview he had with Ellen in her father's cave and presence, while under the influence of the warm feelings the occasion excited, he solicited strongly for an immediate marriage.

Ellen, however, declared that in the present critical state of her grandfather's affairs, she could not consent to such a measure without his approbation; "and you are aware," said she, "that to obtain that, the obstacles are insurmountable."

Her father also declared that he would not consent to a private union, which, however fair and valid, would carry with it something of a clandestine and improper air, and which might, from that very circumstance alone, be displeasing to Edward's relations. "No," said he, "my young friend, let the crisis of the times be past, let the fate of this conspiracy be decided; and when the storm which it raises is blown over, and the affairs of our country again become calm and settled, I shall pro-

mote your views of domestic felicity ; and publicly, perhaps (for Providence may by that time restore me to society), have the pleasure, with the approbation of your friends, of bestowing my daughter on you, and giving you both a father's benediction."

Edward acquiesced, having first obtained from Ellen an assurance that she would comply with his wishes, whenever such a period as that to which her father alluded should arrive. "But, ah! surely," said she, "this is not a time for the mirth or joy of a marriage, when our country is in sorrow. Ah! my Edward, I fear we have numerous scenes of sorrow to witness, perhaps to endure, before we can experience joy. Let us prepare our minds for the worst ; but amidst our misfortunes, whatever they may be, let us be faithful to each other ; for be assured that, whether in prosperity or adversity, I shall be faithful to you."

"My only love!" replied Edward, touched to the heart by her fervency, "that God, who loves purity, will avert from thee the calamities thy too timid mind forebodes ; and as to the fidelity of my heart's affections, the moment of its first wandering from thee shall be that of its last pulsation." He warmly caught her hand and kissed it. "God preserve thee, my espoused," he exclaimed ; "for whatever man may say or do, thou art mine in the ordination of Heaven. God preserve thee, until I see thee again!" He then rushed from her in violent agitation, and departed.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was on the evening of the 4th of June that a messenger arrived from Belfast at O'Halloran Castle. He delivered to its owner the following note, and passed on to circulate others of a similar import throughout the country.

"The signal is given. The mail coach has *not* arrived. Our informant says it was stopped yesterday at Swords. The south is in arms—Wexford is taken. Let the *rising* be on the 7th *inst.* The general rendezvous for this county is Donegore Hill. The small parties of the military quartered in the country towns, must be captured, if possible, by surprise. The bearer will proceed with intelligence along the coast. You will despatch messengers through the interior, by Ballynure, Ballyclare, Ballyeaston, Ballymena, &c. Expedition is requisite."

O'Halloran immediately assembled his coadjutors, and couriers were soon despatched agreeably to the instructions thus received.

All was now preparation, bustle, and eagerness among the populace of Larne ; but every one was unusually sober, and good-humoured. Even the military were treated with more than usual complaisance, and all men were not only quiet, but apparently contented and happy.

The sixth of June, the eve of the insurrection, came. All business, every species of labour spontaneously ceased after mid-day. Towards evening an increased degree of mirth and jollity pervaded the younger part of the community ; while even the more sedate and advanced in life, relaxed, or, growing weary of their thoughtfulness or their idleness, joined in athletic sports, such as wrestling, running, leaping, hurling, and various other kinds of rural pastimes.

Such an unusual degree of mirth and idleness among the people ex-

cited the attention of the friends of government, and a vague whisper of some disturbance being intended, during the night, reached the ears of the commander of the small party of military then quartered in Larne. This party consisted of about fifty of the Tay fencibles. Their captain's name was Small. In consequence of the rumour which had reached him, he, as soon as *tatto* was beat, paraded the streets with a patrol of twenty men, and compelled the people to relinquish their sports, and retire to their respective homes, under pain of being taken to the guard-house. Men, women, and children, all complied, and the streets, which a few minutes before displayed such a full scene of life, resounding with all the noise of rural mirth and manners, were now totally deserted, and as silent as the habitations of the dead. The soldiers had retired to their barracks, and a deep portentous calm continued for several hours.

During this interval a number of the most intrepid and zealous of the United Irishmen stole cautiously to their appointed rendezvous, at a place called the *Green Holme*, about half a mile from the town. Here O'Halloran and M'Cauley arranged the plan of an attack upon the barrack, the other leaders having gone off to head the insurrection in different parts of the country.

It was about one o'clock in the morning, and every thing was quiet in the town, when O'Halloran gave orders for proceeding to the attack. The band numbered about eighty, thirty of whom were armed with muskets, and the remainder with pikes. Their plan was twofold.—If the soldiers were retired to sleep, which they presumed would be the case, they should proceed at once to the assault. But if their adversaries were on the alert, they were to retreat so as to attract them in pursuit, while M'Cauley was to hasten with a body of twenty men, twelve of whom had muskets, to form an ambuscade behind the wall of a rope-factory, which joined one of the streets, and to which O'Halloran, at the head of the main body, would direct his retreat, in order to bring his pursuers between two fires.

The barrack was situated near the centre of a long street, on arriving at the upper end of which the insurgents perceived that they must relinquish their first plan, as the garrison were evidently on the watch.

In carrying out the second plan they had greater success, for, although, they failed in their object of reducing the barrack, they obtained a considerable advantage, half of the soldiers who had come out to attack them having been put *hors de combat*.

Notwithstanding his success, O'Halloran did not think it prudent, immediately, to renew the attack on the garrison. His strength was every minute increasing, and he expected in a few hours to be able to overwhelm all opposition.

The garrison, however, notwithstanding their disaster, had been joined by nearly a hundred of the town's people who were attached to the government.

O'Halloran afraid that, before he should have numbers sufficient to overcome the garrison, thus strengthened by the loyalists of the town, a detachment of the army which lay in considerable force at Carrickfergus, only nine miles distant, might come to its relief, took the precaution to station scouts on horseback on the roads leading to and from that place, so that he might have the speediest intelligence of any such detachment, and be enabled to meet it on suitable ground.

His adherents having been increased to about twelve hundred, more or less armed, O'Halloran determined immediately to renew the attempt upon the barracks.

Dividing his men into two parties, one of which he entrusted to the command of M'Cauley, he made dispositions to attack the barracks in both front and rear at the same time.

The standard of the United Irishmen was now hoisted, and they had just begun their march to the tune of "The Volunteer's Quick Step," when an accession to their strength of nearly two hundred men arrived from one of the adjoining parishes, bringing with them as a prisoner, George M'Claverty, Esq. the magistrate who, as the reader will recollect, examined Edward Barrymore so closely at the Antrim Arms, when in pursuit of the murderer of M'Bride. O'Halloran halted his men, and they hailed the arrival of their confederates and their prisoner, with loud huzzas.

On being informed of their design to attack the garrison, M'Claverty, who, although disliked among them on account of his political principles, was much respected for his other amiable qualities, attempted to dissuade them from it, and although, at first, his counsel was received with very considerable suspicion, and was declined, he, at last, succeeded in obtaining the consent of the leaders to negotiate. At their request he addressed a letter to Captain Small, enclosing one from O'Halloran and his colleagues, in which the surrender of the garrison and military stores was demanded, promising protection to the lives of all. The first reply was a determined refusal; but couched in such courteous terms, that the insurgent officers held another consultation, in which it was agreed to send a second message to the garrison, proposing to withdraw peaceably from the town, if Captain Small and the loyalist gentlemen, who were with him, would guarantee the safety of their families and properties after their departure.

Small held a consultation with the gentlemen of the town, who had joined him, and they, willing to prevent matters from coming to an extremity, advised the acceptance of the proposed terms. He, therefore returned an answer to that effect. The articles of the treaty were soon exchanged in proper form, and as nothing now remained to prevent the insurgents from proceeding to the Donegore encampment, O'Halloran, anxious to know what success his coadjutors had met with in raising the people, committed the command of the party to M'Cauley, and accompanied with ten men, well-mounted and armed, departed without delay to Donegore. Before setting off, however, he gave M'Cauley directions to bury the soldiers who had been slain in the skirmish, with due respect, in the adjoining churchyard; and to follow immediately after at a steady pace, so as to arrive at the encampment about four o'clock in the afternoon.

M'Cauley obeyed in every particular. M'Claverty was so much affected on seeing this generous proceeding, on the part of an enemy, from whom he had expected nothing but outrage and ferocity, that, turning to his fellow-prisoner, Sir Geoffrey Carebrow, he exclaimed,—

"What a pity it is that men of such generous hearts should possess such erring judgments!"

Sir Geoffrey made no reply. He and Berwick had been brought from their confinement in the Point Cave, in order to be conveyed to Donegore with the other prisoners. Those who conducted him from the cave

had diverted themselves with his fears, by informing him that he was going to be tried for his crimes by the victorious United Irishmen; and that he should undoubtedly be hanged before the evening. He was in consequence much depressed in spirits, and in no humour to interchange ideas of a pleasant nature with the more courageous and liberal-minded M'Claverty.

CHAPTER XIV.

M'CAULEY now assembled his men on a height to the north-west of the town, where he arranged them into companies, and then proceeded to Donegore hill.

They had scarcely departed, when a detachment of cavalry, about eighty in number, who had been for some time concealed behind the heights to the southward of the valley in which Larne is situated, entered the town in great fury, under the command of a Captain Claverill, and was preparing, in the wantonness of revenge, to set fire to the houses, when Small informed them of his treaty with the insurgents, and declared that he would, with all the force under his command, cause it to be respected.

By this firmness the town was saved from the destroying hands of barbarians, who had not the courage to show themselves while it was occupied by that enemy whom they now affected to despise and detest.

At about eleven o'clock, O'Halloran arrived at the rebel encampment. He had expected to find thousands assembled; but found only about a hundred and fifty men busily employed entrenching the ground. These, however, informed him that, less than half an hour before, upwards of five thousand men had marched thence, under the command of Porter and M'Cracken, for Antrim, in order to dislodge the military stationed in that town, and to capture a number of magistrates who were to meet there that day on some county business.

At this intelligence, O'Halloran's heart leaped light within him. He put spurs to his horse, and followed by those who had attended him from Larne, hastened after the insurgent army. He overtook it at the entrance of the town, where it had halted to form its plan of attack. His arrival was hailed by loud cheers from the assembled multitude: and Porter, M'Cracken, and all the other chiefs, as well as the whole body of the insurgents, with one voice, requested him to assume the command.

He consented, on condition that Porter and M'Cracken should be considered as having equal authority, as well as equal responsibility.

O'Halloran now reviewed the strength and appointments of his own party, and found that it consisted of between seven and eight thousand men, who were promiscuously armed with pikes, muskets, swords, bayonets, &c. They had also two small pieces of cannon, with some experienced cannoniers, who had formerly been in the royal service, to manage them.

By people from the town, he was informed that Major Siddons, apprised of the intended attack, had drawn up his men in the main street, in the open area, between the market house and the entrance of the street, his cavalry forming a compact body in front of the market-house, and his infantry lining the sides of the street.

On hearing this, O'Halloran made a short encouraging address to his men, which he concluded by observing that they were to fight this battle almost in view of the residence of William Orr. "Let, therefore," cried he, "our word of battle be, *Remember Orr!*"

He now selected five hundred men, whom he put under the direction of Samuel Orr, the brother of their favourite martyr, with injunctions to take a circuitous route towards the Shanes Castle road, and enter the town from the south-west, while the main body should, as soon as they ascertained the proximity of Orr's approach to the enemy, enter from the eastward by the road on which they were already stationed; by which means the enemy would be attacked on both sides.

Having made all further dispositions, and having no time to lose, as he understood the loyalists were in momentary expectation of a reinforcement from Belfast, O'Halloran, on ascertaining that Samuel Orr's detachment had nearly reached its destination, rode up to the van exclaiming, "Lead on my boys! *Remember Orr!*"

"REMEMBER ORR!" was reiterated by the whole multitude, and they immediately moved forward.

On arriving at the end of the street, whence they had a full view of the enemy, they fired both their cannons and their muskets with such effect that about twenty of the dragoons, ten or twelve of the infantry, and all the men who were stationed at one of the enemy's cannons were killed. The fire of the troops did comparatively little execution, the insurgents having chiefly withdrawn themselves behind the corner of the street. Five or six, however, were killed, and one of their cannons was dismounted.

Siddons, supposing their disappearance at that moment, a mark of fear, thought to decide the affair at once by a charge of his cavalry. He accordingly gave orders to that effect; on perceiving which, the insurgent musketeers speedily retreated, as they had been directed, which encouraged Siddons hastily to advance at full gallop, calling on them as rebels, to lay down their arms and disperse.

On the approach of the cavalry, the front men of the three divisions of the phalanx that were to remain firm presented their pikes, and prevented their progress; but the other two divisions retiring in accordance to a preconcerted plan, the cavalry followed into the vacancies; and, in a few minutes, every man and horse was prostrated to the earth. A torrent of pikes which they could neither escape nor resist, rushed upon them from every direction. It was in vain that they called for quarter. Their cries were either unheard or disregarded, in the terrible tumult. The fatal war-word, *Remember Orr*, alone resounded from every quarter, and deafened the voice of mercy.

Siddons, on seeing this disaster, rode back to call his infantry into action; but they were panic-stricken, and on the appearance of Samuel Orr's party, had fled behind the wall that surrounded Lord Massarcene's castle. Seeing it vain to attempt to rally cowards, and in despair for the fate of his cavalry, Siddons galloped back to the scene of slaughter, to beg quarter for such as survived, or to die along with them.

O'Halloran, who had been unable to restrain the fury of the insurgents, or to save a single horseman, perceiving his approach, and aware of his danger, burst furiously through the crowd, calling after some men who were rushing towards Siddons, to halt and not slay him; and he reached

them just in time to arrest the arm of one man who had aimed at him a deadly blow.

"I am your prisoner," said Siddons, and he held out the handle of his sword to O'Halloran, which was accepted. O'Halloran hastily gave him in charge to three men, and returned to where the work of destruction was still going on upon the cavalry. He had scarcely done so, when some of the troops firing from behind the wall where they had taken shelter, upon Siddons' guard, brought the whole three to the ground. Siddons immediately turned his horse, and in another moment was also in shelter of the castle wall.

The carnage of the cavalry was now nearly over, and O'Halloran had succeeded in saving only five from destruction. He found afterwards, however, that Porter and M'Cracken had saved seven others, but four of them were supposed to be too severely wounded to survive.

In a few minutes his attention was drawn to another fatal incident, which was taking place near the Court-house, which stood between Lord Massareene's castle, where the infantry had taken refuge, and the scene of battle. He perceived a gentleman on horseback hastily advancing, and four men rushing to attack him with pikes. He clapped spurs to his horse to save him, but he was too far distant, and before he could reach the scene, not only was the stranger wounded in several places, but three of his assailants were shot dead, by a volley fired from the troops from behind the castle wall. O'Halloran, however, approached, screened from the fire of the troops by the Court-house; and ascertaining that the stranger was the Earl O'Neil, whose private character he much respected, he caused him to be carried into a house, and ordered him to be well treated; and immediately despatching a messenger for surgical assistance, again joined his companions.

Although the insurgents had thus gained a complete victory, and were in absolute possession of the town, Massareene Castle excepted, their exultation was but short-lived. Indeed, they had scarcely time to be sensible of its existence before they were thrown into great perplexity, by the hasty arrival of some of their friends, with very discouraging intelligence. They informed them that General Nugent was rapidly advancing, and was now only a few miles distant, at the head of two thousand men, and a heavy train of artillery, in order to attack them.

Various were the opinions now given concerning what measures should be adopted.

Great clamour and confusion took place in expressing these different opinions. O'Halloran at length obtained a hearing among the principal officers, who, after several unavailing attempts to procure silence and attention amidst the irrepressible confusion of the multitude, separated themselves from it.

After deploring the unmanageable disposition of their followers, "My friends," said he, "we must, even with such materials, attempt by some means to stem the tide of misfortune, before we give up all for lost. We must not despair—brave men never despair in a good cause. No rational counsel, in my opinion, has yet been offered for your consideration. The most salutary seems to be that which advises you to march out and oppose Nugent on the field; as in so doing you might have a chance, though I think it would be but a very slight one, of overcoming so numerous and well-appointed an army as his.

"My own opinion is, that we immediately withdraw from the town, and return to the encampment at Donegore, where, during the evening we may expect to be joined by large reinforcements from all parts of the country, and where from the entrenchments already thrown up, and the nature of the ground, no army can attack us but at a great disadvantage."

The officers acknowledged the wisdom of this opinion, and having, by great exertions, at length procured an audience from the multitude, earnestly pressed its adoption. But that multitude was now greatly diminished. More than one-half of its number had disappeared. Some were panic-stricken at the approach of so formidable an army; some were horror-stricken at the scene of carnage they had just witnessed, and could not bear the idea of seeing it repeated; while others were disgusted at the dissonance of opinion, clamour, and confusion which had taken place, and resolved not to be the last to get rid of so troublesome and perilous an enterprise.

From these various motives, while the leaders were deliberating on what measure to adopt, several thousands had withdrawn from the insurrectionary standard.

The brave phalanx, however, to whose intrepidity the victory they had gained was altogether owing, still remained. It had lost about a third of its original number. But the gallant spirits who composed it were elevated by the excitement of their successful fighting, and by the plaudits of their companions. They now received the thanks of O'Halloran, delivered publicly in the name of the other officers, and of their country, for their good conduct, and the services they had performed.

"Had others only acted with half your heroism," said he, in concluding his address of thanks, "we should now have been in possession of Massareene Castle; and, protected by its walls, we might have bid defiance to the coming enemy. As it is, we must now withdraw to Donegore, and, fortified in that position, where we shall receive large reinforcements, we can await with advantage the assault of our opponents."

A headstrong enthusiast of the name of Campbell, who had, during the battle, performed prodigies of valour, now stepped from the ranks, all covered as he was with blood and dust, and addressed O'Halloran.

"Why should we retreat?" he exclaimed. "We have gained a great victory. Let us wait for the enemy here. I'll warrant we shall give a good account of him. It is time enough to fly when we are beaten."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted numbers of the more violent and determined. "Campbell is right! We shall fight them here!"

It was in vain that O'Halloran expostulated with them, and represented the imprudence and even madness of their determination. They could not understand his reasoning. The majority had indeed, by this time become too intoxicated to understand it, for they had plundered the ardent spirits contained in the houses of the royalists.

O'Halloran deplored their infatuation and misconduct; but he determined not to desert them.

"Perhaps," said he to Porter, "some means may yet be found to save these people. It is our duty to stand by them, and to do our best to avert their ruin."

He then told them that although he disapproved of their wishes, he would comply with them and make an immediate stand against the

enemy. "But we must choose better ground," said he. "Will you submit to my directions? Heaven may yet grant us success."

He was answered by loud cheers of approbation, and he immediately commenced making his arrangements on the outskirts of the town, for receiving the enemy. After having completed them, and exhorting them to firmness and bravery, he reminded them that Donegore Hill was the place of rendezvous, to which, in case of a defeat, every man should be careful to direct his course.

He had scarcely finished this exhortation when the eastern hill, at the distance of about a mile, began to glitter in the sun, and a forest of bayonets appeared gradually approaching. The whole hill became covered with the scarlet uniforms of the royal troops, who kept steadily advancing to the military music of "Croppies lie down." They halted when within a quarter of a mile from the field occupied by the insurgents.

As yet not a shot was fired, and every voice was silent for a few minutes; but this pause was indeed short; for on the other side whence no enemy was expected, a large body of both horse and foot made their appearance, under the command of Colonel Lumly.

In a moment the cannons opened their mouths, and a destructive fire was at the same instant poured by Lumly's troops on the unfortunate insurgents. The cannon of the latter was also fired; but it was only once, for their cannoniers either fled or fell. The musketeers and pikemen also started up to fly; for a fiery death was around them, and fast enclosing them on all sides.

As Lumly's party occupied the road by which they endeavoured to escape, O'Halloran, at the head of a considerable number of pikemen, the majority of whom belonged to his heroic phalanx, made on it a rapid and resolute charge, which succeeded in throwing it into confusion, and opened the way for escape.

O'Halloran, individually, fought with wonderful energy and success. Twice when Lumly had rallied a portion of his troops to arrest his progress, at the head of his chosen body did he break his way through. A third time Lumly attempted it, and it proved fatal to him.

"That officer must be slain or we shall not escape," exclaimed O'Halloran, who perceived the whole of Nugent's force fast approaching from behind; and as he made the exclamation, he dashed his horse forward, and Lumly and he instantly met. Their swords were in a moment shivered to pieces, but a stump of O'Halloran's still remained, with which, at one blow, he brought his antagonist to the ground.

"To Donegore, my men!" said he. "Stop for nothing." And without minding the fallen Lumly, they rushed over him with the speed and ferocity of wild animals, presenting a terrible front of pikes, which cleared the way as they flew along. Lumly's party seeing their commander fall, did not, however, offer much more opposition, so that the way was easily kept open for their flight. Nugent now despatched his cavalry in pursuit of the fugitives, who, soon scattering, fled in all directions; not, however, until numbers of them had fallen victims to the carbines of the pursuers.

Such of the wounded of the insurgents as had fallen into the hands of the victors were carried to the court-house, and in a summary manner tried by martial law, and sentenced to die the next morning. Between

seven and eight hundred of them had been killed during the day, and between eighty and ninety were now under sentence of death.

Of the military, about one hundred and seventy had fallen in both actions. But the deaths which the royalists most lamented were those of Lord O'Neil and Colonel Lumly. The latter, on being unhorsed by O'Halloran, had received a mortal stroke with a pike from one of the insurgents, another of whom had rolled him into the ditch by the roadside, where, after the conflict was over, he was found by some of the soldiers just expiring.

Lord O'Neil suffered extremely from his wounds until the next morning, when he also expired. He had begged Nugent, almost with his last breath, to spare the lives of the deluded people, and not to permit any feelings of revenge to excite him to unnecessary severity in the execution of his duty. For the prisoners now under sentence of death he particularly pleaded, and their lives had been granted to his intercession.

CHAPTER XV.

O'HALLORAN, after the discomfiture of his forces, rode in company with M'Cracken, Porter, and a few others, at full speed to Donegore, on reaching which he found that his old associates from Larne had just arrived. A vast concourse from other parts of the country had flocked to this rendezvous; and the number was every moment increasing, so that, before night came, it was supposed that the encampment contained no fewer than ten thousand men.

They were not all, however, equally zealous. The news of the defeat at Antrim filled some of them with considerable dismay; and a great many took advantage of the night to withdraw from such a dangerous enterprise. When the morning came, the diminution of their numbers, from these desertions, was very perceptible, and seemed very generally to shake that mutual confidence in each other, which is so necessary to the success of warlike operations. Hence doubt and perplexity began to reign over the whole camp, a circumstance which did not escape the penetration of M'Claverty. He conceived it to afford a favourable opportunity of once more attempting to dissuade them from persevering in their designs.

He was listened to with the more attention, as intelligence had just been received of the massacre of the Protestants at Wexford, and the other atrocities committed by the insurgents of the Catholic persuasion in the south.

At last, when the troops under Lord Nugent were seen approaching, the cry for negotiation prevailed against all others.

O'Halloran, M'Cracken, Porter, M'Cauley, and Darragh indeed at first endeavoured to inspire the multitude with more firm and courageous sentiments. But they soon found themselves obliged to yield to the torrent, and were employed in drawing up proposals to be presented to General Nugent as the conditions of their surrender, when an officer from the royal army appeared advancing on horseback towards the hill bearing a white flag. O'Halloran, M'Claverty, and one Watt, an influential man among them, were appointed to receive the messenger. They

accordingly advanced some distance down the hill to meet him, carrying with them the propositions they had prepared.

The officer was a Captain Hutton, an intimate friend of M'Claverty. "I have been sent," said he, "to summon these people to deliver up their arms, and throw themselves on His Majesty's mercy."

"Surely," said O'Halloran, "your commander does not expect an unconditional surrender from men with arms in their hands, strong in numbers, strong in position, and, if urged to extremity, strong also in courage and determination. To prevent the effusion of human blood, we will disperse if the requisite terms are granted us."

"I look on myself," said M'Claverty, "as a mediator in this cause. I can conceive of no detriment that the government would sustain by granting an absolute pardon to these people on condition of their returning quietly to their duty; and to accept of such a pardon, I believe, they are already convinced is to consult their true interest."

"Gentlemen," said Hutton, "I have been sent merely to demand an unconditional surrender; but whatever proposals you may please to make, I shall convey them to our commander, and return in one hour with his answer."

"Here are our proposals," replied O'Halloran, producing the written documents to the messenger. "Submit them to your general; and tell him, that rather than submit to terms less favourable than these, we are resolved, in God's name, to try the issue of a battle."

The officer received the papers, and was about to depart, when M'Claverty called on him to stay a moment.

"Convey my earnest request to General Nugent," said he, "that he will soothe the feelings of the people as much as possible. They now see their delusion, and are desirous of reconciliation with the established authorities, not so much from fear, as from conviction of their error."

"I shall with pleasure deliver your message," replied Hutton. "Good morning, gentlemen. I sincerely hope this affair will terminate without more bloodshed." He then spurred his horse, and hastened towards the royal army.

Nugent, having perused the proposals, called his officers together to deliberate concerning them. By them it was agreed that Hutton should return to the insurgent camp with the following note:—

"General Nugent, and the officers under his command, find some of the terms required by the insurgents on Donegore Hill, beyond their power to grant. They cannot interfere with the intentions of government respecting any prisoners, but such as they have themselves taken, and have in their immediate custody. These they are willing to discharge. There are several individuals in the insurgent army, already pointed out by the government as persons whose offences render them unworthy of pardon. Over the fate of these persons they have no control; neither do they think it their duty to include, in any promise of pardon, those mischievous men, whose delusive doctrines have seduced their fellow-subjects into the criminal and unfortunate measures they have adopted. From the general pardon, therefore, which they agree to guarantee to all others now assembled on Donegore Hill, who shall, within one hour after they receive this notification, deliver up their arms and return peaceably to their homes and employments, they exclude the following persons and descriptions of persons—viz., Henry O'Halloran,

the Rev. James Porter, Henry M'Cracken, Thomas Story, Thomas Archer, and all who may have been guilty of assassination, or of wantonly burning the houses, or otherwise destroying the property of the loyal inhabitants of the country."

Previous to the return of Hutton with the foregoing note, containing Nugent's ultimate offer, a man on horseback, who said he had travelled all night, arrived at the insurgent camp with a letter for O'Halloran, detailing further reverses to the rebels.

O'Halloran immediately communicated the contents of this letter to his fellow-chiefs. "It is vain," said he, "to contend longer. A battle here, even if we could persuade our men to risk one, would only be additional slaughter. A victory itself could scarcely retrieve the prospects with which we set out. It is our duty, therefore, for the sake of these people, to accept whatever conditions may be offered. For myself, should I be demanded as a sacrifice, I am resigned to my fate, and shall submit, I hope, without murmuring."

Porter and M'Cracken deliberated a few moments. They then exclaimed, "It must be so; we must yield to fate! Since we can do no more for our country, we care little for ourselves; and to whatever lot Providence has ordered for us, we shall, as becomes us, submit."

Hutton now returned with the reply of Nugent to their proposals.

O'Halloran read it aloud to the people. When he had done, all remained silent, in expectation of receiving his opinion. He perceived it, and spoke as follows:—

"My friends, you have sufficiently proved your attachment to the cause of liberty and to your country. Fate forbids that cause to prevail; and it is now become necessary for you to relinquish the pleasing hope, and yield once more to that government you have attempted to resist. These are the terms offered for your submission. You will obtain no better. From their benefits, I and some of my dearest friends are excluded. But we must give way to our destiny. I should abhor myself, if, from any personal consideration, I could be withheld from giving you what I conceive to be the most salutary counsel in your present situation. You ought to accept these conditions and surrender. I have just become acquainted with circumstances which leave you no other alternative. Our friends in the county of Down have met with a total and irretrievable overthrow. Farewell! I and my proscribed friends will provide for our own safety as prudence may dictate."

He immediately mounted his horse, and, accompanied by Porter, M'Cracken, and the other exempted persons, galloped from the hill. The multitude, struck with admiration, for several minutes gazed after them in profound silence. M'Claverty then addressed the people.

"My friends and fellow-subjects," said he, "I admire the magnanimity of your late leader, and sincerely hope that he may ultimately escape the dangers that surround him. A free pardon is offered to you. Will you accept it? The messenger awaits your reply."

"We will accept it," was answered by a thousand voices. A man of the name of Quin now stepped forward, and said aloud to M'Claverty—

"Sir, be our representative in this affair. Be it your care to prevent any infringement of these conditions."

"It shall be my care," replied M'Claverty. The people then threw their arms on the ground, and returned every man to his own home.

CHAPTER XVI.

AFTER leaving Donegore Hill, O'Halloran and his companions did not relax their speed until they reached Ballyclare, a town about five miles distant. Here they stopped for some refreshment, and with a view to consult on what measures they should adopt for their safety. They had not rested many minutes, however, until the town was beset by a troop of horse, that had just arrived from Larne, on their way to join Nugent in his attack upon the insurgents at Donegore.

O'Halloran and his companions at once started off; but the troopers having received some intimation concerning them, they were pursued. The fleetness of their horses, however, saved them all, except Porter, whose horse stumbled and threw him, in consequence of which he was taken.

When O'Halloran and M'Cracken had reached Ballyboly Hill, about two miles distant, perceiving that the pursuit had ceased, they slackened their pace, and, each absorbed in his own reflections, rode slowly and silently until they came to a small cottage on the verge of Agnew's Hill. They stopped at the door, and a neat, clean-looking, middle-aged woman, with a child in her arms, opened it. She appeared to have been weeping, for the tears still shone in her eyes. On first seeing the gentlemen, she started, as if she apprehended some danger; but soon recognising O'Halloran, her fears vanished, and being asked if they could obtain some refreshment, she replied—

"Yes, and welcome, such as I have."

They now alighted and entered.

After resting both themselves and horses, and partaking of a hearty meal,

O'Halloran signified his intention, if M'Cracken would accompany him, to proceed, as soon as it should be dark, by unfrequented roads to his own castle, in the neighbourhood of which they might find means of concealment till an opportunity should offer of escaping to Scotland, whence they would easily obtain a conveyance to America. The advantage of being near a seaport from which means might be found to escape to another country, appeared so inviting that M'Cracken agreed to his friend's proposal. They accordingly set off as soon as it became dark, expecting to arrive at O'Halloran Castle long before day-break.

When within two miles of the castle they were surprised to find the road, at the house of a man named Howley, guarded by armed persons in military uniform, on whom they had advanced before they were aware. They turned suddenly back, and endeavoured to escape at full flight, which they would both have done, had not a shot, fired at them by one of the military, wounded M'Cracken's horse. The animal immediately fell with his rider under him, who was instantly seized by three men who had followed in pursuit of them.

"Who is your companion?" demanded they. "A gentleman," he replied, "whom I pray heaven you may never discover."

"Where were you journeying to at this unseasonable hour?" was the next question.

"To Larne," was the reply.

"We'll send you there to-morrow," said one of them, "but to-night

you must be so good as to lodge with us. Culbert and Craig," continued he, addressing two of his party who had come forward on horseback. "pursue the other runaway!"

They obeyed him with all their speed; but O'Halloran was considerably in advance of them, and knew the country so well that, although their horses were fresh and swift, he finally escaped. However, as he was now obliged, if he continued on horseback, to keep the main road to Larne, which he wished to avoid, he thought it best to abandon his horse, and seek safety on foot. He, therefore, turned into an avenue leading to a farm-house, with the principles of whose owner he was acquainted; he threw his saddle and bridle into a ditch, and turning his horse loose, betook himself for shelter to one of the outhouses.

He had scarcely secreted himself when he heard the sound of his pursuers galloping rapidly past the avenue to the house. He, therefore, conceived that he was for the present safe; and endeavoured to compose himself to rest on some straw that he found on the floor. For a considerable time the agitation of his mind, on account of M'Cracken, kept him awake; but the fatigue of his body, together with his having slept none for the two preceding nights, at length overcame him, and he fell into a slumber, from which he did not awake until he was startled by the entrance of a man in the morning.

He rose, and found that the threshing-floor of a barn had been his couch. He also found that the man whose entrance had aroused him was the owner of the place, whose sentiments and feelings O'Halloran knew to be on the side of the rebels. Recognising O'Halloran he led him off to the dwelling-house, and ordered breakfast to be prepared for him in a private room, where O'Halloran recounted to him the incidents which had brought him there.

Towards evening he was informed that M'Cracken had been sent forward to Carrickfergus, to be imprisoned in the county jail. Blair, his host, had gone himself to O'Halloran Castle to inform Mrs Brown and Ellen of the place of his concealment. In the evening, therefore, his sister visited him, the distance being little more than two miles, and it was arranged that he should seek concealment with the Recluse until he could find an opportunity of escaping to America.

As the vicinity of Howley, who, with his twelve yeomen had become very active in hunting after the proscribed rebels, was considered peculiarly dangerous, O'Halloran was that very night conveyed, with Blair's assistance, in safety to the Recluse's dwelling. His astonishment at the accommodation it afforded was strongly expressed; but the Recluse soon explained the matter.

"It is no time," said he, "to be mysterious or reserved with you. I am not the poor destitute Saunders you have hitherto supposed me to be. I am your son-in-law, Francis Hamilton. I make the explanation now that you may know how much I am interested in your safety, and to satisfy you that should your affairs take the worst possible turn, she, for whom you have hitherto displayed the tenderness and solicitude of a father, will not want a protector."

At this moment Ellen entered. "Oh, my grandfather!" she exclaimed, as she rushed into his arms—"God be praised, you are safe!"

"Yes, my child, I am yet safe," he replied, "but how long I shall be so God only knows. But, my daughter, whatever may now be my

lot, I can bear it with resignation, since I shall not leave you destitute of parental protection. Your father has revealed himself to me; and I feel now that death has lost its sharpest sting. May the God of Heaven bless thee," he added, "and never leave thee destitute of a friend as sincerely solicitous for thy welfare as thy grandfather!"

CHAPTER XVII.

ELLEN left her grandfather with her mind much relieved of its anxiety, but still labouring under the oppression of foreboding fears. The Recluse accompanied her to the castle. As it was a fine moonlight night, and O'Halloran had retired to rest, he indulged himself, on his return to the glen, in a walk along the beech. In his walk he met Peg Dornan, who at once accosted him.

"I hae been watching for you," said she, "in the glen for mair than half an hoor. I'm just come wi' a' the speed my legs could carry me frae-Larne to tell you, gin you ken if Mr O'Halloran be here, or near han' this place, ye maun gar him get aff before the mornin', for Claverill's dragoons, wi' Sir Geoffrey at their head, will be here, an' they will herry up every pit and cave, an' hole an' neuk, to come at him; an' mair than that, Ellen maun also be ta'en oot o' the way, for Sir Geoffrey swears that he'll hae her noo, in spite o' a' the crappies in the country."

"How did you learn this?" inquired the Recluse.

"Why, sir, I went yesterday to the toon for news o' the folk that had come hame frae Donegore. Ye ken my sin Jock was there. I was smokin' a blast, an' talkin' wi' him, quite blythe to see him, an' a' the lave hame again safe an' pardoned. Weel, thinks I, they're no sic ill bodies, thae government folk, after a', gin yin taks the richt way o' them. When 'What's that, mither?' quoth Jock; an' we baith ran to the door, an' saw the dragoons galloping doon the street, wi' their drawn swords in their hands, till the very fire flew oot o' the pavement. They went to the schulemaster's hoose; but he had cannily gien them the slip. Howsomer they set to wark, hackin' and hewin', and in a crack wrecked his hoose, and ruined a' his guid plenishin' an' books, an' mathical instruments. Then in less time than you could say Jack Robinson, they galloped to baith the ministers, an' took them an' thirteen or fourteen ithers, prisoners. They hadna' gane to the hill; so you see the hill folk wha had the maist spirit, hae come the best aff. Nae doot the prisoners will be a' hanged, or shot, whilk is amaist as bad."

"But tell me, Peg," said the Recluse, "what you heard concerning O'Halloran?"

"Why, that's what I'm coming to," she replied. "The dragoon cam' to the barracks wi' their prisoners; an' I followed doon to see them, an' I sune observed Claverill, an' Howley, an' Sir Geoffrey talking together in a corner o' the yard. Thinks I they're hatchin' some mischief; but I'll find it oot, an' gie warnin' o't. I cannily slipt ahint a door near whare they were standin', an' heard every word they said, for I wasna' three feet frae them. They were plotting to catch Mr O'Halloran in his castle the morn; or gin he shouldna' be found there, to rummage the hale neighbourhood till they gat him. Sir Geoffrey tauld

them that gin he were within five miles of the place he could ferret him oot, for there's no a creek or cranny aboot the castle, where a cat could hfyde, but he said he was acquainted wi'—nor is there a den or cave in the neighbourhood, but either Berwick or he could lead to it. 'There's yin' said he, 'where the scoundrel kept me twa or three weeks, which we maun search thoroughly; and if he is nae found there, we maun ransack, to its foundation, the cell o' an auld hypocritical beggar, wha lives like a hermit. But the girl, captain, we maun hae her secured; and you know, whenever you want a magistrate to help you oot o' a scrape, I am at your command.'"

"May heaven disappoint their wickedness," said the Recluse; "but Peg we have no time to lose. I must go to acquaint O'Halloran with his danger. In the meantime, tell Jemmy Hunter to be at my cell in half an hour."

Peg proceeded to obey his directions, which she did very discreetly, and in a short time Jemmy was at the cavern. The Recluse soon informed him of O'Halloran's danger, and required that he should assist in getting him off without delay. With his usual alacrity, Jemmy consented; and through his assistance, a boat was procured, and O'Halloran was landed without accident at Brown's Bay on the island Magee in Larne Bay, and was kindly received by a warm friend of the name of Barry. In less than two hours from their setting out, the Recluse and Hunter returned, and having, with Peg's assistance, removed out of the cavern whatever could excite suspicion of its inhabitant being anything else than he seemed, to the beach, the whole was there safely buried in the sand.

How to dispose of Ellen was the next consideration. As the leader of the dragoons could have no legal, or in any respect justifiable plea for seizing her, all that was thought necessary for her protection was to convey her and her aunt, to the house of a Mr Wilson, a neighbouring gentleman of an honourable and humane character, attached to the government; but who had not interfered with the political transactions of the times. This gentleman received them with great kindness, and when informed of the threatened depredation on the castle, he was shocked at its wantonness and barbarity, and ordered his servants to assist those of O'Halloran in removing to his house all the furniture and other articles of value they should have time to bring away.

The Recluse, also, took care to have the horses, cattle, and almost every valuable kind of stock removed from the demesne.

Early on the following morning a troop of cavalry, under the leadership of Claverill and Sir Geoffrey ransacked the castle, the rebel's cave, and the retreat of the Recluse; but, of course, without finding either of the objects of their search, and after doing as much injury to the castle as they well could, they returned disappointed and chagrined to their quarters.

But while these riotous troops were cursing their ill luck, in not meeting with the proscribed chief, that unfortunate man was already in the hands of his enemies.

As the inhabitants of the Island Magee had been deeply implicated in the rebellion, the commander of the garrison at Carrickfergus had sent a company of infantry to be quartered on them, for the purpose of detecting any such fugitives. This company had only arrived the day previous to O'Halloran's taking refuge on the island, so that its presence there was

unknown both to him and his friends. Government having offered a reward of five hundred pounds for O'Halloran's apprehension, a *waiter*, named Conly, who was on a nocturnal visit of courtship to one of Barry's maid-servants, and was concealed in her chamber at the very time O'Halloran arrived, resolved to lose no time in earning the reward. He, accordingly, the next morning gave information to the commander of the troops on the island, and Barry's house being soon surrounded by a party of soldiers, O'Halloran was taken and conveyed on horseback to the county jail, in company with the informer, for that wretch knew that unless he were so protected his life would be sacrificed to the vengeance of the defeated party.

It was towards the evening, when the Recluse heard of O'Halloran's misfortune. He felt the stroke severely; but he was not one of those whom grief deprives of energy. Now was the time for serviceable action; and he would not waste it in useless lamentation. He immediately sat down and wrote as follows to Edward Barrymore:—

"The crisis is at last arrived. O'Halloran has this day been imprisoned for treasonable offences, alas! too notorious to be difficult of proof. His sentence is already certain. A court-martial at Carrickfergus will, perhaps, in a few days, pronounce it. No time is to be lost in exerting your influence to save him, and should you be successful in your application for mercy, equal expedition is requisite in making the result known, for much time, we may be assured, will not intervene between the pronouncing of the sentence and its execution.

"I am too much agitated to give you particulars, or to make comments, even if time permitted. I know not whether Ellen has yet received information of the disaster. I dread the effect it will have on her, and must hasten to her support."

Peg Dornan was employed to convey this note, and when she had been despatched with the necessary instructions, the Recluse hastened to Mr Wilson's, when he found Ellen in the greatest anxiety about her grandfather. Unable to conceal the sad news of his capture, he yet sought to comfort her, and also authorised her to inform Mrs Brown of his true character, so that that lady might have entire confidence in seeking what aid and advice he could render in this trying time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ACCOMPANIED by Mr Wilson, Jammy Hunter and two servants, Ellen and her aunt proceeded the next morning to visit O'Halloran. O'Halloran was confined in the county of Antrim jail, in an apartment about twelve feet square, in which he had for companions in captivity, five of the prisoners from Larne, two of whom were Presbyterian clergymen, and young Nelson who had been seized and conveyed to prison at the instance of Sir Geoffrey.

On the application of Mr Wilson to the commander of the garrison, O'Halloran's friends procured an order for admission into his apartment.

On passing the outer gate, and hurrying across the yard, which was filled with soldiers, they were shown into a long narrow gallery, at the farther end of which, on the left side, was the room which contained

O'Halloran and his fellow prisoners. The room contained no other furniture than one bed, one small table, and a few chairs, all of the most indifferent quality. O'Halloran and the two clergymen sat on the bed, and the other prisoners on chairs. They were all pinioned.

As soon as Ellen perceived her grandfather, she rushed forward, and falling on his neck, without speaking a word, burst into tears. His sister at the same time caught one of his hands and ejaculating, "Oh! my brother!" wept also.

He entreated them to be resigned, as he assured them he was, to whatever fate was in reserve for him. "For my sake," said he "endeavour to be courageous on this occasion; for nothing will tend so much to shake my fortitude as witnessing your distress."

"With the help of God," replied his sister, "we will be resigned. But, oh, Henry! this is a terrible blow."

At this moment Claverill and Sir Geoffrey entered the room. When Ellen and her friends crossed the jail-yard, Sir Geoffrey who was conversing with Claverill and some other officers at a small distance from the gate, had observed them, and although he knew that the publicity of the place and the company that attended her, rendered it impossible for him to attempt any outrage on her person, he could not resist the desire he felt to follow her. The opportunity of being again in her presence, although it should be as an avowed enemy, was to him too great a luxury to be neglected. He, therefore, took Claverill aside; and desired him to accompany him into the jail, and he would there show him the only woman he ever considered a perfect beauty. "And you know," said he, "that I ought to be a judge of this matter, for I have been a pretty general admirer of the sex."

"This is the lady, I suppose," replied Claverill, "whom you expected to capture at the old castle, yesterday; but, by Jupiter, she had better fortune, and I am glad of it, although her granddad is a rebel. But come along; I must see this beauty of the North. Yet, hark ye! you may blackguard and threaten the other sex as you please; but to ladies, especially handsome ones, he is unworthy of wearing breeches, who would give an insult, and of wearing a sword, d—n me! who would tamely see one given."

On entering the room in which O'Halloran was confined, they found Ellen still weeping on his shoulder; and Mrs Brown holding his right hand, in all the agony of affectionate distress.

"Fore God, sir," cried Claverill, addressing the prisoner, "I see you have got an addition to your company, and a very agreeable one too. But I think, my old Donegore general, you would be better employed in psalm-singing, or in prayer-making, than in fondling this pretty girl, now when you are on the brink of hell; for you have a tolerable account of rebellious sins to answer for when you get there."

"I am bound," said O'Halloran, looking contemptuously on him, otherwise, captive as I am, you dared not insult me, or my grandchild, in so wanton a manner."

"I'ey-day! You would still be a hero, I perceive," returned Claverill. "I like to see so much metal in your gizzard, although, my old cock, we'll try to get it out of you in a few days by breaking your neck. Nugent, after he has hanged your *cropped eared* comrades in Belfast, will be here the day after to-morrow, and then we'll make short work of you."

As to you," turning to the clergymen, "my pious parsons, you should exhort this old rebel to restrain his temper for his soul's sake."

One of the clergymen, who was a man of spirit, replied, "Sir, over misfortune you may play the coward's part of triumphing, when you can do it with impunity. But do you suppose your general, of whom you have just spoken so insolently, will tolerate your unmanly conduct? Will he not, when we inform him of it, make you repent your having—"

"By heavens!" exclaimed Claverill, interrupting him, "I'd have you repent this audacity among your other crimes as soon as possible. So to your psalm-singing while you have breath, or the halter will soon choke your music. Come, Sir Geoffrey, let us leave the rascals. But first let us salute the ladies, by way of amends for the lectures we have received. Kiss you the old dame, and I'll kiss the young one. By Heaven!" said he, gazing licentiously at Ellen, "I must taste those rosy lips. It will be so sweet after such unpalatable lectures!"

So saying he seized her round the waist, when O'Halloran, by a violent effort, broke the cord which tied his arms, and unexpectedly struck him a blow which laid him senseless on the floor.

"By Jove! it was well done," said M'Claverty, who had just entered the moment before, and unseen by Claverill, had witnessed the rudeness he had offered to Ellen. "Had you not been beforehand with me, Mr O'Halloran, I should myself have knocked down the scoundrel."

Sir Geoffrey, without waiting to ascertain which side M'Claverty took, had hastened to alarm the guard. M'Claverty, suspecting his intention, after assisting Mr Wilson to disarm Claverill, and to drag him out of the apartment, followed the knight, and perceiving him leading a file of soldiers across the yard, he desired the jailer to refuse them admittance. He then returned to the apartment, and receiving an accurate statement of the whole transaction from Wilson, he hastened to communicate it to the commander of the garrison, from whom he obtained an order for the guard not to interfere with what had taken place.

Returning to the prison with intelligence of what he had done, he then offered to accompany the ladies to the inn, in order to show the military that he would defend them from any unwarrantable liberties. At the inn, he candidly told them that he had little expectation of any favour being extended to the prisoners, none of them being entitled to the conditions of the surrender at Donegore. "The court-martial for the trial of the prisoners here will commence its sittings the day after to-morrow. Who will be the first to suffer, I cannot tell; out, ladies," he continued, "I trust you will keep up your spirits, and not dishearten your unfortunate friends on this trying occasion. Perhaps it would be better for them and you both that you should be absent from a scene, the solemnity and horror of which, you may not be able to support."

Mrs Brown expressed the desire that Ellen should return home, but ultimately both stayed under the protection of M'Claverty and Mr Wilson.

The day for proceeding with the trials having arrived, O'Halloran and the prisoners who occupied the same apartment with him, were the first ordered to the bar; and the trial of young Nelson having been first entered upon, he was declared guilty of conspiring to murder Sir Geoffrey, and also with forcing certain of Sir Geoffrey's servants into rebellion.

The sentence was that he should the next day be taken to the house of his mother, and, in front thereof, should be hanged by the neck until dead.

O'Halloran was then put upon his trial, and at its close was sentenced to be conveyed to his late residence, and there to be hanged by the neck, till dead.

When Ellen and her aunt visited their unfortunate relative after his condemnation, they found him in an apartment separate from the other prisoners. He had requested that they would not be present at his trial, lest the horror with which they should hear his doom pronounced should overpower them, and their distress tend to weaken his own fortitude. As they expected the result, they were not surprised when informed of it. But when they visited him, the sad reality being now before them, they gave way to all the softness and affection of the female nature, and long and loudly wept beside him.

While they were thus venting their grief, a messenger entered from the commander of the garrison, requesting to know if O'Halloran desired the society of a clergyman; and, if so, to signify his commands on the subject, and they should be attended to. The attendance of one of his clerical fellow-prisoners was requested, and obtained; the other being appointed to attend young Nelson. The ladies and O'Halloran's other friends, now left him to the conversation of the clergyman, and withdrew to the inn. The next morning they again visited him. He had enjoyed a good night's sleep; was very much refreshed, and somewhat more cheerful than on the preceding evening.

"Now, my sister," said he to Mrs Brown, "I do not wish you to accompany me to-day. Let me bid you and Ellen a last adieu. After the pang of this separation, all my earthly cares will be over, and I shall have nothing to do but to die."

"We will accompany you part of the way," said they. "I would rather not," he replied; "your presence would remind me of earthly enjoyments; and I wish nothing at that period to attract my thoughts from Heaven."

"Well, then, Henry," said Mrs Brown, "farewell! in Heaven I hope soon to meet you.

"Farewell, my sister. We shall meet there;" and he embraced her. "Now, thou daughter of my only child!" continued he, turning to Ellen, "the only offspring I leave in this world; thou hast long been the darling of my heart and the object of my care, farewell! I resign thee to the care of the Almighty. May his blessing for ever rest on thee!" He then gave her a parting embrace, and her aunt and she were led out of the room by Mr Wilson and the Recluse.

It was about eight o'clock, and they had scarcely reached the inn, when the sound of military music drew their attention. They looked from the windows and beheld a regiment of infantry marching from the castle towards the jail. Their hearts sank within them; for this was the commencement of the procession to the fatal spot.

The regiment halted, and was drawn up before the jail. In a few minutes they saw Nelson brought out, on a common farming car, surrounded by soldiers. His coffin was behind him, and a man who, as they were informed, was the executioner, sat on the other side of the vehicle. It stopped a few minutes in the middle of the street; when one of the clergymen before-mentioned placed himself alongside of Nelson.

son, with a Bible in his hand. In a short time another vehicle of the same sort appeared. It contained O'Halloran, his coffin and his clerical attendant. The ladies saw but one glimpse of it; for they could look no more. Their hearts became faint, their vision indistinct, and their heads swam dizzily, as they were removed from the appalling view.

The heavy monotonous sound of the muffled drums now beating time to the music of a dead march, informed them that the procession was departing on its fatal errand; and when the ladies had recovered sufficiently to look into the street, all was there as still and quiet as if nothing of importance had taken place. The procession having taken the road to Ballycarry, Mr Wilson and the ladies, attended by their servants and Jemmy Hunter, to avoid passing it, set off towards Larne, on another road.

The military, with their prisoners, halted about half a mile to the south of Ballycarry (at the northern end of which village stood the cabin in which Nelson's mother resided), to give the soldiers time to form their ranks for marching through the village. The slow pace, the dead music, and the solemn beat was again heard, and continued until the car on which Nelson was seated came opposite his mother's door. The whole then stopped, and Nelson's mother suddenly fainted in the arms of her son.

The executioner selected an ash tree, which grew near the end of the house for the gallows. The car was soon drawn forward under the spreading branches of that tree, and the murderous sentence executed.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE military procession then resumed its march toward the place appointed for the execution of O'Halloran. We have already mentioned that Mr Wilson and the ladies, for the purpose of avoiding this procession, had taken another road on their return homewards. It so happened, however, that they overtook it at the entrance of Larne, where the two roads joined.

"Oh! I shall see him again," cried Ellen, "before he dies."

Mr Wilson wished his party to avoid an interview, which he said would only cause additional distress to both parties. But Mrs Brown cried out, "Since Providence has once more brought me so near my brother while he lives, I must see and speak with him."

The procession had stopped to form into ranks for marching through the town. During this interval, Mr Wilson's carriage, containing himself and the ladies, drew forward to the car on which O'Halloran sat. Ellen and her aunt were seen in his arms, and the commanding officer, pitying their grief, postponed the march, until the first burst of their feelings subsiding should allow them to separate.

"My dear sister! my beloved daughter! do not go with us farther." O'Halloran was thus replying to their earnest entreaty to be permitted to remain with him to the last, when their attention was drawn to a man on horseback, who was galloping down the hill behind them, at a most furious rate, with the dust all rising in clouds around him as he flew along. The commander was about to desire the ladies to resume

their seats in the carriage, and to order the procession to proceed, when he perceived the advancing horseman. "It is, perhaps, some express," said he to Mr Wilson, with whom he had been conversing, "I shall delay a few minutes."

As soon as the horseman approached, "Oh! father, it is Edward Barrymore," exclaimed Ellen. "He is come to see you die!"

"Are you the commander of this party?" inquired the rider, who was indeed Edward, as he advanced hastily to Colonel Parker. "I am," was the reply.

"Then your duty is over on this occasion," said Edward, at the same time handing the colonel a letter signed by the Lord Lieutenant, accompanied with one from the governor of the fortress of Carrickfergus.

"This, I am glad to see, is a conditional pardon for our prisoner," said Colonel Parker.

"You will also observe that I am to be his jailer, until the condition is complied with," replied Edward.

"What, sir, are you the Mr Barrymore here mentioned?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Why, you were zealous indeed, to be the courier in this case."

"It was a desperate case; I could entrust no one else," said Edward.

"You were right," returned Parker, "I respect your feelings, and shall for ever thank you for taking this disagreeable business off my hands. Guards, untie the prisoner! He is pardoned."

Shouts of joy arose, and continued to rend the air for many minutes, from an innumerable multitude of people of all descriptions. Edward, in the meantime flew to his beloved, who, on the first mention of pardon almost fainted with excess of joy. He caught her gently by the arm; "Miss O'Halloran, I hope you know me?" said he. She turned round at the sound of the well-known voice. "Yes, oh yes! it is you who have saved my grandfather's life. Oh, let me thus return you thanks;" and without considering what she was about to do, she attempted to throw herself on her knees before him. But he caught her in his arms; "No, my love," he whispered, "God alone must be thanked in that posture."

"Yes!" cried she, recovering herself. "I knew not what I was doing. But I shall thank God all the days of my life, for this kind providence." Mrs Brown now approached Edward.

"Ah! Mr Barrymore, what do we not owe you?"

"I am already fully repaid," replied the youth, as he gently pressed Ellen's hand. Immediately a burning blush tinged her countenance; and sweet confusion sparkled in her eyes. Edward now handed the ladies into the carriage, and, at Mr Wilson's request, took his seat along with them, that gentleman intending to go on foot with O'Halloran to the inn.

The party remained at the inn, only until another carriage was prepared, in which O'Halloran and Mr Wilson proceeded to the residence of the latter, followed by Edward and the ladies, amidst the blessings and acclamations of thousands of joyful spectators.

When the party, after arriving at Mr Wilson's, had partaken of some refreshments, and their minds were somewhat composed after the high excitement of the day, O'Halloran requested a private interview with Edward.

"It is a beautiful evening," said he; "suppose we walk out to the shrubbery. The free enjoyment of woodland air, after my late confinement, will be refreshing and tranquillising to my spirits. Oh! what do I not owe to your active friendship, to which, under Divine Providence, I must ascribe this unexpected happiness."

"In serving you," replied Edward, "on this occasion, I have only discharged a debt which I owed you for my life; and we have now, to speak in mercantile language, only balanced accounts."

"Ah, sir!" exclaimed O'Halloran, "my subsequent harsh conduct did more than cancel any claim I may have had on your gratitude for that service. Your magnanimity now in preserving your persecutor, demands all the atonement in my power to make. To give this explanation of the state of my feelings towards you, I have asked your privacy. I need not entreat your forgiveness, for you have proved already that you have forgiven me; but I wish to convince you of my compunction for the injuries I have done you."

"I beg," said Edward, "that you will not think of that affair. I have said that you owe me nothing. But if I have nothing to demand from obligation, I have a precious gift to ask from kindness. I love Miss O'Halloran; the hopes of my life depend on her; consent that she shall be mine, and you will make me happy; refuse me, and you will render me indeed miserable."

"Refuse you!" cried O'Halloran; "No! not if I had an empire to give you with her. But are you not too precipitate in this matter? In the first impulse of delight at your proposal, I did not recollect that you have relations rich and powerful. Have they been consulted on the subject?"

"I confess," replied Edward, somewhat embarrassed with the question, "that I have not as yet spoken to them concerning it. Having no hope of obtaining your consent to the accomplishment of my wishes, since I had incurred your displeasure, and knowing that without yours hers could not be obtained, I did not wish to acquaint my friends that I cherished views of happiness which had so little prospect of being realised."

"Then," said O'Halloran, "there are obstacles I did not before perceive; and for the sake of my child's peace, I request that this affair shall not, for the present be pushed further."

"What obstacles?" cried Edward. "I cannot think that my father will oppose me in a point which so nearly concerns my welfare. He has no son but me. He is an affectionate father, and will not command me to be wretched. Besides what objection can he have? Her beauty, her sweetness of disposition, her virtue, her connections——"

"Ah! stop," cried O'Halloran, "there lies the obstacle. *Her connections*. Will the powerful, the rich, the constitutional, the loyal family of the Barrymores degrade itself by an alliance with a traitor, a rebel, a ringleader of rebels, a man scarcely escaped from the gallows! No, sir; by strongly wishing for it you may force yourself to expect it; but cool reason tells me that it cannot be."

"If I have any knowledge of my father's character," replied Edward, "he has too liberal a mind to permit the errors of one individual to influence his estimation of another, however nearly they may be connected."

"You may think so, my young friend," said O'Halloran; "but your

relations will not look on her with your eyes. In the meantime, much as I should rejoice at your union with her, you must permit me to retract my assent, until it receives your father's; for unfortunate, poor, and persecuted as I am, I am too proud to permit my child to be taken into a family, the head of which may look on her as unworthy of such a situation."

"Wherever Ellen is known," said Edward, "she cannot be thought unworthy of any situation."

"But," returned O'Halloran, "her grandfather's unworthiness may be reflected on her."

"Oh, sir," said Edward in a tone of entreaty, "I shall procure the approbation of my family. You will surely then be satisfied."

"Not only satisfied but rejoiced," replied O'Halloran. "That they will yield to your wishes is my earnest prayer; but for the present, however, we must drop the subject."

CHAPTER XX.

EDWARD, anxious for an interview with the Recluse, that very evening after parting with O'Halloran, visited the cell before M'Nelvin left it.

"Ah, sir!" cried the Recluse, as soon as he perceived him, "never did the arrival of a messenger yield more heartfelt delight than yours did to-day."

"My friends," said Edward, addressing them both, "you have had sad times here since I left you. The storm is now, however, abated and I trust in God that our country will never witness such another, for Lord Camden is recalled, and the benign Cornwallis has by this time assumed the reins of government."

"Cornwallis! did you say?" exclaimed the Recluse, hastily.

"Yes, father, Lord Cornwallis is now Lord Lieutenant."

"Thank Heaven!" ejaculated the Recluse, "both for my country and for myself. The benevolent Cornwallis will restore my country to peace; and I shall be restored to my country. In a short time I shall no more tread my native soil as a disguised outlaw."

"Are you, then, acquainted with Lord Cornwallis?" asked Edward.

"Yes," said the Recluse. "I was his bosom friend during his campaigns in America; and, on one occasion, had the felicity to save his life, for which he has never since ceased to remember me with gratitude."

"Through his means might you not long since have procured a reversal of your sentence?" asked Edward.

"No, sir. On my return from America, he did apply for my pardon; but the influence of Sir Geoffrey Carebrow and others of his connections counteracted his exertions. I have never since permitted any application to be made. For some years I travelled on the continent; and having, at length, settled here and adopted this disguise, I became satisfied with my lot. As, however, late events have induced me to discover myself to a few friends, whose society I should be glad to enjoy without restraint, and one of my best friends has it now in his own power to remove the legal terrors that hang over me, I shall avail myself of the

opportunity which is thus providentially afforded me, to become again an acknowledged member of society."

Edward then gave them an account of the steps he took to procure the pardon of O'Halloran, adding that he had left Peg Dornan, the Recluse's messenger, absolutely crippled with fatigue.

"Poor creature!" ejaculated M'Nelvin.

"But she will be attended to," continued Edward; "and I make no doubt that such a constitution as hers will soon repair the damage it has sustained."

Edward now took leave of his friends, and returned to Mr Wilson's.

The next day, while O'Halloran was employed in attending to congratulatory messages and visits from his friends, his servants, assisted by a number of mechanics, commenced repairing the castle, that he might, with as little delay as possible, return to his ancient residence. The Governor of Carrickfergus, having the discretionary power over the fine to be inflicted on him, fixed it at three thousand pounds, for which Edward, who transacted this business unknown to O'Halloran, immediately gave a draught on his Dublin banker. He then, with Mr Wilson, became security to the amount of ten thousand pounds for their friend's future submission to the established government. When these two gentlemen went to Carrickfergus for the purpose of transacting these matters, which they did the day but one succeeding that on which Edward arrived with the pardon, they found the courts-martial still busied with the state trials. But these terminated before they left the place, by the arrival of a proclamation of a general amnesty issued by Lord Cornwallis, in favour of all, except a few individuals therein named, who should, within the term of six weeks from the date thereof, make their submission to the government. Of this merciful measure, all the prisoners in Carrickfergus instantly availed themselves, and were set at liberty.

Edward and Mr Wilson returned in company with a number of the prisoners who had been taken from the neighbourhood of Larne. On hearing their expressions of sorrow for the rash step they had taken, and their protestations of gratitude to the new viceroy for his clemency, he was forcibly struck with this proof of the advantage of conciliation over coercion in securing the tranquillity of a country. Here he saw men whom Camden's oppressive policy had rendered bitter enemies to the government, now, in consequence of Cornwallis's clemency, manifesting by every expression of sincerity, their resolution to live and die its friends and supporters.

Full of these reflections, and cheered with prospects of peace and prosperity which, under the auspices of the new viceroy, he perceived again to be dawning on his afflicted country, he approached the house of his companion, as yet the temporary residence of his Ellen, with light and joyous spirits. Here he had the pleasure to find the agreeable Miss Agnew, for whom he had contracted a sincere friendship. This young lady ran forward to him with an air of great liveliness; exclaiming, "Welcome, Mr Middleton!—O, I forgot, Mr Barrymore. But, indeed, I am so glad to see you that I cannot help blundering."

"My fair friend!" replied Edward unthinkingly, "either of the names will be agreeable to me that shall be most acceptable to you."

"Upon my word," she cried, "very gallant: a fair proposal, all at

once, before one has time to bless one's self. But what, my tender Damon, if I accept neither of these names."

"I must then bear the misfortune with as much fortitude as I may," returned Edward, perceiving the turn she had gaily given to his expression.

"Well, then, prepare to exert it," said she, "for the old Scotch name of Agnew sounds so well to my ears, that I am determined to change it for no other; but if I had to bear the awkward one of O'Halloran, I would soon adopt one of yours in its stead."

"I love my own country too well," observed Ellen, to whom the last remark had been slyly directed, "to prefer either a Scotch or an English name to one of true Irish growth—but Mr Barrymore," she continued, turning to Edward, "what news have you brought from Carrickfergus?"

"I have brought good news," he replied. "The state prisoners are all discharged, in consequence of a general amnesty proclaimed by the new Lord Lieutenant. Mr Wilson and I returned in company with some of those belonging to this neighbourhood."

"Heaven be praised! we shall yet see happy times," exclaimed Ellen.

"This is indeed pleasing intelligence," said Mrs Brown, who had entered the room as Edward was relating it. "Mr Barrymore, you are always the bearer of good news."

"Are you a mere man, or a magician?" asked Miss Agnew, looking him archly in the face.

"Why, mad-cap! such an absurd question!" demanded Mrs Brown.

"Let the gentleman answer first," said Miss Agnew.

"I can scarcely tell," he answered; "but I believe I am *enchanted* here."

They were now summoned to dinner. Several gentlemen of the neighbourhood were of the party, and among others, their friend M'Claverty. As soon as this gentleman perceived Edward, he appeared somewhat startled.

"Sir," said he approaching him, "I think I have seen you before."

"Yes," replied Edward, "you were then on an important duty."

"I remember having examined you rather roughly," returned M'Claverty.

"That is nothing," said Edward. "Your duty required you to examine me. I was a stranger, and you were in pursuit of the perpetrators of a crime, of which, for aught you knew, I might have been guilty."

"Well, I hope," returned the magistrate, "that we shall be good friends on further acquaintance."

After a hospitable dinner, which like every other dinner given by people of fortune, displayed all the luxuries of the season, the cloth was withdrawn; and the ladies soon following it, the gentlemen addressed themselves, like true Irishmen, to the conviviality of the social cup; and the time passed away in the enjoyment of much good humour and hilarity.

The principal gentlemen in the neighbourhood now gave a routine of dinners and balls in testimony of their satisfaction at O'Halloran's escape from the dangers in which he had been involved, and of their respect for the high character he had supported through the trying scene. Edward and Ellen were, of course, always invited to these parties, and

the easy urbanity, the respectful kindness, and cheerful politeness of the Northern Irish, made an indelible impression on Edward's mind in their favour.

The industry and zeal of the workmen employed at O'Halloran Castle soon repaired the damages it had sustained; and, in a few weeks, the family were reinstated in the Hall of their ancestors. It is the custom in that part of the country, when a family removes from one dwelling to another, to assemble a large party of its friends and neighbours to an entertainment, called "heating the house." By a man of O'Halloran's disposition, a custom of this kind could not be neglected; and as so many respectable people had of late shown him so much kindness, the party he invited was more than ordinarily numerous.

After the usual entertainments of dinner, dessert, tea, &c., the party in the height of glee, mirth, and enjoyment, resorted to a large room, where flaming chandeliers gave an artificial day, and harps, violins, and flutes, poured an animating stream of lively sounds, to give motion to their flowing spirits in the buoyancy of the bounding dance. It was about an hour before this sprightly and exhilarating amusement commenced, that a messenger arrived with the following note to Edward, from Charles Martin:—

"DEAR BARRYMORE—I have at length followed you. Excited by my ardent desire to see the peerless beauty, who could so completely subdue a heart which was impregnable to all the attacks of the Dublin fair, I eagerly embrace the first moment, in which I could, with propriety, undertake the journey. The day before I left the city, I waited on the Lord Lieutenant, with the letter you enclosed from the Recluse, who, I understand, is to be no longer a mendicant, but is to appear in society in his own proper character of Francis Hamilton, Esq., of Hamilton Hall, in the county of Tyrone. His excellency was much pleased to hear from him; and, without delay, not only granted his request, but wrote him a long letter, which, on finding I was about to take a Northern trip, he entrusted to my care.

"Your favourite, Peg Dornan, had a pretty smart fever, and was unable to walk for nearly a couple of weeks; but she was in a convalescent state when I left Dublin, and as she was getting very homesick, I suppose she will, in imitation of your humble servant, speedily honour the Northern folks with her presence. Your father informed me that he would send her in the stage. Both he and your mother have been as attentive to her as you could desire.

"By means of Lord Camden, your father has become acquainted with your intercession for the Insurgent Chief. He is pleased enough with your conduct in that affair, only he thought you might have made him your confidant. But I told him you had not *time*; which settled the point.—I will give you no more city news till I see you. Indeed I should not have given you so much in this way, but having to send you a letter, I could not properly do so without putting something in it, and news answered the purpose as well as anything else. I shall only add that I am impatient to see the old chief with the fame of whose exploits the whole city rang for some days before I left it."

Edward instantly acquainted O'Halloran with his friend's arrival, and a messenger with an invitation to the Castle, being despatched for him, he arrived just as the party had finished the first set of country-dances.

Charles Martin was a lively young man of the middle height, rather slender, with dark hair, and a glowing complexion. Though inferior to Edward in manly proportions, he was on the whole an interesting youth, gifted with the easy, affable, and polished manners of a gentleman.

Edward was conversing with a group of ladies, consisting of Ellen, Miss Agnew, the two Misses Simpson, and a Miss Moore, who had just sat down from the dance, when Charles was announced.

Edward hastened to meet him; and taking him to his own chamber, Charles was speedily transformed, from a hardy traveller into a "gallant gay," ready to wait on the fair, and join in the mirthful revelry of the evening. Before they entered the brilliant scene of hilarity, joy, and beauty, he stopped Edward near the door, where unseen they had a full view of the whole party.

"Stay, Edward," said he, "I, for a moment, wish to view at a distance, a constellation of charms, the splendour of whose beams, if too suddenly approached, might dazzle and confound me."

"Right," said Edward. "Let me see if, among all the fair, you can single out she whom I hold fairest."

The young man's glance speedily traversed the whole room. At last, resting upon a group of ladies to the right, who were sitting in a kind of semicircle, "If your goddess be within those walls," said he, "yonder she is, surrounded by her attendant nymphs; the lady with the damask rose on her breast."

"It is," was the reply.

"I knew it," replied the other, "and do not wonder that you have been overcome. Indeed, did I not know how that lovely object has already disposed of her heart, I could not answer for the safety of my own. But who is the lady to the right of this high beauty? She who has just turned her face towards us?"

"She is the Miss Agnew I have so often mentioned," replied Edward. "She is the greatest coquette in the company; and when she is in the humour, a considerable quiz; but one always overflowing with kindness and good nature."

"By Heaven! Edward," exclaimed Charles, "you charm me. She is just such a one as I have vowed to love. Serious beauty is too sublime for me. But do introduce me to the Circean group."

"Check your rapture first," said Edward; and do not play the fool when we approach. Why, I believe your heart is already lost."

"It is lost," replied Martin, "past redemption already, unless you show me some fault in that lady; for I confess that I shall never see any myself. But, lead on. Give me the pleasure of an introduction. I hope to conduct myself so as not altogether to forfeit my claim to the possession of common sense."

They now advanced directly to the ladies. "Miss O'Halloran! this is my friend, Mr Martin," said Edward. Ellen rose, and with a smile extended her hand to him, saying, "You are welcome, sir, to this part of the country. I hope so long as you remain here you will find it agreeable to your taste." She resumed her seat; and Edward introduced him to Miss Agnew, who, without rising, made an assenting motion with her head, and said in a somewhat fluttered voice, that she joined in the welcome her friend had given him. A nod from each of the other ladies, as they were severally named, returned by a bow from Martin, concluded

the ceremony of the introduction. Martin was next made acquainted with the gentlemen, who, each of them, gave him a hearty Irishman's shake of the hand, in token of a cordial welcome to their society.

The company (to employ a usual phrase) enjoyed themselves to a late hour, and separated highly pleased with their entertainment, and congratulating themselves on having added one more happy evening to their lives.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE next morning, Edward and Charles Martin called on the Recluse with the Lord Lieutenant's letter. They found M'Nelvin with him; and both, especially the Recluse, seemed to be much dejected.

"My friend," said Edward, as he approached the latter, "I have taken the liberty of introducing into your habitation a friend, whom I believe you have never seen, but of whom you have often heard. This is the only son of your correspondent, Sir Philip Martin."

"I am happy to see your father's son," said the Recluse to Charles. "You bear a near resemblance to what he was before my misfortunes began. Ah! you recall those days to my recollection when your father and I were college classmates. But different, far different, has been the tenor of our lives. His has been smooth, calm, and unruffled; for he was never the victim of those fierce passions which have brought on my head the storms of misfortune."

"Your misfortunes, sir," replied Martin, "are, I believe, now at an end; and I hope that my father and you have, in the evening of your lives, a long period of tranquillity and happiness before you."

"My friends," observed the Recluse, "I will never distrust the kindness of Providence. But you will pardon my present seriousness, when I inform you that I have just received news of the death, through drunkenness, of my only brother, Sir John Hamilton."

"What," cried Martin, "is your brother, Sir John, dead? Then permit me, Sir Francis Hamilton, to address you by your proper title. You are now a free man. I hold the document in my hand which absolves you from the effects of your unfortunate duel, and restores you to society. May you long enjoy your freedom, friends, and property!"

M'Nelvin's eyes sparkled at this intelligence. "God Almighty be praised for this addition to his other signal mercies!" he ejaculated, while Sir Francis hastily glanced at the signature of the letter.

"I expected this," said he, "from his excellency's friendship."

"I sincerely congratulate you," said Edward. "This is a turn of Providence from which, I trust, will proceed many years of happiness to us all."

"But my poor brother!" said Sir Francis, his mind still full of his catastrophe. "O! that he had died a less awful death!"

"Sir," said M'Nelvin, "in the midst of so many blessings, we ought not to repine, if the great Ruler of all does not send them unmingled."

"My friend," cried Sir Francis, catching M'Nelvin's hand, "your words to me have ever been wisdom. I shall endeavour to grieve no more. God has removed him in the way he thought best. His will be done!"

It was proposed that Sir Francis should, without delay, relinquish his disguise and resume his proper appearance and station in society. To this he agreed, adding that he had the means at hand, and should, in a few hours, meet them at the Castle, free, fearless, and undisguised.

Edward and Charles now left the cell, and with joyous hearts turned down the glen towards the shore; while M'Nelvin set off for Jemmy Hunter, in order to send him express to the sheriff of the county with information of the pardon his friend had received. Jemmy was soon on his journey; and that very evening returned with the following note from the sheriff, addressed to Sir Francis Hamilton:—

"DEAR SIR,—It is with great satisfaction that I acknowledge the receipt of yours of this morning, covering the commands of his excellency, the Lord Lieutenant, respecting you which, of course, it is my duty, as well as my pleasure, to obey. I shall make the agreeable communication known without delay to all the justices of the peace, jailers, and other officers, whom it concerns, so that you will be in no danger of personal molestation; and may appear in public whenever you think proper."

Edward and his friend having reached the beach, "Do you behold yon rock," said the former, "at the foot of the precipice to the right hand? It was from this summit I first beheld the mistress of my heart."

"And it was there too," observed Martin, "I understand that you were kept in durance for about four months, without once seeing the light of the sun."

"But," returned Edward, "it was there I was more than compensated for that privation, by the light of her lovely countenance visiting me, and showing me the way to liberty."

"You are a happy man, I acknowledge," said Martin. "O! that my sweet brunette were to render me such a service."

"Oh!" said Edward, "I think, after the warning I gave you, you have displayed but little prudence in venturing so near such danger."

"Ah! my friend," replied Martin, "I confess I am indeed caught. But I rejoice at it. If I am a captive I have, at least, the grace to be content with my chains."

"Yours is the superlative of love, I admit," said Edward. "I could wish we had the proof of its sincerity. But shall we explore the interior of the rock?"

"Yes," replied his friend; "I am full of curiosity to view that nest, in which so many ill-formed projects of rebellion have been hatched—"

"Not so fast," interrupted Edward. "I see our two enchantresses yonder. It will, methinks, be pleasanter to join them. On some other occasion we may visit the curiosities of this rock."

As they walked towards the ladies, Martin observed, "Since you have the key to my feelings, Edward, you cannot but know that I am unhappy; for I perceived that my little sly tempter looked rather askance on me last night."

"Have courage," said Edward; "you must have your day of trial as well as others. I underwent a long, heart-burning season of suspense."

They had now advanced within hearing of the ladies. After the first salutation, "If it will not be intrusion," said Edward, "we should wish to share the pleasure of your ramble."

"We do not intend going far," said Ellen. "We were just about returning when we saw you approach."

"Could we prevail on you to extend your walk," said Martin, looking timidly at Miss Agnew, "we should be much gratified."

A pause ensued, each lady expecting the other to reply. At length Ellen said, "If our company could indeed be of any service to you, gentlemen, we should cheerfully afford it."

"I assure you, ladies," replied Edward, "there can be no species of recreation which we would prefer to your company."

"Nor," added Martin, fervently, "would we exchange that company for any other under the sun."

"You Dublin gentlemen," said Miss Agnew, "have a bold knack at complimenting. Is such language frequent in your city?"

"I protest, Miss Agnew," said Martin, with simplicity, "I only speak what I feel to be true."

"Ah! young man," she returned, "you are now fallen from the sublime. I should like you to take another flight towards the sun—but no, the clouds will be high enough; for I should not wish you to be overcome with fatigue, if you are to be our companion when you descend."

"I am, indeed, too much overpowered by my present feelings to venture on any flight," replied Martin.

"Our presence is perhaps oppressive to you," said she. "We had better, therefore, separate." So saying, she affected to turn away from him, but with a smile of such sweet good nature as threw him totally off his guard.

"Oh! no, Miss Agnew," he exclaimed, "do not leave me until I lay my heart open before you."

"Lay your heart open before me! What a sight it would be!" she exclaimed. "Why, this must be another of your Dublin customs."

During this conversation, Edward and Ellen had proceeded some distance in advance of their friends, so that Martin perceived that he had an opportunity of expressing himself more freely and explicitly on the subject of his new-born love.

"I shall now speak plainly to you, my lovely banterer," said he. "The language of feeling and of love is everywhere the same. Ah! have you not perceived, from the confusion of my eyes, the agitation of my manner, that you have become too interesting to me, too essential to my happiness?"

"Sir," said she, interrupting him, "this is strange discourse;—but we must follow our companions."

"Ah! let us imitate them too," said he, "by loving each other."

"They know each other better than we do," she replied, "and are consequently more excusable in yielding to the impulse of mutual affection with which their virtues have inspired them." While speaking thus, she hastened so rapidly forward, that they had nearly overtaken their companions, before he had time to ask, "When I am better known may I hope?"

"Perhaps so," was the only reply he received; but it was accompanied with a look that gave pleasure to his heart.

"Ellen, conscious that the state of her feelings was too well known to permit an overstrained reserve to appear natural, had, without hesita-

ion, accepted her lover's arm as they walked forward. Her gentle pressure communicated a thrill of delight to his whole frame, and he could not help exclaiming—"Ah! life of my heart! when shall I have a legal and exclusive claim to call thee my own, and to support thee thus in our walks, careless of observation, in the face of the world?"

"In that respect, I am not at my own disposal," she replied. "My father must act for me, or rather, his wisdom must show me how to act; but my father dares not now act openly; and I should very much question the propriety of giving away my hand while he lives, unless he appeared publicly on the occasion to sanction the deed."

"And publicly he will appear," replied her lover. "His danger is over, and his disguise will be thrown off this very day. The new viceroy is his friend, and has reversed his outlawry."

"Oh, Edward, do you indeed speak the truth?" she exclaimed. "But why do I doubt? This consummates the blessings which Heaven has so graciously, so abundantly showered on us of late. Lead me to my father, that, in his presence, I may thank my God."

Miss Agnew, who had heard her last expression, was astonished at her fervency; but, on learning the cause, she warmly joined in her thanksgiving.

Edward now informed Ellen that he expected her father had, by this time, thrown aside for ever his disguise, and that, in his own proper person, he would very soon appear at the castle to confirm the intelligence with his own lips. "Even at this moment he may be there," said he, "anxiously waiting to gladden the heart of his daughter with the certainty of his safety."

As the party approached the castle, they were overtaken by M'Nelvin, in company with a stranger of genteel appearance, who seemed somewhat beyond the middle age of life. He advanced towards them with a firm step and an air of courtesy, with a smile playing on his countenance, while M'Nelvin introduced him to them by the name of Sir Francis Hamilton.

Ellen startled, supposing that it might be her uncle, of whose death she had not been informed. "Sir John Hamilton, I rather suppose," said she.

"No; I have made no mistake. Sir Francis is his name," returned the poet.

"Yes, my daughter," exclaimed Sir Francis, "and I am thy father, the old Recluse, who has for six years been content to live as a hermit, because you were near him. He saw you all he wished you to be, and he was happy, although covered with the garb of poverty."

"You are indeed my father!" cried she. "That you are now safe, thank Heaven; but how have you become Sir Francis Hamilton? Has the Lord Lieutenant also given you a title?"

"No, my daughter. I have my title by inheritance. My brother, your uncle, is dead."

"Dead!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," replied her father. "He was a kind relative; and I cannot but feel much for his fate, it was so unexpected."

They soon arrived at the castle, where O'Halloran and his sister, being informed of the revolution in the affairs of the Recluse, partook of the general thankfulness; and the whole party enjoyed several days of higher felicity than usually falls to the lot of mortals.

CHAPTER XXII.

A FEW evenings after the foregoing incidents, Edward expressed a desire to view the celebrated cliffs called the Gabbon Heights, being the only part of the Antrim coast which he had not formerly visited. The young ladies, Martin and O'Halloran, agreed to accompany him; and it was settled that they should set out after breakfast the next morning.

The weather was as favourable as they could wish; and, at the time they left the shore, the sun had dispelled every cloud, and was ascending towards his meridian altitude in unveiled majesty. The water was smooth and glossy, for there had been no high winds for several days. A moderate and favourable breeze sprung up from the north-west, and filling their sails, soon blew them from the land. In about twenty minutes they were opposite the mouth of Larne harbour, and perceived the ruins of Old Fleet Castle, about two miles distant, standing on the narrow stripe of land called the Curran, which projects from the bottom of the valley in which Larne is situated, into the harbour, which expands southward into a large lake, extending upwards of five miles, between the mainland and the peninsula of Magee. Our party perceived the bosom of this lake to be studded with merchant vessels of various sizes, while numerous yachts, barges, and fishing boats, plied in the strait between the Curran and the peninsula. They soon, however, doubled one of the points of the latter, and lost sight of this animating scene.

On reaching Isle Muck, it was determined to land there, to take some refreshment, and give the ladies an opportunity of recovering from the effects of the motion of the boat. The surface of this islet consists of a green sward of about three acres in extent. It is uninhabited by man, but commonly contains a flock of sheep, and constantly a multitude of rabbits. Our party, after partaking of a cold dinner, materials for which they had taken care to bring with them, spent some time in rambling over the islet, and viewing from different points the magnificent and picturesque scenery of land, and water, and rocks, and ships, and castles, and cottages, that at various distances surrounded them. They at length seated themselves on a hillock, to enjoy the sweets of song and music before they departed.

The singing was finished, and the company preparing to depart, when two men on horseback were perceived galloping with great speed along the beach of the peninsula, opposite the islet. In a few seconds, a body of ten or twelve countrymen, in pursuit of them, also appeared, who, on seeing our party, drew back, but not until they had fired some shots at the fugitives, one of which brought the foremost horseman to the ground. Our party had brought some fowling pieces with them. O'Halloran, Sir Francis, Edward, and Martin, each seized one, and ran immediately to the boat. In a few minutes they were on the opposite shore, and, with the aid of their attendants, had rescued the wounded man and his companions from their assailants. But what was their astonishment to find the fallen fugitive no other than the notorious Sir Geoffrey Carebrow? Compassion predominated over resentment in their bosoms, and, without hesitation, they instantly placed him in their boat, and, at the earnest entreaty of his attendant, the infamous Berwick, who represented

that he had no other mode of escaping from his pursuers, they received him also on board.

On the voyage back, O'Halloran asked Berwick (Sir Geoffrey himself was unfit for conversation) how they had been exposed to this attack.

"Here is a letter," replied Berwick, "which will explain that matter.

O'Halloran at once declared the hand-writing to be that of his old associate, M'Cauley. He read it aloud as follows:—

"Sir Geoffrey Carebrow is informed by the writer of this, who wishes to share with him the reward offered for the heads of M'Cauley, Darragh, Archer, Kelly, and some others of the proscribed rebels, that if he will meet him at the uninhabited house near Isle Muck, to-morrow afternoon, the writer will go with him and point out a cave amidst the cliffs of the Gabbons, where they are secreted. This cave is accessible only by a very intricate path, which will be discovered to Sir Geoffrey. He may bring his servant Berwick with him, but must bring no military, lest alarm should be excited. The writer not wishing to be known, if military be brought, or any other servant than Berwick, whom he thinks trustworthy, he will not appear."

"Notwithstanding this caution," said Berwick, "my master brought fifty soldiers with him; but left them about half a mile from the place of meeting, and ordered me to accompany him there. The place is just behind that hill. On our way, after leaving the soldiers, I hinted to my master that there might be treachery in the affair. This seemed to alarm him, but he persisted in going forward, saying that the rebels were now too much frightened to do any more mischief. Being well mounted, we soon arrived in sight of the 'Old Ruins,' where we were to meet our unknown confederate, when perceiving the muzzles of two guns projecting out of one of the broken windows, my master's fear overcame his resolution, and we turned round to fly; but our flight towards the military was intercepted by a number of armed men, who were advancing on us. We had, therefore, nothing for it, but to take the road to the beach, which we did in such terror that we scarcely knew whither we fled, and should undoubtedly have fallen into their hands had not your appearance checked their approach."

As Sir Geoffrey seemed to be in great torture, our party hastened homeward with all the sail their boat could carry, in order as soon as possible to procure for him more comfortable accommodation and surgical assistance. Sir Geoffrey becoming very faint, they gave him some wine, and laid him on the bottom of the boat, in as comfortable a position as their circumstances would permit. His groans and ejaculations, indicating great torment both of mind and body, made a strong and melancholy impression on all present, especially the ladies. Cheerfulness, joy, and mirth vanished, and anxiety, gloom, and compassion occupied their places.

In the mind of Ellen, as she saw her dreaded persecutor, the arch-enemy of her peace, and the perjured betrayer of her grandfather's life, lying before her in all the agonies of mental despair and bodily pain, a suppliant for the compassion of those who had suffered so much from his wickedness, a mingled sensation of horror and pity arose, accompanied with an awful impression of the power of Providence, in frustrating the machinations of the wicked, and inflicting a just retribution for their crimes. Her feelings on this subject became so intense, that she almost

fainted as she leaned on the breast of her father ; but tears, the holy tears of heartfelt compassion, came to her relief.

"Why do you weep, my child?" asked her father.

"Ah! father," she replied, in a low tone, "I have been overcome by reflecting on that signal example now before us, of the certainty of vice meeting with punishment. That man's great wealth and influence seemed to place his crimes beyond the reach of human power to punish but a mightier power, one that can be neither eluded nor withstood, has taken up the sword of justice."

"Be comforted, my daughter," said Sir Francis, in a soothing manner. "This sight must indeed be appalling to you. But remember that if God punishes severely here, it is for gracious purposes hereafter."

Sir Geoffrey was immediately, on their landing, conveyed to that castle which he had been so lately active in damaging, and the generous hospitality of which he was now thankful to accept. Messages, at the same time, were despatched to request the attendance of Doctor Ferral and Mr M'Claverty. It was thought desirable that the latter should be made acquainted with the circumstances of the case, lest the government, or Sir Geoffrey's friends, might imbibe any misapprehension on the subject. The doctor attended immediately ; and, on examining the wound, unequivocally declared that it would be mortal. When informed of his situation, Sir Geoffrey became greatly dismayed, and overcome with the dread of death. When the first shock of his terror somewhat subsided, the propriety of sending for a notary and a clergyman was suggested to him. He at first opposed this, but musing for a few minutes, during an interval of ease which medicine now procured for him, he ejaculated, "Yes, it must be so! My days are finished.—Send for the Rev. Mr. Nichols, and for any notary you think proper; but let them come soon. In the meantime, request Miss O'Halloran to speak with me. A dying man cannot harm her ; I wish her grandfather also to be present."

With trembling steps Ellen approached the bedside, supported by O'Halloran.

"This is kind in you," said Sir Geoffrey. "I have asked you here to request forgiveness from you both for the injuries I intended you. After which, I shall, with an easier mind, solicit the forgiveness of Heaven."

They both assured him that they forgave him with all their hearts.

"Do you, fair lady?" said he—"You whom I loved more intensely than ever I did any of thy sex ; whom I so severely, so cruelly treated ; do you really say so ? or is it only a fond illusion of my mind?"

"I do really say so," replied Ellen; "I do indeed sincerely forgive you, and may Heaven forgive you also!"

"And you pray for me, too," said he. "O! then, I may indeed hope ; for Heaven will surely hear the petition of innocence and virtue like thine." Then turning to O'Halloran, he said, "Much injured man, dare I hope that you also will pray for your enemy!"

"Yes," replied O'Halloran. "Unfortunate man, fervently do I pray that the Almighty will grant you repentance, and pardon for all your crimes."

"And art thou he," exclaimed the conscience-stricken criminal, "to effect whose destruction I did not, in the height of my vengeful feelings, scruple to sin against my soul? Ah! that lies heavy on me."

"For that, too," said O'Halloran, "I hope you will be forgiven."

"God bless you," cried the penitent, "and hear your prayers in my behalf. And oh! may you never feel the pangs of conscience which I now feel."

He here convulsively covered his head, as if to conceal from his view something too dreadful to behold. Ellen could endure the scene no longer; for she had never conceived of anything so appalling as the horrible contortions of despair that disfigured Sir Geoffrey's countenance, and the wild flashing terror that gleamed from his eyes. She was therefore obliged to withdraw from such a distressing spectacle of human misery.

Prompt to the calls of duty, the Rev. Mr Nichols soon arrived; and never had a sinner more need of the consolations of the most merciful of all religions, than the despairing object to whom they were now administered. "No matter how great your crimes may be," said the holy man, when he found Sir Geoffrey had become sufficiently calm to listen to him, "an infinite propitiation has been made for human guilt. Put your trust in the great Redeemer, who died to ransom such as you from the effects of their transgressions. He who could pardon the malefactor on the cross is the same to-day, in power and in purpose, that He was then. Do not think that He died and suffered in vain, or that there can be any crime too great to be propitiated by such a sacrifice. He who pardoned the guilt of the royal adulterer and murderer, He who cleansed away the abominations of Manasseh, and forgave the cruelty of the persecuting Saul, can blot out your iniquities; and no one who sincerely sought for His redemption ever sought in vain; for He is long-suffering and full of kindness towards His creatures, and He has expressly said that, in the event of their repentance, although their sins be as scarlet, He will make them white as wool."

After this encouraging exhortation, followed by a fervent and animated address to the throne of divine mercy, the patient's mind became considerably composed, and on the arrival of the notary, he was able to go through the task of arranging his temporal affairs. This being accomplished, he desired to see O'Halloran; and taking from his pocket a key, he presented it to him, together with a newly-written paper.

"This key," said he, "opens a small set of ebony drawers, which you will find on a shelf on the south-eastern angle of my library; and this paper is a deed of gift of these drawers and all that they contain, with the exception of three certificates of money I possess in the national funds, which are to be disposed of as mentioned in my will. Everything else contained in these drawers, of value or not of value, is bequeathed to you. This deed I now make over to you in the presence of this notary. In the drawers there are testimonies of crimes I have committed, of which I hope, through the merits and sufferings of my Redeemer, to obtain eternal forgiveness; but the promulgation of which, while it would do the world no good, would uselessly bring ruin on the reputation, and embitter the lives of several individuals, who may have yet long to live."

O'Halloran assured him that he would cheerfully take charge of these things, and endeavour to fulfil his intentions, as far as lay in his power, concerning them, and concerning all other matters that might be entrusted to his care. The patient was then left quiet, and the anguish of both his mind and body being greatly relieved, he fell into a slumber,

which, although an uneasy one, continued till near the morning. When M'Claverty arrived he was awake, and considerably distressed from a recurrence of his bodily pain.

"In the name of Heaven?" exclaimed M'Claverty, on entering, and seeing the ghastly countenance of Sir Geoffrey, "how has this happened?"

"My evil career has been cut short," replied Sir Geoffrey. "I was shot at yesterday by a parcel of men, I believe some of the outlawed rebels, whose place of concealment I was endeavouring to discover."

"Shall I write this down?" asked the magistrate, "as your declaration of the means by which you came by the accident?"

"You may, and I will sign it," was the reply. This being done, he again fell into a slumber, which his pain did not permit to continue long; and he awoke with the hand of death upon him. He requested to see Ellen. When she entered his bed-chamber—

"Bless me, fair saint," said he, "and I shall die contented."

"May the God of heaven bless you," she replied, while the tears filled her eyes, "and take you to Himself."

"Amen!" he tried to utter, but the word died on his lips, and he sank back on the pillow in the agony of death. In a few minutes, Sir Geoffrey was no more.

After the funeral, the notary signified to Messrs O'Hailoran, M'Claverty, and Wilson, that they were appointed, by the deceased, executors of his last testament, and requested their attendance the next day at Carebrow Hall, in order that the manner in which he had disposed of his property might be made known to all whom it concerned. They accordingly met, and the will was read in the presence of all the testators and relatives who could conveniently attend, of whom a married sister, and two female cousins, both married, were the nearest of kin.

His whole property, both real and personal, was bequeathed to his sister, with the exceptions mentioned in the will. These were seventy thousand pounds, bequeathed to Ellen, as an atonement for the persecutions his uncontrollable passion had obliged her to sustain; eight thousand pounds, to be equally divided between his two cousins; and the ebony drawers, with all they contained, excepting the certificates referred to, bequeathed to O'Hailoran, who proceeded, according to the express direction of the will, to examine them in private. In the first drawer he opened, he found the certificates. In the second, he found the mortgage which he had given for sixty thousand pounds on his own estate. Immediately relocking the drawers, and returning to the company, he desired so much of the will to be a second time read, as would enable him clearly to understand the testator's meaning, in bequeathing to him the ebony drawers and their contents. This being done—

"Gentlemen," said he to the other executors, "I am so delicately situated, with respect to this legacy, that my judgment cannot at once decide how to act. I shall, however, be governed by your opinions. I borrowed, as is now publicly known, a large sum from the deceased, and gave him, for security, a mortgage on my landed property, which mortgage, to my astonishment, I find in one of these drawers."

"Then it is undoubtedly yours," observed M'Claverty. "This explains the mystery of his anxiety to give you the key of these drawers before he died, and perhaps, too, of his requisition that you should ex-

amine them privately, lest some interested person might displace that important paper."

"I am not clear on that point," returned O'Halloran. "He may have forgot that this instrument was there when he dictated the will."

"Gentlemen," interrupted the notary, "with your permission, I can at once decide this controversy. When writing that part of the will, the deceased declared to me that his intention was to give up to Mr O'Halloran the incumbrance that he held on his property."

"Since that is the case," said O'Halloran, "I believe I need not scruple to avail myself of this unexpected kindness of the deceased, who had an undoubted right to dispose of this part of his property as he pleased."

"Upon my word," exclaimed M'Claverty, "you seem as much afraid of touching what is decidedly your own, as if you were committing theft. But I wish you joy of your good fortune; and on account of this business I shall, notwithstanding all his faults, respect the testator's memory as long as I live."

The government certificates being now produced, each of the female cousins received that appropriated to her; and, at the desire of his co-executors, O'Halloran placed that bequeathed to Ellen in his pocket-book, and, in company with Mr Wilson, returned home on horseback.

That evening, after tea, Mrs Brown had left the room on some domestic business, and Martin had accompanied Miss Agnew on a ramble into the fields. Edward and Ellen were therefore left to the unobserved and delicious enjoyment of their own society. They had been for some time conversing on late events, and were now building delightful "castles in the air," when O'Halloran entered.

When O'Halloran approached, "My love!" said he to Ellen, "since God has, I hope, removed to himself the man who lately so much disturbed your peace, I trust that any resentment you may ever have felt against him is buried in his grave; and that you harbour no wish injurious to his memory."

She looked stedfastly in his face, and repeated, "Harbour a wish injurious to his memory! No, my grandfather. My worst wish concerning him is that his soul may now be in paradise."

"For that sentiment, dear, forgiving girl, then," said he, "receive this;" and he handed her the paper by which she became a government creditor, to the amount of seventy thousand pounds. "This shows, at least, that he wished to make some atonement for what he caused you to suffer. He has bequeathed you this."

She looked at the paper for several seconds, as if involved in some doubt concerning it. "And am I free to receive this legacy?" she asked.

"As perfectly free," he replied, "as if I had myself willed it to you on my death-bed."

Edward here started as if from a reverie. "Miss Hamilton," said he, "if your grandfather has no objection, I wish just now to speak with you a moment on this subject by ourselves."

"With all my heart," said O'Halloran; "but remember that it is not in the power of Sir Geoffrey's executors to make any other disposal of this property."

"I shall counsel her to accept it," replied Edward; and O'Halloran immediately withdrew.

"As I trust," said the young lover, to the mistress of his heart, when they were alone, "that your fortune and mine will soon be the same, I hope that it will not be considered officiousness in me to suggest my wishes respecting your disposal of this legacy. My fortune does not require any addition; but your grandfather is involved in a large debt to the estate of this very Sir Geoffrey, and it would almost appear that he had left you this to enable you to relieve from incumbrance a man whom he had so seriously injured."

"It is right, Edward," she replied. "How kind you are to advise me thus! My grandfather's debts shall be discharged immediately out of this sum. Let us hasten to him, for I shall not be easy until it be done."

O'Halloran had gone to his library. They followed him, Ellen still holding the paper in her hand. "What," said he, as he saw them approaching, "have you decided already? I see you are a persuasive adviser, Mr Barrymore."

"Grandfather!" said Ellen, running to him, and catching him by the hand, "you must grant me one request."

"Be assured, my dear," he returned, "that I shall grant you anything in reason."

"In reason or out of reason," she observed, "you must grant me this one."

"That is very exacting, Ellen, but what would you have, my child?"

"I would have you to receive this," said she, presenting him the government note.

"If it be to manage it for you, I shall receive it with pleasure," he replied.

"No," said she, "manage it for yourself. I do not wish Sir Geoffrey's successors to have any claim upon you."

"They have no claim upon me," he replied. "But, if they had, do you think that I would rob you to satisfy them? No, I would rather sell my last acre."

"Are you not largely indebted to Sir Geoffrey's heirs?" she asked.

"I do not owe them a fraction, my child" he answered. "But I cannot, indeed, I cannot bear this." (Here tears of fondness and joy swelled in his eyes.) "Your affection makes your old grandfather weep like a babe. Come to my arms, and let me embrace the daughter, the delight of my old age." So saying, he impressed a parental kiss on her glowing cheek, and sat down for a few seconds to recover from his agitation; then, again rising, "Edward—Ellen!" said he, catching a hand of each, and joining them, "may your children, and your children's children, love you with a love like this, and make your hoary age as happy as you now make mine!"

"Thank you, father, for this inestimable gift," cried Edward; and, forgetting himself in the delirium of the moment, "Permit me to embrace such excellence," said he to Ellen, and he also impressed a burning kiss on her cheek ere she was aware. In an instant she burst from his embrace, and ran to conceal her confusion in an antechamber.

"Edward immediately felt that he had acted rudely, and heartily condemning himself, he begged O'Halloran to intercede for his pardon.

"Ah!" said O'Halloran, "I confess you are rather vehement. But be at ease, I shall try to procure your forgiveness."

He then sought Ellen, and leading her back into Edward's presence—"You must forgive this rash youth," said he, "for I set him the example; and he only forgot that he had not the weight of nearly threescore years on his head to entitle him to such privileges."

"Pardon me, Miss Hamilton!" said Edward, imploringly. "By Heavens! you know I would rather cut off my right hand than offer you an intentional insult."

"Well, sir," said she, "to please my grandfather I will overlook this piece of folly. But you must remember never to treat me again with such disrespect."

"Never, never, my beloved!" he exclaimed, as he fervently kissed the hand she held out to him in token of reconciliation.

"Well!" said O'Halloran, seating himself on a chair, and laughing heartily at them—"what fools you are! what a love scene you have acted in the presence of an old man! It will be well for you if I do not discover the whole to Miss Agnew. She would undoubtedly divert young Martin with it for a month to come."

They both begged that he would not mention the incident, it was so ridiculous, and was now no more to be thought of by themselves. He cautioned them to keep their own secret, and he should certainly not betray them.

"But," said Ellen, wishing to turn the conversation into another channel, "you refuse my offer; may I ask the reason?"

"Because, my child," said O'Halloran, "I do not need it. I have a clear income of five thousand a year, which is more than enough for an old widower of fifty-nine, who has no longer any ambition to become conspicuous in the world."

"How is this, grandfather?" said she; "pardon my inquiry, for you know your welfare is necessary to mine."

"I know it, my daughter, and shall satisfy you." He then produced the mortgage, and informed them that he also was a legatee of Sir Geoffrey, at least to the amount mentioned in that instrument, but to how much more he did not himself know, as he had not yet examined all the ebony drawers."

"Then, sir," said she, "I suppose I must keep my legacy."

That very evening one of O'Halloran's servants brought from the post-office a letter to Edward from his father, and one to Sir Francis Hamilton from the Lord Lieutenant. Edward's was as follows:

"MY SON,—A few days ago I received from you a very foolish letter, requesting me to consent to your marriage with a woman I never saw, nor, until that very moment, ever heard of. I took, of course, some pains to inquire concerning her, and her connections. The only person from whom I could obtain much information is your old mendicant protege, who praises her in a style that I cannot well understand; but from which I can gather that she is a great beauty. I presume, therefore, that, in the ardour of your admiration, you have endowed her with angelic qualities, for in the eyes of every love-sick young man who has a handsome mistress, she cannot be aught else than an angel.

"But, sir, how does it happen that you could suppose your father as easily blinded as yourself on such a subject? or how could you imagine that bright eyes and a fine complexion could make up in my estimation for obscurity of birth, and rebellious connections; for I understand that

the lady in question is daughter to an outlaw, and granddaughter to a rebel; and a rebel, too, of the very worst stamp; one whose influence in the country has been wilfully perverted from preserving its tranquillity to promoting its destruction. How could the loyal, the virtuous, the patriotic Edward Barrymore, he of whose promising talents and acquirements his friends have been hitherto so proud, degrade himself and the family whose representative he is by such a connection?

"I speak nothing of the lady's want of fortune, although I am informed that her grandfather, on whom she totally depends, has mortgaged his property for more than it is worth, for the wicked purpose too of procuring supplies for the rebel armies. If ever the fomentor of a country's ruin deserved death, this jacobinical old man, according to all accounts, did so. But your boyish and imprudent attachment for a handsome face interfered and snatched him from justice. When I first heard of that affair, I was silly enough to approve of your conduct, as I ascribed it to a generous impulse of humanity and gratitude for one who had, as it is reported, saved your life. But I now see that a foolish passion for a pretty girl was at the bottom of your apparent benevolence. What your uncle will say on this subject I cannot tell, for I have not yet communicated it to him. But as he scarcely approved of your interference in behalf of the old rebel, I presume he will utterly disapprove of your intention to contaminate the purity of your family blood, by marrying the granddaughter.—But enough on this subject.

"Ah! sir, is it a time for any of the house of Barrymore to bask indolently in the rays of beauty, or in the enjoyment of female blandishments, when the fabric of society is tottering to its very foundations? When your country is assailed at once by domestic traitors and foreign invaders, ought you, in the vigour of youth and activity, to desert her cause, and lie supinely sunk under the fascinations of love and luxury?

"I call on you, I order you to throw off your disgraceful chains, and fly to the standard of your king and country. The French have landed, in what force it is not exactly known, on the Connaught coast. But it is certain that they will form a rallying point for insurrection. It is said that the peasantry have already swelled their ranks to a countless multitude. I take the field to-morrow, as commander of a regiment of cavalry, in which I have preserved for you the rank of a captain. Cornwallis has placed himself at the head of the troops: and I trust that we shall all exhibit a zeal and soldierlike conduct worthy of our cause, and of such a renowned commander.

"I shall expect you to join us, wherever we may be encamped, in a week at furthest from this date; and, if you do your duty on this occasion, as becomes you, your late errors will be forgiven by your indulgent father,

"THOMAS BARRYMORE."

The Lord Lieutenant's letter required Sir Francis Hamilton's immediate attendance on the army.

Edward and Sir Francis made hasty preparations to set off, in obedience to these requisitions, the next morning.

Edward saw that, with respect to Ellen, his father had received some unfavourable impressions, but believing that, at their first interview, he could, by a simple statement of the truth, easily remove these, he did not

think proper to disclose to either her or her friends this part of the intelligence he had received.

Ellen was much agitated on parting with her lover. "You are going," said she, "into danger; I may never see you again. Oh! I thought—I presumptuously thought that all my misfortunes were at an end—but I may yet have the greatest that could befall me, to endure. And my father, too—to be torn from me. Oh! Heaven grant that I may not have just found him only to lose him for ever!"

"Dearest Ellen," replied her lover, "be comforted. This new disturbance, this daring invasion, will not be long able to withstand the power that shall be led to its suppression under the direction of such an able commander. Fear not but that we shall soon return safe and victorious."

"Go, then, my Edward, and, if my unceasing prayers prevail on Heaven to protect thee, thou shalt indeed return safe and uninjured."

"Then, my love," said he, "Heaven, I am assured, will hear thy prayers; and I shall have nothing to fear."

They now exchanged vows of lasting fidelity; and Ellen retired to seek sympathy from the friendship of Miss Agnew. But Miss Agnew was in almost as much need of a comforter as herself. She had just taken a tender farewell of Martin, who had resolved, in this alarming juncture, to volunteer his services to the government.

Sir Francis requested Jemmy Hunter to accompany him, as his attendant, to which he readily agreed, after a reluctant and weeping consent was obtained from his Peggy, to whom he gave a tender embrace at parting; and with a full and manly heart said, "May God keep you and the wean frae a' ill till I see you again!"

With her child (which was now about six weeks old) in her arms, she followed him to the door. "You were aye kind to me, Jemmy," said she, half-choked with grief; "but you are noo gaun in a lawfu' cause, and in guid company. May grace gae wi' ye!—an' may He keep you that can keep you, an' bring you safe back to your wife an' wean!" She then retired to offer up to Heaven, in simple but fervent language, the artless wishes of her soul for the husband of her affections, the father of her child.

As Jemmy rode to the castle to join the gentlemen, previous to their departure, he thought intensely of his Peggy. "Gude keep her for a guid creature, and the wee helpless wean—how it looked at me!" Here a few tears swelled in his eyes. "But I maunna be such a chicken as this," thought he, and he wiped them off with a courageous resolution that they should have no successors.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE French, under the command of General Humbert, an experienced and active officer of revolutionary origin, landed about the middle of August, to the number of between eleven and twelve hundred men, at Killala, in the west of the island. They brought with them a large quantity of arms and warlike stores of every description, for the supply of the multitude of insurgents, whom they expected immediately to join their standards; and, in some degree, they were not disappointed;

although the conciliatory measures so prudently adopted by the new administration prevented their hopes from being altogether realized.

Landing in a Catholic district, they were indeed joined by a considerable number of the more zealous of the lower orders of that persuasion; but they were denied the more efficient aid of the influential and wealthy portion of the community, who had universally embraced the terms of the late proclamation of indemnity and remained at peace.

The French, with their Irish auxiliaries, soon advanced upon Castlebar, the capital of Mayo, the county in which they landed, and there they briskly attacked and defeated General Lake, who commanded a small division of the royal troops. This success opened their way into the interior of the country, and, besides increasing the number of their insurgent allies, spread consternation among all ranks of the royalists throughout the kingdom.

Cornwallis, however, was soon on his march at the head of ten thousand men, in order to wrest its short lived triumph from the invading standard. He was about three days' march from the metropolis, when Edward Barrymore and his friends joined him. Sir Francis Hamilton received from the Lord Lieutenant all that cordial and friendly welcome which, from his knowledge of that nobleman's warmth of heart, he expected; and was immediately appointed to the office which he had been solicited to accept. Edward's father was so well pleased with his orders having been so promptly obeyed, that he received his son with much kindness.

"This is right, Edward," said he, taking him aside; "you will now have a more honourable employment than sighing at the feet of a woman."

"Ah! sir," replied Edward, "you do not know that woman, otherwise you would not speak so lightly of her."

"So you think, foolish boy. I see she has you still in her chains. But I shall not at present reproach you. I indeed admire your obedience and zeal on this occasion the more, that I perceive what they have cost you. But when you choose a wife, if you would please me, you must choose one well connected."

"Oh, father, this lady's connections are not properly known to you."

"I have heard of them."

"But permit me to say that you have heard misrepresentations."

"Was not her grandfather a rebel chief, condemned to the gallows?"

"Yes, sir; but deservedly pardoned. He was always virtuous, humane, and honourable."

"Is her father not an outlaw for murder?"

"No, sir!"

"And what is he?"

"His name is Sir Francis Hamilton?"

"What! he who came here to-day with you, and whom his excellency esteems so much!"

"The same is Ellen Hamilton's father."

"Why, I was told that O'Halloran is her name, and that her grandfather, to save her from the disgrace of bearing that of a murderer, gave her his own."

"He gave it to her from affection, as he brought her up from her infancy, her father having had to fly the country."

"Is it true, then, that he was an outlaw?"

"Yes, but not for murder. His wife's honour was assailed by a villain. For her he fought, as, in similar circumstances, you would have done, and conquered."

"Well, my son, we shall speak more of this hereafter," he said, perceiving the Lord Lieutenant and Sir Francis Hamilton advancing towards them.

"Mr Barrymore," said his excellency, "permit me to become acquainted with your son, of whom my friend, Sir Francis Hamilton, whom I beg leave to introduce to you, speaks so highly." The introduction having taken place, the party accompanied Lord Cornwallis to his quarters.

They had scarcely sat down, when an express arrived with intelligence that the enemy had penetrated as far as Tuam, in the county of Galway, little more than a day's march distant, where they had chosen ground for an encampment, which they had commenced entrenching, as if they intended there to await an attack. Their number was not ascertained, but, including the French, it was supposed to be nearly twenty thousand.

Orders to move forward were immediately issued. The trumpets sounded, the drums beat to arms, and in a few minutes the army resumed its march.

The honourable Thomas Barrymore, at the head of a squadron of horse, led the van. His son had a station assigned him in the same corps, in order that he might be near his father.

That night brought them within ten miles of the enemy; and, at about nine o'clock the next morning, they perceived, about a mile distant, the insurrectionary banners in the vicinity of the tri-coloured flag, floating in the air on the opposite hill, which was covered with a countless multitude, who were evidently, however, with the exception of the French, destitute of everything like military discipline.

Humbert had indeed made every arrangement in his power, to repel the formidable attack which he knew he was about to sustain; and something like a regular division of his forces into four bodies appeared to have taken place. His own men were in the centre, where the ground was most accessible. Behind them, and on each side, large bodies of the Irish, covering almost the whole rising ground, were placed. The French artillery was stationed at intervals along the front of their line.

Between the two armies there was a low broken hedge, along which, on the side next the royal army, ran a small stream, but which, at this time, owing to a long season of dry weather, contained very little water. However much assured of victory, the military caution of Cornwallis would not permit him to make the attack until he had ascertained the most practicable spot for passing the obstruction with his cavalry.

For this purpose he despatched colonel Barrymore, with a party of about fifty horsemen, up the streamlet, while another trusty officer, with a similar party, went on the same errand in the opposite direction. Edward attended his father on his duty, and Jemmy Hunter who had, on his arrival at the camp, obtained permission to join the cavalry, was also of the party.

The detachment, which went down the stream soon found such a passage as their general wanted; and immediately returned. As the Barrymore detachment, therefore gained the brow of a small hill, about half a mile distant from where they had set out, they heard the royal trumpets

sounding; and immediately a heavy cannonade was commenced by the king's troops, reciprocated almost instantly by their opponents. Knowing by this that the object of their search was elsewhere discovered, they were about to return to their former station, when they observed a body of about a hundred and fifty insurgent horsemen descending the hill, leading from the extremity of the enemy's right, and approaching towards them at full speed. They immediately formed into a compact body, and riding briskly among the insurgents, whose very speed had deranged their order, if they had ever possessed any, in a few minutes put them to flight with considerable loss. They had scarcely pursued the fugitives to the bottom of the hill, when two men on horseback were perceived rushing furiously down in order to rally them. One of these men in particular displayed great energy. With a drawn sabre he endeavoured to arrest the progress of those who seemed resolved to fly past him, exclaiming, "Cowards! see what a handful of men you fly from! Turn, for Heaven's sake and fight. This day decides the fate of your country. Follow me; if ye are men, follow me!"

Only about thirty of the most resolute reined their horses and followed him. The foremost and almost alone he rushed on his opponents. The first and second of Barrymore's horsemen he met scarcely obstructed his flying speed. He gave each only a passing blow with his sabre, by which he clove them from their horses, as if he had struck twigs from their stems. Opposition seemed to give way before him; and, almost unobstructed, he directed his fearful course towards Colonel Barrymore.

Edward, alarmed for his father's safety, galloped forward to arrest the death-blow, which he saw aimed against him; but ere he could prevent it, that blow was given, and his father had fallen. With uncontrollable fury he rushed to meet his terrible antagonist, who perceived him, while he was yet some paces distant; and redashing his spurs into his horse, darted towards him.

The horses met with a dreadful momentum, and were both overthrown. But in an instant their riders had gained their feet. The same instant they recognised each other, and paused, as if surprise had for a moment paralyzed their strength.

Edward first exclaimed, "McCauley!" "Barrymore!" was the immediate reply.

That moment Edward heard a groan from his father as some person raised him from the ground. "Villain! die! you have killed my father," he shouted, flying with the force and agility of a lion on his antagonist, who, however, coolly parried the attack without returning it, crying out, at the same time,

"By the life of him you saved from the gallows! Barrymore, I will not hurt you, if you should slay me on the spot."

An instinctive feeling of reluctance to destroy a man thus voluntarily throwing himself in his power, occasioned Edward to desist from the attack. Another of the insurgents now rode forward, crying out "Slay him, McCauley! Down with the young traitor. Had you slain him when I advised you, at the Point Rock, you would not now have to fight him. But, by God! there's another traitor I'll smite to the earth."

He had that moment seen Jemmy Hunter, who was advancing to Edward's assistance. He hastened towards him, exclaiming, "Accursed villain! I owe you a deadly debt. Receive this!" But before he could

wield his weapon, Jemmy's sabre had fallen with well aimed and resistless force, on his neck, and his head hung half-severed from his body, as if a school-boy's wand had broken down the head of a thistle, and he immediately reeled from his horse.

"Darragh! you were owre lang o' gettin' this," cried Jemmy. "Had I gien ye't a twalmonth ago in M'Gorley's stable in Larne, ye would hae gane to your lang hame wi' fewer sins on your head."

"Is it you, traitor?" cried M'Cauley; "but you must pay for it;" and he aimed a fierce and sudden blow at Hunter. But the stroke was dexterously avoided, although it did not fall without mischief, for Hunter's horse received it in his neck, and tumbled to the ground. M'Cauley would have repeated the blow with fatal effect, had not Edward sprung forward, and struck the falling blade with such force that it almost forsook its owner's grasp.

"Desperate wretch," cried he, "will you commit another murder in my sight, and expect I will look tamely on it? Ah! hear you my father's groans! O Heaven! he has been slain by an assassin—a monster!"

"Assassin!" reiterated M'Cauley, assuming the countenance of a fiend—"By Heaven, that word has sealed thy doom. Away with it!" cried he, as if he was discharging some troublesome feeling that seemed tenaciously to harbour in his breast; "away—all regard for the preserver of O'Halloran is now fled."

So saying, he withdrew a step backwards, as if to come forward with a surer aim, and redoubled force. Edward met him with equal force, and, his father's groans still ringing in his ears, with a higher degree of rage than he had ever before felt. Fury flashed from the eyes of both, and when their weapons met the clash shook the air, the fiery sparks fell around them, and they both reeled with the concussion.

Edward was an expert and educated swordsman; and he now applied his science for his safety. A forward thrust by M'Cauley, who conceived that he had a fair opportunity for such a manoeuvre, was so well observed and so dexterously turned aside that the weapon passed without doing injury, while Edward's was instantly buried in his antagonist's body, who fell, but uttered not a groan.

Edward immediately ran to his father, whom he found almost speechless. But on hearing his son's voice he faintly uttered, "Pursue the enemy."

A sense of public duty rushed on Edward's mind, and mounting the horse of a man whom he ordered to remain with his father to support him and keep his wound stanchd, he galloped after his men, who had again discomfited the insurgent party, and were just commencing a new pursuit. Having followed them to the very verge of their camp, which was now getting fast into confusion, he withdrew them to the scene of his late action, in good order, no attempt being made by the enemy to follow them.

Indeed by this time the attention of the insurgents all over the hill was principally engaged in providing for their own safety. Cornwallis had ordered a large party of both horse and foot to march by the passage over the stream, that had been discovered as before mentioned, for the purpose of outflanking the enemy's left, while his powerful artillery continued to commit great havoc upon them in front. As soon as this de-

tachment reached its destination, and opened its fire, the insurgents on the whole of the left and rear of the French, fled in all directions, and were pursued with a too terrible slaughter by the cavalry.

General Humbert, seeing that it was in vain to resist longer, hoisted the white flag. The firing immediately ceased on both sides, and after a short negotiation, the French, having lost about one-third of their number, surrendered themselves prisoners of war. The insurgents to the right of the French now followed the example of those who had occupied the left; and in a short time there was no enemy to be seen on the field.

Being persuaded that the rebels were thoroughly dispersed, and that there was no danger of their rallying again to give any more disturbance, the viceroy, from motives of humanity, soon ordered the pursuit to cease, so that this complete and decisive victory, which terminated the disastrous insurrection of 1798, was achieved with far less bloodshed than from the numbers arrayed on both sides, previous to the engagement, could have been expected. This was undoubtedly owing to the judicious and humane plan which the viceroy took to disperse the insurgents, rather by intimidation than actual slaughter, in which he completely succeeded, as well as to his ordering the pursuit to be so soon relinquished. It was fortunate also that there were few such resolute and daring men among the Southern conspirators as M'Cauley, otherwise the resistance, and consequently the slaughter, would have been infinitely greater. That unfortunate man, on hearing of the landing of the French, had left his concealment at the Gabbons, and, in company with Darragh, and eight or nine more of the proscribed Northerns, joined the invaders on their march from Castlebar to Tuam. These men all met with their death in this engagement.

When Edward had obtained accommodation for his father in the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, and had left him under surgical care, he returned with Jemmy Hunter to where M'Cauley and Darragh lay, in order to ascertain their fate. The latter was dead. He had died almost instantly, his head, as has been already observed, having been nearly separated from his body. The former was still alive, but very much exhausted.

Edward proposed that he should be carried to a house, and receive the care of a surgeon; but to this he would not consent.

"Here," said he, "is the most honourable place for me to die, and I rejoice that my death has been occasioned by honourable hands. My life was rendered miserable, but my spirits were never depressed; nor was I ever so irresolute as to abandon my purpose for fear of an ignominious death.—and Providence has been kinder to me than I perhaps deserved. I have not always squared my actions by the rules of conduct or the notions of morality generally adopted by men. An instinctive perception—some might call it the impulse of feeling, but I have flattered myself that it was the dictate of conscience—generally directed me in my path, and pointed out what I should do. To neglect the inspirations of this instinct which I had made my guide, I considered as great a crime as to infringe the prohibitions of the Divine law; and the most questionable action of my life, the destruction of M'Bride, I considered as a positive duty, because it was suggested by this regulator of my conduct.

Mr Barrymore, I die because I was an assassin, as you please to term it; for had you not enraged me by pronouncing a word which I considered an insult, I should not have fought you, and you would not have slain me; neither could you have done so to-day, had I been naturally of a more blood-thirsty disposition, for then, fifteen months ago, I should have taken the advice of the wretched man who lies there, and sent you unseen or unheard of, to the grave. But my inward monitor forbade me, and I dared not do it. And now, if I have really been such a pest to the world, such a monster of mischief to society, as my enemies have called me, by my own forbearance you have lived to avenge the world, and rid society of me.

"Hear, now, my last words; for I feel that I shall not be able to speak much longer. Let not my death cause you any regret, for to you it was no crime. Vexation for the fall of a beloved father prompted you to utter harsh expressions; these expressions occasioned my death, by causing me to draw upon you. But it is a death I rejoice in; the death of a Hampden, on the field of glory, in my country's cause, and by the hand of an honourable man. What can be a happier consummation? But, oh! farewell. Tell O'Halloran that I died blessing my country."

The last words were almost inaudible, and he expired in a few minutes after uttering them. When Edward beheld him dead, his heart smote him. "It is the first death that has ever been occasioned by my hand," he exclaimed, "and, oh! may heaven grant that neither duty nor accident may prevent it from being the last!"

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEN Edward returned to his father, he was given to understand that the latter had not many hours to live.

"Oh, father!" cried he, catching his hand, and bathing it in tears, "how soon has it pleased God to take you from me! You have been to me a good father. You have ever been to me an example, a director and a friend. Ah! who can to me supply your place?"

"Edward," said his father, "grieve not thus. I must now repeat what I have often inculcated upon you. Bear misfortunes with the spirit of a man, and the resignation of a Christian. Show yourself, whether in prosperity or in adversity, worthy of the house of Barrymore. It is useless, it is unbecoming, to lament in this manner. And why should we lament for this result of the day? It ought to be esteemed a day of rejoicing, and not of grief. We have crushed a mighty rebellion; and ere I die, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the decisiveness of this day's victory has secured to my country and my children the blessings of just laws, and a well regulated government—a government equally removed from despotism and anarchy.

"These, my son, are blessings worth fighting for, worth dying for. Edward, if you inherit any of your father's principles and feelings, you will not, if fate requires it, regret to die for them. When you have children, I know you will not; for the power of transmitting such a legacy as our incomparably happy form of government, cannot be pur-

chased too dear. Ah! what would be my pangs on this death-bed, if I perceived the enemies of that truly free and rational government triumphant, and all its wise and venerable institutions in danger of being subverted by the demons of anarchy, bigotry, and massacre. But, thank God! in the midst of my country's madness, in the midst of her delirious attempts at self-destruction, the weapon has been wrested from her hand; and although in the blind fury of her paroxysm, she has inflicted dreadful wounds on her welfare and prosperity, yet I trust, that the regenerating soundness of her constitution will soon repair her injuries, and restore her once more to vigour and happiness.

"Your mother and your sister will now look to you as their protector. I know that you will treat them with all the care and tenderness with which I have treated them. Be to them in my stead,—be to your country in my stead."

"My father," cried Edward, "I shall, with all my soul, endeavour to be so. But who shall be to me in your stead?"

His father paused a few moments, and then replied. "My son, you have a heavenly Father; never, never forget that. But there is also one man on earth, to whom, if he will accept them, I will resign my rights over you. I hope he will be to you a parent such as I have been. I wish to see Sir Francis Hamilton."

That gentleman, in company with the Lord Lieutenant, was just approaching to inquire after his situation. When they entered his apartment, "My Lord," said he, "I congratulate you and the country on this day's victory. I hope it will terminate this unnatural rebellion."

"I hope so," replied the viceroy; "but we have purchased it dearly with your loss."

"My Lord, I am happy to die in such a manner, and in such a cause. My country will experience but little injury, for I shall leave here this young man, my only son, to fill my place; and to him, Sir Francis Hamilton," said he, looking at that gentleman, "I wish you to fill mine. I am no stranger to his ardent attachment to your daughter; and although I have never seen her, the circumstances of her being your child and his choice, are to me sufficient for wishing her to become his wife; and if you have no objection to receive him as your son-in-law, when I am no more, the reflection, that he has such a prospect of happiness before him, will contribute much to soothe my dying moments."

Sir Francis, grasping the hand of the patient, which was extended to him, replied,

"I am sorry that my Edward, for I will now call him mine, so soon, so suddenly loses such a father. With all my heart and soul I shall endeavour, however imperfectly, to supply the loss; for if I were to search the whole civilized world, I should not find a man whom my heart would prefer to him as a husband for my daughter."

"Then, Edward," said the Colonel, "give me your hand. May you soon be happy with the woman of your choice, and may Heaven bless you and her with every virtue that may entitle you to happiness."

Not many hours after this, Colonel Barrymore closed his eyes upon all earthly scenes. His body was carried to Dublin, and thence to Barrymount, the family seat, and there buried with his fathers, in the presence of a large concourse of real mourners.

His brother, the Earl, being now much advanced in life, for he was

upwards of fifteen years older than the Colonel, laid his death so much to heart, they having ever lived on the most affectionate footing, that, from being only infirm, he became diseased, and soon felt such a change for the worse in his constitution, that he prognosticated that he was speedily approaching his last illness.

"And I am content that it should be so," said he to Edward's mother and sister (who now resided at Barrymount for the purpose of giving him their society), "for since my beloved brother has left this world, it is become to me a world of desolation. Oh! I wish, fervently wish to follow him to that world of happiness which he now inhabits, and where, when we once meet, we shall never part."

In the meantime, Edward's heart panted to visit the North. But he could not with propriety leave his uncle in his present precarious situation. He, however, in almost daily letters, poured forth the ardour of his soul to his beloved, and received from her regular replies, which formed his only consolation during his present afflictions.

One day his uncle called him to his bed-side. "Edward," said he, "on you will soon devolve the duty of supporting in the world, the name, rank, and respectability of our family, which, I am proud to say, has never yet been tarnished by a mean or an unprincipled act. There is nothing in the world I value so highly as this family reputation. I received it pure from my ancestors, and neither your father nor I have, thank God! done anything to sully it. To you it shall soon be committed a sacred trust. You will guard it, therefore, with solicitude, and transmit it to your posterity as pure as you found it; and may Heaven grant you a virtuous offspring to know its value, and perpetuate its purity!"

"There is one thing in which, if you can indulge me, you will afford me great gratification. I understand that your father, on his death-bed, gave his assent to your marriage with a lady in the county of Antrim, to whom you are attached. I should be glad before I die to see that lady whose conduct is to have such influence on the future reputation of the name of Barrymore; for, on the mother of a family, the transmission of its character depends more than on any other individual. You may deem such a desire as this whimsical, and, perhaps, with respect to the lady, not altogether delicate. But it is surely natural that I should be desirous to see the mother of the future Barrymores. From the lady my desire may be kept concealed; consequently no wound will be given to her delicacy. Her father, without any impropriety, may introduce her to your mother and sister as a friend; and I am sure he would not object to do so if he knew how ardently I wish it."

Edward conceived that it would be fruitless as well as cruel to oppose this strange fancy of his uncle. Besides, he was secretly pleased with the opportunity it afforded of soliciting Sir Francis to bring his daughter to this part of the country. "To the North," said he to himself, "my thoughts every day, every hour, every minute direct themselves. But if Ellen were here, I should not think of the North."

The next day he rode into the city, and stated simply to Sir Francis his uncle's request, together with its motives. Sir Francis made no hesitation in soliciting his daughter and O'Halloran to visit the metropolis, which they did in little more than a week afterwards. In a few days he drove them to Barrymount on a visit to the old Earl's, with whom he had of late become intimate.

Edward had received intelligence of the day on which they were to arrive. How did his heart beat with joyful impatience! He rose that morning earlier than usual, for he could not sleep. The day which he had thus rendered longer than ordinary, appeared to him preternaturally so. Many an anxious look he cast at his watch. "It will never be the afternoon," thought he. He was almost tempted to move the hands of the watch forward, but he reflected that such a measure would add no velocity to the wheels of Sir Francis's coach. He then tried to read, but it would not do. He then tried to walk, but it was equally vain. He next had recourse to writing a letter to Martin, but he dated it wrongly; took another sheet of paper, wrote "My dear sir," twice; and, in the first line, instead of the word "pleasure," wrote "perplexity;" and, in the second, for the words, "I learn you are still at home," he substituted, "I think she will surely soon come." He dashed the pen across the lines, execrated his stupidity, and gave it up as an impracticable task. He then threw himself on a sofa, and bravely determined, since he could not get rid of his impatience, to bear it like a man. He lay for about five minutes quiet enough, and then looked around. "Charlotte," said he to his sister, who was present, "Charlotte, my dear, what o'clock is it?"

"Why, Edward, you have asked me that question, I believe, ten times since breakfast."

"Is it two, my dear?"

"No, I believe it is scarcely one. But consult your watch."

"I have consulted it twenty times to-day; but I cannot think it right. It goes very slowly. Well, well, if it were two—and it wants but an hour and twenty minutes of it—it would then be only three hours till five.—But, Charlotte, won't you take a ride? I shall order the chaise."

"I shall go with you in an hour, Edward."

In short, they took their ride, met Sir Francis's coach, returned in company with it to the Earl's; and Edward's time, for about ten days, the duration of Ellen's visit, flew with the rapidity of a delicious dream.

It is needless to say that the Earl was well pleased when he beheld the lovely mother of the *future Barrymores*.

"Upon my honour," said he to Edward, the evening after Ellen had left them, "you are a happy young man. No wonder you spent so much time in the North, where you discovered such a beautiful flower ripening into perfection. If Providence would only spare me to behold your eldest son, I think that there might yet be attractions for me even in this world. But no, I must hasten to your father and my brother, to my God, his God, and your God."

Accordingly, in less than three weeks afterwards, he resigned his spirit into the hands of Him who made it, and his earthly remains were deposited amidst his kindred dust, alongside of his brother.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE deceased Earl had never possessed any children. His title, therefore, together with his immense property, devolved on Edward, who, in a very short period, took occasion, in company with his mother and sister, to visit the North, and lay them at the feet of Ellen.

"My lord," said she, as he warmly pressed for an immediate union, "it would be mere affectation in me to deny what you already know, that my heart pleads in your favour. But I am at my father's disposal, and must request you to wait till his consent be obtained in form."

"Then, my love, you may name the happy day," he replied; "for before I left Dublin, I obtained Sir Francis's promise that he would follow me here in a few days, to be present at our nuptials."

"Then, my lord," she answered, "when he comes, we may permit him to name it."

When she had said this, her countenance changed, she blushed deeply, and looking to the ground, almost burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my Ellen?" inquired the young earl, who was himself considerably agitated.

"Oh!" said she, "the word has passed my lips. I have committed my liberty into your hands. I cannot now recall it. The change is awful!"

"Surely, sweetest Ellen, you do not wish to recall it."

"No, my lord, otherwise I should not have said it. I have said it deliberately, willingly, and without scruple; but it brings to my mind the recollection of the freedom I have hitherto enjoyed, in parting with which I cannot help shedding a few natural tears. Besides, I cannot, without concern, contemplate the high responsibility of the station I am about to fill. Should I fail in any part of my duty—"

"My Ellen!" he interrupted her, "my treasure! be comforted. It is impossible that one of your goodness of heart and understanding can fail in any duty. As to the station, you will adorn it. You will be an example to our peeresses of all that is virtuous, lovely, dignified, and wise. In the eyes of your Edward, station cannot exalt you. He found you among these rocks, on this romantic shore, a jewel of perfection, valuable beyond all price; and such a one as, in his estimation, no change of scene or circumstance, neither humiliation nor exaltation, can alter. He will soon remove you to a more busy and brilliant sphere, where, while every eye admires your lustre, and every heart acknowledges your value, you will still be to him, as you have been here, the pride, the delight of his soul, the dearest part of himself."

But it would be tedious to detail the whole of this love conversation, which lasted nearly three hours, as every one in the castle, who knew they were together, felt unwilling to disturb them; and Mrs Brown had the good-nature to postpone making tea for a whole hour after the usual time, rather than interrupt their agreeable *tete a tete*. Tea was, however, at length got ready; and when the lovers were summoned to attend, they could scarcely be convinced that the old lady had not prepared it much earlier than usual. On their entering the parlour, Edward's sister maliciously consulted her watch.

"It is past seven o'clock," said she,

"Past seven o'clock!" cried his lordship. "Why, Charlotte, your watch must be wrong. I cannot suppose it to be more than five."

"That is owing to your having been in pleasant company," said she. "Time does not now lag with your lordship, as it did at Barrymount one day, when you insisted that it was two o'clock when it was hardly past twelve; and, in sheer pity, I had to drive away in a chaise with you, to try to make it move faster."

"Ah! Charlotte, you may now laugh; but I hope I shall yet have my revenge, by observing your little heart beating impatiently for the arrival of an esteemed friend."

"And a *dearly beloved* one too," added she with emphasis.

"Yes, my sister," said he; "and may he who can excite similar emotions in your heart be as worthy of love as the object who occasioned that day's impatience in mine."

"Amen," she replied.

The tea-table was scarcely removed, when Miss Barrymore, looking from a window, exclaimed, "Why, my lord, I declare yonder is the old beggar woman you left an invalid on our hands, when you set off so hastily from Dublin in June last."

His lordship looked out, and beheld Peg Dornan advancing briskly up the avenue.

She had become perfectly convalescent, and had returned from Dublin during the time that Edward was employed in Cornwallis's army, and was now a fund of great entertainment to the whole neighbourhood for several miles round, by her inexhaustible description of the great city, and the great folks in it.

She was soon heard addressing one of the servants.

"I'm tauld he's come," said she, "an' I'll wait here till I see him, for I hae na cast an ee on him syne the day he left me in sic a hurry, in his father's hoose, a perfect cripple, wi' my twa shanks as thick as butter-firkins, an' my feet blistered like broiled herrin's. An' the bit lassie, his sister—Gude bless her bonnie face. She gied me baith wine an' plenty o' sweetmeats every day, whilk was a great comfort to a puir body in a muckle wild toon sae far fra' hame."

"Old Peg has a good heart," said Edward. "I must go to speak with her."

O'Halloran went with him.

"Fare fa' you!" quoth she, making a low courtesy as soon as she saw them. "I may be owre bauld; but I wished to see his honour, wha, they tell me, is noo a young lord, yince mair."

"Well, Peg, how have you been since we parted?" asked his lordship.

"Weel enough for a poor body like me; but I'm still better noo since I see you whare you ought to be; an' since I hear you're sune gaun to get wha' I aye thought you should get."

"Peg," replied Edward, "you have rendered us many and great services. I shall have a little cottage built for you, in which you can spend your old days in comfort."

"I thank you kindly," she said; "but you need na be at the pains. His honour there, my auld master an' frien', has already gi'en me a snug yin; an' he lets me besides hae a hantel o' siller every week; indeed mair than I ken weel what to do wi', for I can neither wear it, nor eat it; an' ye ken it wad na be richt to drink it. But, gin it wad na be

makin' owre free, I would like to see the bonny bairn, your sister, who was sae kind to me when I was a bedrill in Dublin."

At that instant Miss Barrymore made her appearance.

"My bonnie lady," said Peg, courtesying to her, "I was unco trouble-some to you up the country, an' I just wanted to thank you, noo when I'm won back to my ain country."

"I'm glad to see you so stout, Peg," said the young lady.

"If it would na affront you," returned Peg, abruptly, "to tak' a gift frae an auld beggar wife, I would fain gie you a pretty thing I fan' among the stanes near the Point Rock yestreen, as I was saunterin' along gathering limpets."

While saying this, she unfolded a piece of old rag, and presented to view a handsome gold brooch, set with diamonds, of great value. Edward instantly recognised it as one that he had lost when struggling with the waves on the evening which had so nearly proved fatal to him. His sister also knew it to be his.

"Why, Peg, you have been fortunate yesterday," said his lordship. "That brooch was once mine. It was valued at two hundred guineas, and you are entitled to that sum. How will you dispose of it?"

"Dispose of it! In trowth, I'll no dispose of it at all," she replied; "for I'll no hae't at all. Gin the breest-pin be yours, you maun get it. But I thought to pay the debt I owed to this bonnie lassie wi' it."

"She shall have it since you desire it," said his lordship; "but you must also derive some benefit from your good fortune in finding it. Mention anything I can do for you."

"Weel, since I think o't, maybe you'll no object to tak' Jock Dornan, my poor gomerill sin—but he's a sturdy chiel—into your service, an' try to mak' a man o' him, whilk is mair than ever his mither could."

"It shall be so," said his lordship; "and he shall be amply provided for. And now, Charlotte, you may take the brooch as a present from Peg."

"I shall," she said; "but Peg must receive from me, in return, a new bonnet and a new cloak every year."

"Whate'er you like," replied Peg. "I'll refuse naething o' that sort. But I'll awa an' sen' Jock Dornan to you in the morning. Guid een, an' the blessing o' an auld woman be wi' you a'."

When she was gone, O'Halloran informed his lordship that, after her return from Dublin, in consequence of her active instrumentality in saving his life, he felt himself bound to provide for her future comfort, and had given her a cottage, and settled on her a weekly allowance during her life, which, considering her careless and wandering disposition, he observed was a more effectual way of rewarding her, than by the actual donation of a more considerable sum of moneý, or a larger piece of property.

Edward being desirous to see M'Nelvin, O'Halloran and he walked to Jenny Hunter's with the expectation of finding him there. It was a fine moonlight evening, about the middle of October. The grain harvest was all gathered in, and the country people had been busied during the day in raising and securing the potatoes; and, as our friends went along, they passed many *car-bads* of this wholesome and agreeable root, so precious to the Irish, on their way to the farm-houses. The peasantry were cheerful and civil, and seemed to have completely recovered their spirits after the late disastrous events.

On arriving at Jemmy Hunter's, all was quiet around the dwelling-house, for it was now dark, and candles were lighted within. After the capture of the French, Jemmy, whose habits of life were not formed for dependence on the great, and whose domestic attachments were too strong to permit his long continuance from his family, relinquished his situation under Sir Francis Hamilton, and returned home.

On Barrymore and O'Halloran approaching close to the house, the cheering sounds of rustic mirth and happiness saluted their ears. "Come here," said O'Halloran, who had advanced to the unscreened window of the apartment in which the contented group were sitting round a large blazing turf-fire, "Come here, my lord, and behold a true specimen of the winter-night enjoyments of our Northern peasantry."

Barrymore looked, and his heart swelled with joy to behold a number of as healthy, honest, and happy human countenances as any family group in Christendom could exhibit. Between the window and the fire place sat four women, busily employed at the spinning-wheel, the chief engine of the Northern Irish industry and prosperity. These were Jemmy Hunter's mother, his two sisters, and his wife. On the other side of the hearth, in a large arm-chair, sat William Caldwell, who, from the staff in his hand, and the great-coat that hung loosely on his shoulders, appeared to have just come on an evening visit to his son-in-law. M'Nelvin, Jemmy Hunter, and a decent-looking young man, whom Barrymore did not know, but who, it will be no harm to suppose, was a suitor to one of the Misses Hunter, sat in front of the hearth; while on a long bench between the hearth and a stone wall, which ran across the apartment, sat two ruddy-faced youths, younger brothers to Jemmy, one of whom had the house-dog, which was of the large black species, called in that part of the country the "Collie," between his knees.

To some remark of M'Nelvin, which Edward did not hear, old Caldwell replied, "I'm very happy at the turn things hae ta'en; an, I'm sure a' the country will be rejoiced at it, for he's a guid youth."

"Father," said Jemmy, "Peggy can sing you yin o' the best sangs ye hae heard this lang time; an' it's a new yin. She gat it frae M'Nelvin here. I listened to her singing it last nicht, till I amaist grat, it touched me sae much. Come, Peggy, let your father hear it; it will do his heart guid."

After some little hesitation, Peggy complied, and sang as follows:—

~ "Oh! thousands shall mourn, and thousands shall fall,
And ruin shall light upon castle and hall;
And our chieftain shall forfeit his bounie estate,
And be sentenced to die at his own castle gate;
And the Flower of the North her sire shall wail,
And the Pride of the South shall hear the tale,
And with speed shall hasten our chief to free,
For the sake of the Flower of the North country.

"'I fear not death,' our brave chieftain said;
'But my daughter is fair, and I fear for the maid:
To be friendless and lovely, are evils in store,
To work her misfortune, when I am no more.'
Then burst from her bosom the heart-breaking sighs,
And the tears fell fast from her lovely black eyes,
As she said to her father, 'O grieve not for me,
For, to peace, in the grave, I shall soon follow thee!'

"The guards move slow, for their errand is death,
While the foes of our chieftain are foaming with wrath
But the noble youth follows on mercy's swift wings,
And life and estate to our chieftain he brings.
Now the land rejoices, our bosoms beat high,
And maids and their lovers sing songs of joy;
For the Pride of the South soon married shall be
To Ellen, the Flower of the North country."

"Why, M'Nelvin," said Jemmy, clapping the poet on the knee when the song was ended, "you deserve a fairin' for making it. I wonder, man, hoo you can gar the words clink sae?"

But before the poet could reply, a rapping at the door drew the attention of the party.

"Come in, frien's," cried Jemmy, rising at the same time to open the door. The next moment Edward and O'Halloran advanced, and saluted the company. They all rose. The women made courtesies, and the men bows.

"Ah! how are you, M'Nelvin?" cried Edward, ardently shaking the poet by the hand. "Your friend, Sir Francis, sent his kind respects to you. I expect him to follow me here in a few days."

"My lord, I am really rejoiced to see you," replied the bard. "I need not say that the present prospects of both you and that best of my friends afford me much happiness."

Edward now turned to salute William Caldwell and the rest of the company. "Mr Caldwell," said he, "it gives me true pleasure to witness your good fortune, in being surrounded by such an amiable and happy group of relatives."

"We maun thank your lordship for some o' our happiness," replied the old man. "What you did for his honour there will no sune be forgotten amang us."

By this time Peggy had her neat little parlour lighted, and, with all the winning sweetness of rural modesty, invited her guests to step ben to it, as, she said, it was a decenter place for the like o' them than the kitchen, the apartment in which they had met.

A pitcher of warm whisky punch soon diffused its inspiring fumes through the room.

"How did you like the city, Jemmy?" asked Lord Barrymore. "You seemed very anxious to leave it."

"I liked it weel enough; an' had it no been for twa' folk, an' there is yin o' them," said he, pointing to his blushing Peggy, "an' the other is in the cradle yonder, I wadna hae left Sir Francis sae sune.—Peggy, bring here the wean till his lordship sees it. It's a bonnie bit thing, an' I hae ca'd it for you, my lord."

His spouse now, with an almost trembling fondness, produced the young Hunter to view.

"Eddy, Eddy!" cried its father, catching its little hand, "look up, my boy, an' see your namesake."

His lordship took the child in his arms. "It is a fine boy, Jemmy," said he; "its features are extremely like your own. I do not wonder that you were impatient to return to objects so attractive as such a wife and such a son. I thought, my friend, to add to your happiness for the many great services you have rendered me; but I find it impossible, for

these treasures make you happier than man can make you. Yet you will permit me to make my little namesake a present, in token of my esteem for its parents, and my affection for himself."

He then returned the child to its mother, and asked for writing materials, which being supplied, he drew forth a valuable gold watch, and cutting a piece of paper into a circular form, so as to fit the inside of the watch, wrote as follows:—

"Oct. 1798. The gift of Edward, Earl of Barrymore, to Edward Hunter. The earl hereby binds himself and his heirs for ever, to pay annually fifty pounds sterling to the said Edward Hunter and his heirs."

He enclosed the paper within the watch, and handing it to Peggy, "Receive this in trust for your child," said he. "It is but a small recompense for the numerous and important services his father has rendered to me, and those dear to me."

When Jemmy understood the nature of the gift, "Na, na," said he, "we'll no hae't: it is owre muckle, my lord. It was na for ony such thing that I helped you in your pinches. It was for mere frien'ship; an' I would hae done the same for ony frien' in the country."

"This disinterestedness," observed his lordship, "makes you still the more entitled to recompense. But if you will not receive this gift as a reward, you will gratify me by receiving it as a token of friendship, for I am proud of being capable of exciting such friendship as you have shown for me. Besides, Jemmy, it is scarcely in your power to refuse it, for it is not to you, but to your son, my young namesake here, that I give it."

"Weel, weel, gin it maun be sae, let it be sae," replied Jemmy. "But I think the young rascal has got owre mony presents already; for Miss O'Halloran has gien him hale trunkfu's o' claes an' ither things, mair, I believe, than we ken weel hoo to use. An I'll no hide it, though it is a secret she does na hersel' ken; it was mair to please her than to compliment ony body else, that we ca'd him Edward."

"Candidly confessed!" cried Lord Barrymore, much pleased with Jemmy's simplicity, but, at the same time, more delighted with the idea that Ellen had displayed such attention to a child that was named after himself.

"I canna weel tell what to think o' ye, gentlemen," remarked Jemmy, "Ye seem to care naething o' the world's gear. His honour there, Mr O'Halloran, has gien me the farm rent free for ever, an' would insist on me that it was paying a debt he owed me, whereas I only did for either o' you what yae neighbour should be aye ready to do for anither. But let us hae anither glass. Wi' your leave, I'll drink lang life to you, Mr O'Halloran; an' lang life to your lordship, an' may ye sune be married to her ye-like best!"

Having thanked Jemmy for his good wishes, and emptied their glasses to a toast expressive of theirs for him and his interesting family, O'Halloran and Lord Barrymore arose, and, accompanied by M'Nelvin and Jemmy, proceeded towards the castle.

On their way, the poet and his lordship having fallen somewhat behind their companions, "Mr M'Nelvin," said the latter, "the obligations I lie under to you, for your ardent and effective services in my behalf, and in that of those I love, demand my sincere acknowledgments, and embolden me to make a request, your compliance with which will afford me much satisfaction, as it will give me an opportunity of

making some return for the numerous favours you have conferred on me."

"Any service I have rendered your lordship," replied M'Nelvin, "brought with it its own reward, in the gratification I experienced in the performance; and if there be any I can yet render you, let me know it, and, with the same zeal and pleasure, it shall be done."

"In the county of Cavan," said his lordship, "I have an estate, the manager of which died a few months ago. I should like you to fill his place, for I want it filled with a man in whose honesty to myself, and attention to the comfort and happiness of my tenantry, I can confide. The compensation of the late agent was £500 per annum; yours shall be £800."

"I see, my lord, your motive for this generous offer," returned M'Nelvin. "You wish to make me independent as to worldly matters; and your friendship and delicacy have suggested this method. I thank you, sincerely do I thank you. But, my lord, my affections are rooted to this part of the country. The neighbourhood, for about ten miles round us, is all the world to me. It is all I ever enjoyed, or ever wish to enjoy. In an adjoining valley I had my birth; amidst these hills I was educated; everything that has interested me from the days of childhood to this very hour has appeared within these limits; and, if I were to remove from them, I should remove from that portion of the world, which could alone yield me enjoyment by interesting my affections. On your estate, I should feel as if I were exiled from my native land; and although it would yield me pleasure to afford you any assistance in my power in managing your affairs, yet, as I know that your lordship can sustain no injury by my present refusal, there being numerous individuals who would be thankful for such an employment, better qualified, both from experience and disposition to fulfil its duties, than I am, I decline your friendly offer with the less reluctance. My lord, while I refuse your kindness in this instance, I trust that you are too fully aware of the nature of my motives for so doing, to take them amiss. Indeed, I assure your lordship, that the governorship of one of the richest of his majesty's colonies would not tempt me to forego the pleasure of every day beholding my native hills and valleys: the pleasure of wandering, in my hours of meditation, along those streamlets, or concealing myself amidst those well-known groves and glens; or of enjoying, in my hours of sociability, the cheerful hospitality, and kindly, though rustic conversation, of those beloved friends and neighbours, to whom I have been long accustomed and endeared."

"Is there no other way, my romantic friend," said his lordship, "by which I can manifest my gratitude for what you have done for me?"

"There is no other way," replied the poet, "than by continuing to favour me with your good opinion. As to pecuniary matters, they are of little or no consideration with me. I need but little, and that little I can easily earn. To possess more might only produce cares and perplexities with which I wish not to be encumbered. My days may be few or many, as Providence shall please to order; but they shall be spent in the indulgence of affections which wealth cannot excite, and in the enjoyment of those luxuries of mind it cannot purchase."

"Happy M'Nelvin!" exclaimed his lordship, "since you have thus the making of your own happiness, independent of the frowns or the

smiles of a fickle world! I shall not urge you further on this subject. But assure yourself of my lasting friendship and gratitude, and of my sincere wish that you may long live to enjoy the intellectual blessings of which you are enamoured, amidst the interesting scenery of your native vales, and in possession of the esteem and admiration of their honest inhabitants."

Having now arrived at the avenue to the castle, they separated, and the poet returned with Hunter to the rural dwelling of the latter, which had of late become his favourite place of residence.

CHAPTER XXVI.

As this history is drawing to a close, it may not be amiss to take notice of the great lesson for the inculcation of which it has been written; namely, that intimidation and vengeance are, and ever will be, unsuccessful in preserving the peace of a country; whereas conciliation and kindness will scarcely every fail.

The blood of martyrs has been truly said to be like seed to the cause for which they suffered; and perhaps, in no portion of the history of nations, has this truth been more clearly illustrated than in that we have just recited. The unnecessary, unjust, impolitic, and cruel execution of William Orr, almost instantaneously resulted in thousands of William Orrs, or rather of characters such as he was accused of being, starting into existence, and vowing revenge upon his persecutors.

While Cambden governed in Ireland, the system which occasioned that irritating execution was continued until it involved the country in all the horrors of which we have in the preceding pages given a faint sketch. How long these horrors would have continued, had he continued to govern, is happily now only matter of conjecture.

The realization of the evils, which the most enlightened statesmen of England and Ireland predicted would be the consequence of his coercive measures, brought at length conviction of their impropriety home to the minds of the British ministers; and he was suddenly and fortunately superseded in his office, by a man of a more enlightened understanding and a more humane temper. The almost immediate consequence of this happy change we have seen. In the course of a few months, rebellion was converted into submission, and disaffection into loyalty. With the restoration of the ordinary laws, confidence in the government, tranquillity, industry, and national prosperity, were also restored.

It is true that the flames of the civil war had been too extensive for its dying embers to be all at once extinguished, and amidst a numerous population, it could not be expected, but that some would fanatically continue to urge the prosecution of desperate measures, even after their abandonment by the general mass. Besides, the government, comparatively mild and merciful as it was, still displayed, in some instances, a harshness towards several proscribed individuals, which kept alive, for a considerable time, a soreness in the minds of many, who would otherwise have returned at once to their former habits and feelings of loyalty.

But as these unfortunate individuals, against whom the national authority continued to direct its vengeance with unabated rigour, were

all, in the course of some months, either taken and executed, or died in their coverts from the hardships they endured, or else found means to fly from the country, this course of irritation and danger became also, before the expiration of the year, removed. Indeed, about that period, so evidently had the majority of the North become loyal, that it seemed, by their conduct and expressions, as if a species of reaction had taken place in their feelings, and the government appeared so much convinced that these professions were sincere, that it scrupled not to entrust arms into the hands of thousands who had been active in the rebellion.

A species of military force denominated "Yeomanry," the members of which could not be taken out of their own country, were not liable to military law, and had the privilege of withdrawing whenever they pleased from the service, had been projected sometime previous to the insurrection, but on account of the general disaffection, had been joined but by few. Its ranks, however, were now swelled by multitudes, eager to evince their reawakened fidelity to the government, which was therefore soon enabled to withdraw the regular troops from the country, and despatch them against the foreign enemy.

It is true that, previous to the arrival of Cornwallis, and the adoption of healing measures, although the insurrection had been nearly suppressed, the minds of the people were still much agitated, and there existed in the country such causes of irritation, as would, in all probability have occasioned it to become once more a scene of bloodshed and terror; and, on the first favourable opportunity, there is scarcely a doubt that another *rising* would have taken place, if a period had not been put to Camden's coercive system of government.

They know very little of the temper and feelings of men, especially of Irishmen, who suppose that the mere danger of losing life will compel them to look quietly on, while their friends are suffering, and they themselves are in the daily danger of suffering all the evils of a needless and relentless persecution. The persecutors may, it is true, by an overwhelming military power, enforce an occasional and temporary submission; but human fears commonly yield to resentment and exasperation; and although disunion, or want of warlike means, may deprive the persecuted of all hopes of success, their very despair, which will be thus excited, may become dreadful, perhaps fatal to their adversaries.

On the day following the occurrences related in the last chapter, Ellen's favourite and faithful friend, Miss Agnew, arrived at the castle. Ellen had sent for this young lady shortly after consenting that her father should name the wedding-day, in order that she, who had shared so sensibly in her afflictions, should now have an opportunity of sharing in her joys. Into her bosom she poured all her feelings, her hopes, her joys, her wishes, her anxieties, the intensity of her love and admiration for the generous youth who had done so much for her, who already possessed her heart, and into whose keeping she, with so much fondness and delight, was so soon to commit her destiny. Then, with a species of transient fear, she would revert to the awful change that was about to take place in her situation, and the high responsibility as a wife, as a peeress, and, perhaps, as a mother, she was about to incur. Then, reflecting on her removal from the scenes and the friends of her youth, she would say—

"And when I am married, I must also reside at a distance from these

haunts, so endeared to me by a thousand recollections; and from my youthful friends; and from thee, too, Maria, the earliest and best beloved of them all, I must separate. But," she would add, "without my Edward, the enjoyment of friends, country, and everything else I have hitherto prized, could not make me happy. Ah! I feel that the possession of such a husband is worth every sacrifice. Oh, Maria! rejoice with your friend, for I am indeed happy! Heaven, in giving me him, gives me the highest boon earth can afford."

Miss Agnew would often rally her on these bursts of love and joy, but with such visible satisfaction in her looks, as showed that, in her heart, she rejoiced in her friend's happiness, and consequently contributed to increase it. It is not to be supposed that in these confidential conversations, the gallant, gay Charles Martin was altogether forgotten. Miss Agnew delighted to talk of him.

"I confess I love him," she would say. "He is so sweet in his looks, so tender in his manner, that, during the day, I can scarcely ever withdraw my thoughts from him; and during the night, I can do nothing but dream of him. But I hope I shall yet get the better of such folly. He wrote to my father lately, requesting permission to visit me, and the old man was silly enough to ask my opinion on the subject. I told him to act as he thought proper, for I would not have him, on my account, to forbid the coming of any respectable person to our house."

"We expect him here every day," said Ellen. "Lord Barrymore has written him an invitation to attend our marriage. I wish we could have a double wedding. What say you, Maria?"

"Hush!" cried Maria. "One uproar of the kind is enough at one time."

Thus passed several days, which, to our heroine, flew on the wings of love and friendship, when her father arrived, accompanied with Sir Philip Martin and his son Charles. It would be wrong to stop at present to describe the joyful welcome they received at the castle, for the reader must be impatient to come to the grand conclusion of the whole affair—the making our hero and heroine husband and wife.

The important day arrived sometime in the middle of November. The wedding garments were prepared, the wedding guests were invited, and the wedding feast was provided.—But hold! we must have no formal description of such trifles. They are unfashionable; and, in these days, anything unfashionable is as intolerable in a novel as in a drawing-room.

But it ought to be known that, on this occasion, O'Halloran regulated the proceedings according to his own fancy, which was somewhat old-fashioned. He accordingly managed it so that the whole scene was almost a repetition of what took place when he himself was married to Ellen's grandmother.

The party consisted of about twenty-four persons, comprising a tolerably well proportioned assortment of males and females. Among the former, as a most essential personage on the occasion, was the Rev. Mr Nichols, who was O'Halloran's spiritual teacher, and with whose character the reader has already had some acquaintance.

At about five in the afternoon, the company sat down to a very comfortable dinner, after partaking of which, at the usual time the ladies withdrew, and the gentlemen remained behind, perhaps so long that each had a reasonable time to drink two glasses of port, and one goblet of

Jamaica rum punch. Some then betook themselves to backgammon, some to the library, and some to the ladies for amusement.

"Why, this was only an ordinary dinner! What appearance of a wedding is there in all this?"

Have patience, dear reader. We are not yet come to the wedding. But I trust we soon shall, although O'Halloran must have his own old jog-trot way. Great people do things of this kind far more dashingly now-a-days—that is, when their fathers and mothers or guardians happen to give their consent. They roll to church and back again, with a long, splendid train of carriages behind them, driving with as much velocity as if they had lost their senses, or were running for a wager, causing the streets and highways to tremble, and the gaping multitude to stare with astonishment, as they pass along. But O'Halloran was none of those dashing people; and as to Lord Barrymore, provided the knot was made firm and legal, he cared not how small a degree of pomp and pageantry attended the tying of it. He wanted his Ellen to be his wife; and if the forms that made her so were agreeable to both divine and human laws, the mere embellishing accompaniments were to him matters of indifference. But let us "haste to the wedding."

At about seven o'clock the whole party assembled to tea in the usual sitting-room. The task of presiding at this repast was assigned to Miss Agnew, as Ellen's thoughts were supposed to be too much occupied with more important concerns to undertake it. She sat at Miss Agnew's right hand. Her lover sat beside her, and attended to all her wants with punctilious delicacy and solicitude. Ah! is there a youth in Christendom who would not have envied his situation?

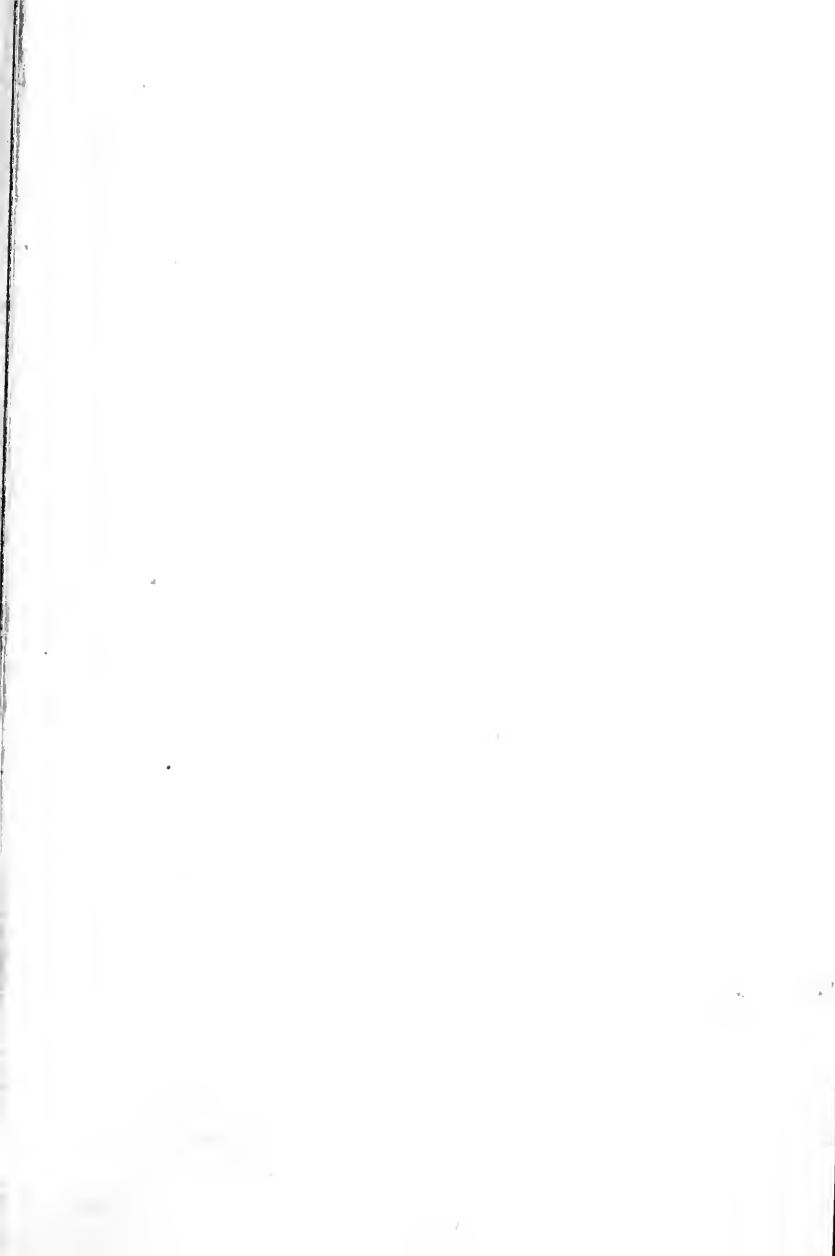
After the tea-table was removed, and the company promiscuously seated around the room, while all, except the lovers, who, engrossed in mutual fondness, sat beside each other on a sofa, were engaged in a lively desultory conversation, O'Halloran whispered something to Sir Francis, who, immediately rising, advanced to his daughter. The clergyman perceiving what was intended, rose also, and standing behind a large arm-chair on which he had been sitting, pronounced the words, "Let us proceed!" At once the whole company stood up. Sir Francis then led his blushing daughter, accompanied by her lover, forward, saying, "I here bestow you, my Ellen, upon a man whom I think, in every respect, worthy of such a gift. Receive her, my lord, and may God bless you both!"

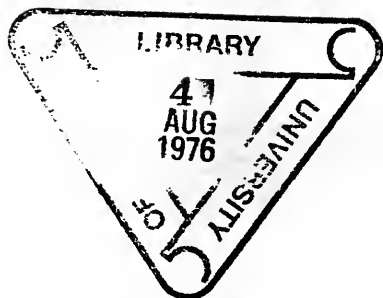
With a graceful bow, and an exulting heart, the young lord received possession of the long-loved maid thus presented to him, and the two stood before the clergyman. That holy man then proceeded with the ceremony, according to the form observed by the reverend ministers of the Synod of Ulster, being nearly the same as that prescribed by the Church of Scotland. After some appropriate observations on the nature and design of the institution of marriage, and the duties and obligations which it imposes on the parties who engage in it, he administered to our lovers those solemn vows, whose miraculous power can form two into one; and having declared them to be husband and wife, he addressed Heaven in a short prayer suited to the occasion, and concluded by desiring Lord Barrymore to embrace his wife.

"My wife! O blessed sound!" thought the young bridegroom, as, with an enraptured heart, he imprinted the ardent embrace on her glowing lips.

After spending a reasonable time in courtship, Charles Martin followed the example of his friend Barrymore, and, in due form, exchanged matrimonial vows with the sprightly and laughter-loving Miss Agnew.

It is unnecessary to pursue the history of these personages farther. It may be mentioned, however, that the *Insurgent Chief* lived to see several of his great-grandchildren, and then calmly withdrew to his fathers, leaving behind him a memory which will be long honoured by the warm-hearted people of the romantic country, for whose independence he had, in vain, contended so bravely, and suffered so much.





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